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POST

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PERCY vs. DOUGLAS

Housewives' revolt against

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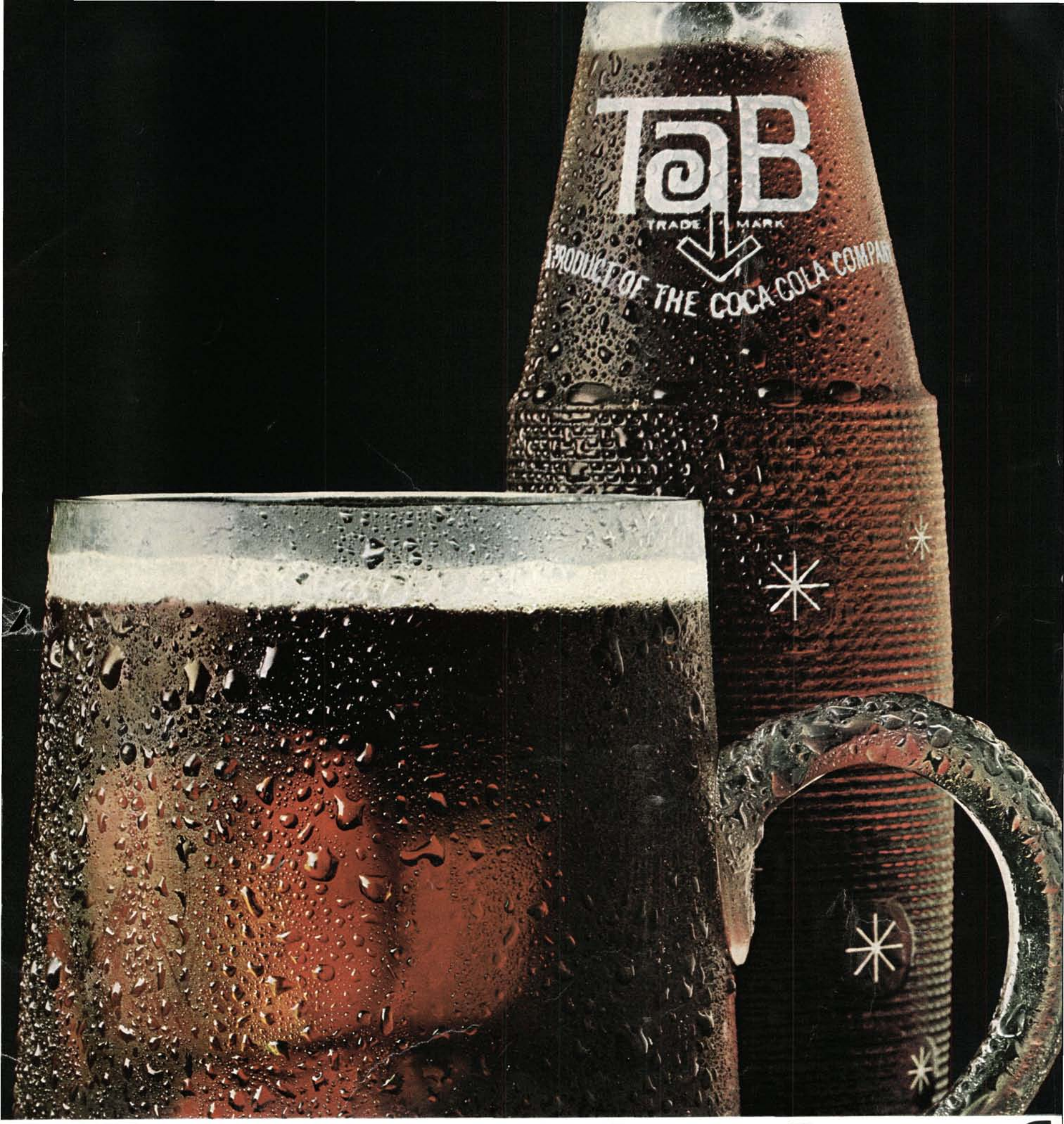

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IN THIS ISSUE

November 5, 1966 • 239th year, issue no. 23

Articles

Colleges short-change their football players *(Speaking Out)* . . *Michael Shaara* 10
Study in black and white *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 16
Getting over Glenda *(The Human Comedy)* . . . . . *Thomas Meehan* 18
The high cost of everything . . . . . *Bill Davidson* 23
Percy vs. Douglas—the blighted campaign . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 26
'We rowed across the North Atlantic' *Capt. John Ridgway, with James Atwater* 30
Out for a night at the local caldron . . . . . *John Kobler* 76
F. Lee Bailey: Renegade in the courtroom . . . . . *Edward Linn* 80

Fiction

A ticket on Skoronski . . . . . *Nelson Algren* 48
No medal for Sonny . . . . . *Herbert Wilner* 58
Far above Cayuga's waters—g-chung, g-chung . . . . . *Don Asher* 64

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . . .60 Post scripts 74
Hazel . . . . . .78 Editorials 94

About this issue

James Atwater

Last May *Post* senior editor JAMES ATWATER noticed a brief newspaper item about two British paratroopers who were planning to cross the Atlantic in a rowboat. Atwater immediately got in touch with them and not only expressed the *Post's* interest in their story but supplied them with camera equipment. Learning they were to leave from Cape Cod, Atwater advised them to get some tips on rowing from the old dory fishermen there. For the 92 days of the voyage, Atwater took a three-week vacation, edited two major stories, and went out of town on business: from time to time it would come to him that the two were still out there manfully plowing the sea. As soon as he heard the men were safe, Atwater completed the circle by flying to England and writing their story himself. . . . Ever since consorting with English witches, JOHN KOBLER has kept at hand a ball of silvered glass, a sure talisman against the Evil Eye in case he unwittingly offended any of them. / Cover photograph by FRED KAPLAN.

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Letters

L.B.J.'s face value

Dear Sir:

Stewart Alsop has done it [THE FACE OF THE PRESIDENT: 1966, September 24]. He has revealed the "master politician"—one who is powerful, stubborn, human and courageous. President Lyndon B. Johnson is concerned not only with the "face" of the United States but the world as well. Great journalism.

THOMAS A. STEIN
Evansville, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that word-artist Stewart Alsop has done just about enough retouching of the face of our President. If the President is suffering from the itch to "be what he isn't," Alsop is suffering from a more severe itch to try to make the President what Alsop wishes he were. His never-ending rationalizations of the shortcomings and faults of Johnson have probably done as much to widen the credibility gap as anything written on the President.

MRS. G. B. SEIDEL
Iron Mountain, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you and Messrs. Stewart Alsop, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak for the revealing articles about Lyndon B. Johnson. How I wish I had had this information in 1964! I certainly have it now, and will vote accordingly in 1968.

PAUL H. ADRIANCE
Moses Lake, Wash.

The South's revenge

Dear Sir:

What would your northern writers do if they couldn't blame migrant southern Negroes for your northern racial problems? [THE SOUTH'S REVENGE, by Stewart Alsop, September 24.]

As a southern-born, southern-reared Negro, I am happy to attest to the fact that a "good" education is available to everyone in the South who will take advantage of it, regardless of his skin color. Many southern Negroes have been well educated in our "segregated" school system, and we would not trade one inch of our beloved southland for your entire North, in spite of your so-called superior advantages.

ROOSEVELT YANCEY
Dothan, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Alsop's suggestion to segregate schools on the basis of educability is the best answer I've heard yet to the problem.

MRS. HELEN CARLTON
Delaware City, Del.

Dear Sirs:

If you really think that your *de facto* segregation problems are being caused by the South as revenge against the North for having won a war that was fought over a hundred years ago, just wait for the time a hundred years from now when we start getting our revenge for all of the federal legislation and laws that are being shoved down the throat of the South by the North.

GEORGE D. SMITH JR.
Denham Springs, La.

Dear Sirs:

The Negro illiterates are not the South's revenge for the Civil War—they are its legacy, along with the poor and uneducated white people of both North and South. If we could quit spending so much effort trying to put the blame on the other guy, and concentrate on getting *all* our children well educated, we would accomplish something.

MRS. D. L. HOYT
Houston, Tex.

Top Geator

Dear Sirs:

As a Philadelphia teen-ager, and a great fan of the Geator's, I can say that your article perfectly described a man who understands and helps to give teen-agers in this area a good name [THE NUMBER ONE CAT by Bruce Jay Friedman, September 24].

ELLEN COHEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your article on Jerry Blavat. I took him for granted when I lived in Philadelphia, but now I know there's nobody like him. Without the Geator, what a dull place Philly would be!

D. B.
Farmington, Mich.

Editor:

As a seriously cultivated hippy, I received Bruce Jay Friedman's piece with aching ambivalence. While I happen to dig Friedman tremendously as a leading contemp novelist and sometimes documenter of things POP, I knew immediately that not even he (saturated as he has been with the whole jive, anachronistic New York scene) could do proper justice to a story on the real nitty-gritty sound and style of the Philly area.

Merely know that (as I think Friedman hinted) once the Jerry Blavat show does indeed go nationwide, jive pseudo-hippies are gonna go drown themselves in yon salty, salty sea for shame, and kids from New York to L.A. (once they recover from the initial trauma of watching and listening to the only honestly boss dancing sounds anywhere) might once again learn to throw some feet (dance). And granddaddy jive-bomber Dick Clark will finally and fully regret ever deserting Philly-town for the glamour of lame Hollywood.

BILL McLAUGHLIN
Vineland, N.J.

Texas football

Dear Sir:

Your article by Myron Cope [TEXAS FOOTBALL: FIERCE, FRANTIC and FABULOUS, September 24] is all too true. Football madness from grammar school on may be great for training people to fight wars, but we need a generation of citizens seeking peace. Football has become a disease, and a very boring disease at that.

E. H. CONNELL
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sir:

We Texans are proud of "King Football." Here in Texas we prefer strong, clean-cut football players to long-haired, beatnik juvenile delinquents!! What's wrong with that?

CAROLYN HOLT
Brownwood, Tex.

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Gentlemen:

A story that portrays only the ills is never believable. There is both good and bad in anything, but anything we Texans do, we try to do the best. When we play football, we play to win, and win we generally do.

Ah ha! Therein, I think, lies Mr. Cope's problem. He is deeply hurt by one of our Southwest Conference teams trouncing one of the so-called "Eastern Power" teams. Perhaps it was Texas humiliating Navy in the Cotton Bowl year before last. Or maybe it was the year T.C.U. beat mighty Syracuse and Jim Brown. The list is much too long for me to continue.

CECIL E. BURDICK JR.
Snyder, Tex.

Quints at three

Dear Sir:

The color photographs by Suzanne Szasz of the Fischer Quints [AND NOW THEY ARE THREE, September 24] portrayed a group of lovable, adorable toddlers whom no mom could resist picking up and hugging! The pictures and story also showed no-nonsense, realistic, loving parents. And Mary Ann's kitchen looks like any other busy mother's kitchen. But one thing puzzles me—what is the significance of the pieces of material hanging neatly outside of the left corner of each kitchen drawer?

EILEEN JANSEN HOGSHEAD
Rockford, Ill.

That material is not hanging neatly outside—it's wedged firmly in. Mary Ann Fischer closes a potholder or dish towel in every quint-high kitchen drawer, the better to thwart six toddlers with.—Ed.

Memory pill

Dear Sirs:

Steven Spencer's article in the September 24 issue was great! [THE PILL THAT HELPS YOU REMEMBER]. Dr. Cameron is working in what I believe is the most important direction for medical science in the future. Medicine should not be primarily concerned with significantly increasing our life span, but with improving the quality—the enjoyability—of life for everyone.

MIKE MCCUE
Denver, Colo.

Who hates the suburbs?

Dear Sirs:

My congratulations to Jimmy Breslin for his stand against the sprawling monotony of this country's suburbs [I HATE THE SUBURBS, September 24]. Here's to a return to the cities and the revival of more human communities in the U.S.A.

JOE R. MILTON
Houston, Tex.

Dear Sir:

Jimmy Breslin did exactly right to leave the suburbs. I'll bet his neighbors helped him pack.

LOLA WISMER
Chappaqua, New York

Dear Sir:

We live on two acres of ground four miles out. Our backyard is a cool, deep woods; we have a lovely sloping front lawn. When I walk through the wet grass on a cool summer morn in my bare feet, I feel like falling down on my knees to thank God that I live in the suburbs.

When I was a child we lived in the city, and my playground was a dirty alley.

MRS. LOUIS BLOOMFIELD
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sir:

The Breslins seem to be maladjusted city dwellers who like noise, confusion, dirt and the ugly things of the city better than the pleasant living the suburbs offer. To each his own! I'll choose the suburbs where people do care about how things look—it's the people who do not care who create the slums! There are still quite a few of us who like good manners, beauty and cleanliness—and our dull family life.

ELIZABETH S. DAVIES
Arlington, Va.

Dear Sir:

I am a commuter in reverse—I work in the country and live in the city. I wish I could breathe one less pound of exhaust fumes for each time I'm advised to move my living quarters from the decadent city to "God's Country." But I respectfully suggest that God must be happier in a place where "His people" are different colors, varied thinkers, adamant non-club-joiners, honest drinkers and cheaters, and always, always built of a variety of virtues and faults enough to keep the Lord a-hopping.

ALICE C. LYONS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I'd much rather comb my grass and curl my crabgrass than teach my children to strangle other children and shoot at my neighbors over fences.

MURRIEL SANTEE
Fredericktown, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Poor Jimmy Breslin! Apparently he "hates" the people who live in the suburbs because he can't understand them and doesn't fit in their kind of life. Among other things, he ridicules these people for not wanting integrated schools. What is the difference between one who doesn't want his child to go to school with a Negro and one who doesn't want his child to live among people the parent doesn't understand? The article leads me to believe that he is guilty of unreasoning bigotry—just what he despises in the suburbs.

MRS. J. A. JEFFRIES
Keyser, W. Va.

Fair sex?

Dear Sirs:

In regard to the humorous article LADY BE GOOD (AND SO WILL I) by William K. Zinsser in THE HUMAN COMEDY (September 24): With friends like the Fair Sex, who needs enemies?

PAUL BUNNING
Durham, N.H.

Dear Sir:

What woman in her right mind would bruise a masculine ego, much less his solar plexus?

CLYDENE BOEHS
Moore, Okla.

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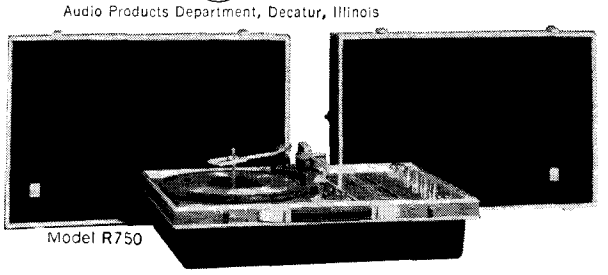

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AWAY IN A MANGER	Leroy Anderson
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BASILICAN BELL PEALING	Robert Carwithen Chimes
HAPPY HOLIDAY	Bing Crosby
O HOLY NIGHT	Fred Waring
WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE	Leroy Anderson
AVE MARIA	The McGuire Sisters
COVENTRY CAROL	Leroy Anderson
HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING	Fred Waring
LET IT SNOW, LET IT SNOW	Lawrence Welk
I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY	Bing Crosby
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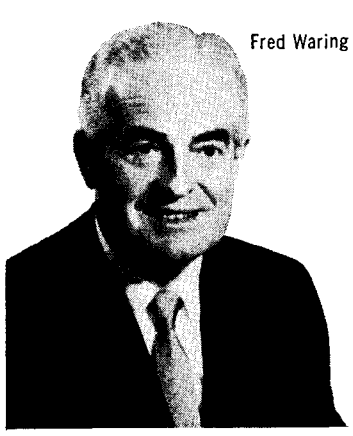
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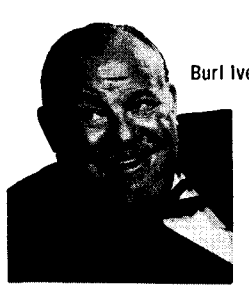
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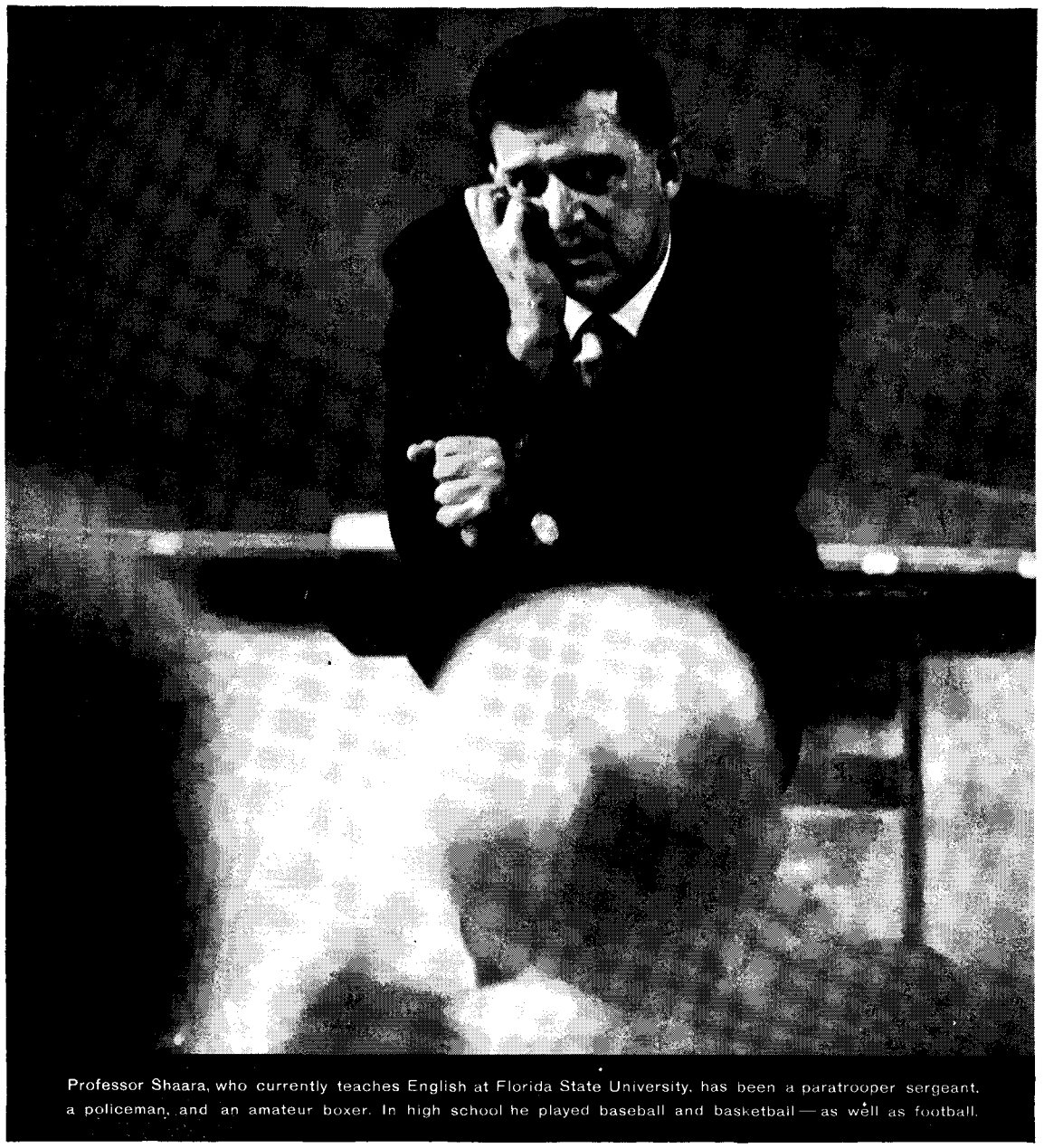
COLLEGES SHORT-CHANGE THEIR FOOTBALL PLAYERS

By Michael Shaara



Professor Shaara, who currently teaches English at Florida State University, has been a paratrooper sergeant, a policeman, and an amateur boxer. In high school he played baseball and basketball—as well as football.

The first class I ever taught at a university contained two football players. I knew they were football players because their faces were continually bruised. I watched their progress with interest, for I had the usual opinion: The average football player is taking a soft ride through college. Also, he is so legendarily dumb that he has become a sacred character in the American way of life. What could be more American than that deathless scene—which is probably playing on some late movie somewhere tonight—of The Football Player and The Prof? The football player is huge and has the brain of a reasonably suave three-year-old chimp, and the prof is thin, tweedy and clever. The football player must pass a test in order to play in the Big Game on Saturday, and so the prof asks him a series of outrageously simple questions while 40 or more bosomy coeds gape.

Well, that was the legend, but here was reality. There they sat in front of me: two large and obviously tired young men locked in bitter combat with English composition.

They weren't stupid. They were, in fact, brighter than average, a fact I later found to be true of college ballplayers in general. I was expecting somebody to pressure me about their grades. Nobody ever did, or ever has. I went to the games, because I am something of a football nut, and watched my boys repeatedly flattened, and saw them show up in class the following Monday, groggy and scarred, and falling steadily behind in their work. Neither was failing, but they could have done much better, and it bothered me.

I spoke to them both in private. They explained politely that they just didn't have enough time. They promised to make up the work once the season ended. When the season ended, there wasn't much left in the term. Or in the boys.

The following spring I had another football player in my class. He was a tall, calm, quiet boy who dressed very well and had a certain natural arrogance. He would be graduating that summer and so was not out for spring practice—and he would not be going on to the pros, even though he'd been the star of the college's team. For the first time in his collegiate career he had time to sit and talk. I got to know him; all that spring I watched his arrogance turn into bitterness. He was becoming aware that he had missed something very important. He apologized for his language; he said it was tough to realize that you could go through four years of college and still sound as if you were right off the farm. He explained that he had spent his four years living with the team—in the dorm we call "The Animal Farm." Then he said, and I remember this clearly:

"They don't give you a hell of a lot in return, do they?"

I asked what he meant.

"They take everything you've got. All your time and energy for four years. If you're unlucky they 'redshirt' you and take five years. You take easy courses so you won't have to waste time studying. You live most of your life with guys who're doing the same. When you have some free time you raise hell. You end up with a bum knee, talking like a clod, fit for nothing. They call it a scholarship."

At the time I thought he was feeling sorry for himself, because I knew, of course, that an athletic scholarship comes complete with beautiful girls and convertibles. Well, that player is long gone, and many another has come and gone since, and I have come to the belated realization that I had been wrong and he was right.

College football is an abuse of the university, of the coaches and the parents, but more than anything else it is a tragic abuse of the kids.

The average boy on a football athletic scholarship spends much of his summer on the campus because most college teams practice "informally" during that season. Millions of dollars will soon pass through the turnstiles, so the kid must be ready. He begins early every morning, and if he is caught breaking a training rule, he will find himself on the Dawn Patrol: Up before light, he will run up and down the steps of the stadium for punishment. Then on to breakfast and blackboard sessions, then out in the afternoon for practice, with Go-Go signs and hustling coaches everywhere. After dark there will be films to see and more classes to attend.

By the time regular classes have started the tension has increased because the first game is coming up. The player must know that absolutely nothing in the world is as important as that game. He must breathe an atmosphere of religious dedication, planning for the crusade against the enemy. Along about that time the injuries start coming in.

Dr. Robert P. Johnson, who has been team physician at Florida State University for the past several years, tells me that a major college football team can expect perhaps a dozen serious injuries during a season. Some of these will be bad enough to bar a boy from any further football. Others will be correctable by major surgery. Some will require regular examinations for years. The football squad can expect an average of one serious injury a week. Our boy is aware of all this.

He is also aware of minor injuries. There are some coaches who regard any injury as a possible fake, and they make a practice of treating an injury as something unclean. For instance, one team makes damaged players wear sweaters with conspicuous red crosses. Our boy knows all this, and he may play when he shouldn't.

Our boy cannot think much about classes. Perhaps he has already been assigned a tutor who will "help" him with his papers. The first game goes by. If the team is a winner, the coaches must find new ways to keep the boys fired up. If the team is a loser, the work has to get harder.

Much of this has to be seen to be believed. The pressure bears on these kids from all directions: from the coaches, their parents, their friends, from within themselves. On the average the players are 19. They don't know yet who they are, or where they're going, and they are curious about God and sex and politics, when they think about them, which they don't have much time to do.

Have you ever seen a big-time football team go through a routine scrimmage? I suggest you watch one; it's instructive. The first thing that will strike you will probably be the blood on the faces and hands. Everybody's on the move, everybody's out

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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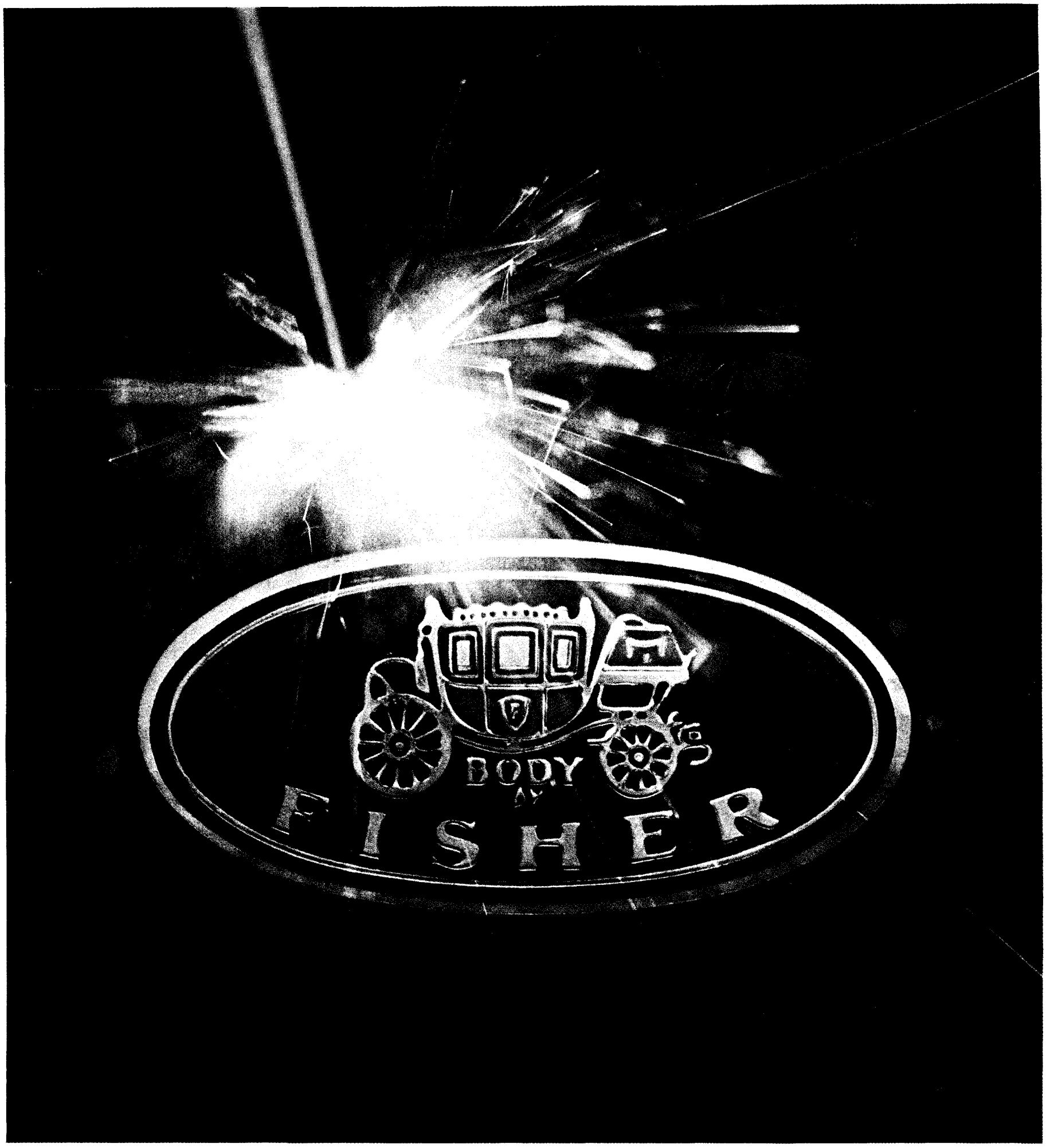

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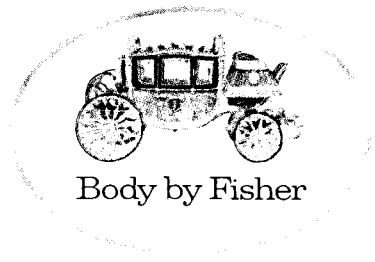

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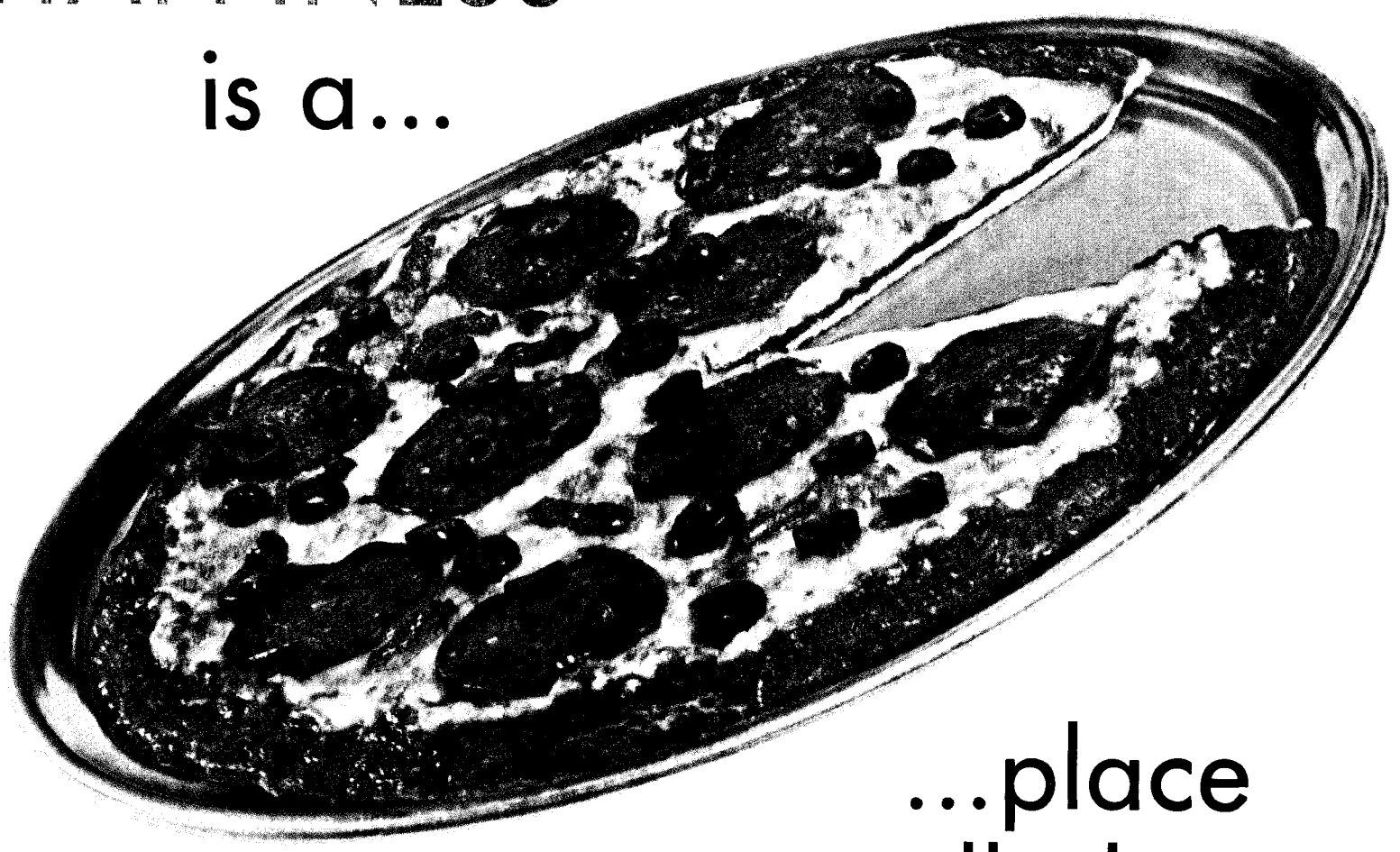

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to hit. The coaches scream, "What's the matter, no guts? Get in there and hit, hit, hit." At one southern school recently a boy passed out in the hot sun and threw up. A coach came up and said cheerfully, "I told him not to eat shrimp for lunch."

After a day of this, the boy goes back to a weary dorm. He does not date, nor does he read Spinoza. He tries to unwind. He will not be prepared for some classes, unless somebody has written a paper for him. He knows the prof will look at him with contempt, but the girls won't. He is learning new values.

One of the secrets a professor tries to keep to himself is that his classroom is not necessarily the whole purpose of the university. I never learned half as much in classes as I learned outside, and I suspect that's true of many another professor. I learned from bull sessions, and long walks, and from books I stumbled across because somebody else happened to be reading them. This time is denied the football player on the lucky break called a scholarship. In his free time he raises hell and who can blame him?

At the end of the term he must make up the work he has missed. He rarely does. But then if a ballplayer fails, well, it was expected of him. During the dead of winter our boy finally has some free time, but if you think he uses it to broaden his mind, you are inaccurate. Soon spring practice begins, and the spring scrimmages, the fight for next year's job. I submit that under these conditions any kind of decent education is obviously impossible.

I think it's time our universities took a long cold look at what they're doing to football players—those lucky kids who don't pay to go to school. And while they're at it, I suggest that they reexamine the whole idea of college sport. The fact is that there is very little sport, and we all know it. The fact is that college football is a multimillion-dollar business built upon the blood and sweat of thousands of kids who are promised a lot and given precious little in return. The fact is that every year we make thousands of contracts which the boys sign in good faith, and honor with bloody courage, while we continually let them down.

Let's not blame the coaches, most of whom love the game but are caught up in an impossible situation. Let's talk about the officials who actually preside over the game from on high. They behave as if college football was a jolly little sport played by jolly little boys in their jolly spare time. But they also count on it to make millions, and it cannot be treated both as a profession and a game. If Alabama's quarterback Joe Namath was worth a $400,000 bonus from the New York Jets in December, then he was not just another student in November, and everybody knew it. He was immensely valuable, and hysterical attempts to keep him, and others like him, a virginal amateur, were absurd. For more than a hundred years now it has been fashionable for gentlemen to play games for money. What's all this nonsense about "amateurism" doing in the 20th century anyway?

I am suggesting that college football players ought to be paid. They are producing a valuable commodity, and they ought to be rewarded for it.

There are, basically, two types of ballplayers. The first came to school to play football, period. He will tell you that his only interest is going to the pros, and for him most classes are a joke. To consider him a student is to make a farce of education. All right. But doesn't football support thousands and please millions? Then why not let the boy who is interested in it, *major* in it. And let him get credit for his work on the field, which is, make no mistake about it, work of a serious and dangerous nature. Let's not force our boy to go through the shame of classes while he's really working at his profession and also making the money that supports his school's athletic program.

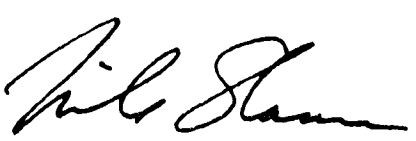
Next, there is the type of student who genuinely has taken a football scholarship as his only path to an education. For God's sake, let's give him a chance for one. The rules require that a boy take at least a 12-hour load during the football season. I think that's barbarous. Any boy who is trying to meet the requirements of a football season, which include total effort in some of the most violent exercise known to man, has no business trying to tackle philosophy and science and English composition.

I suggest it would be more humane, and certainly more logical, to admit that our football team is a valuable thing, which is why we built the stadium. The money we will make from the team this year will be a substantial benefit to the university. Therefore, let's have our student play football untroubled by classes, and then go to classes untroubled by football. In short, don't require anything of him during the season, but keep him on campus in the summer. And if his eligibility should run out, continue his scholarship until he gets the degree of his choice.

And while we're at it, let's take a look at perhaps the most barbarous practice of all. When a boy gets hurt, his scholarship must be continued, under N.C.A.A. rules. But a team is allowed just so many scholarships. Many coaches have ways to try to get a boy to give up his scholarship. If a boy has been receiving special academic help, cut it off. If that doesn't work, make him attend all the practices and carry a waterbucket and take insults. See how long he'll take it.

Many people, I know, will respond to this whole problem by insisting that we should throw out college football entirely, or de-emphasize it. I think that's just as narrow a view as that we should keep it from becoming professional. Football is a marvelous game, and many of us love it, and I'm delighted that we are having a pretty good ball season here at F.S.U. this year, right in my town, where I can see it live, and feel the excitement every Saturday. I'll go to every game, and consider my dollar well spent.

But on Monday I will be trying to teach some of the players, and they will be grim and tired and have bruises on their faces, and I will know they are being used as the star performers in a collegiate farce.



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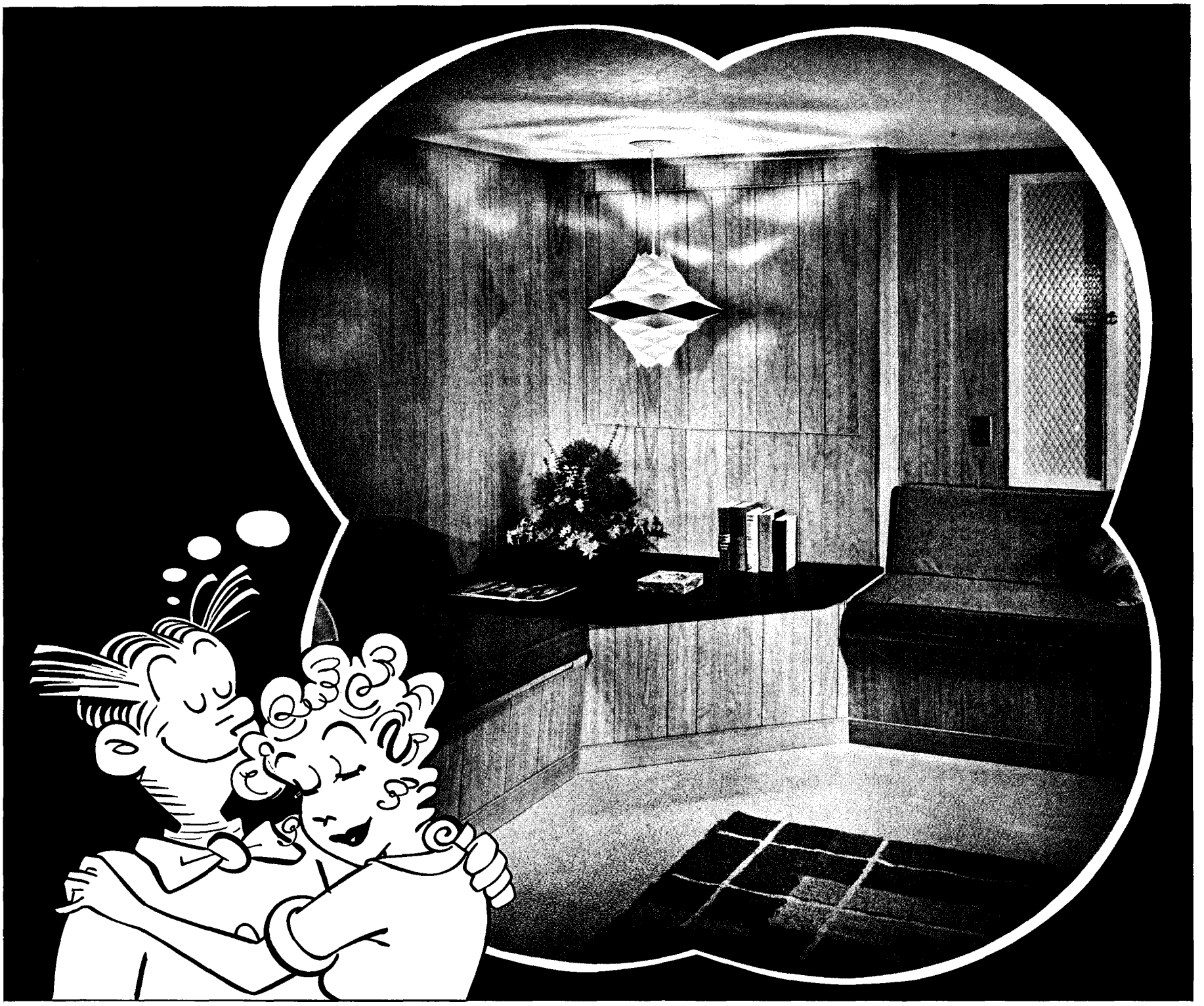

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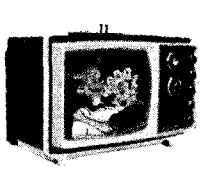

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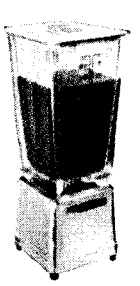

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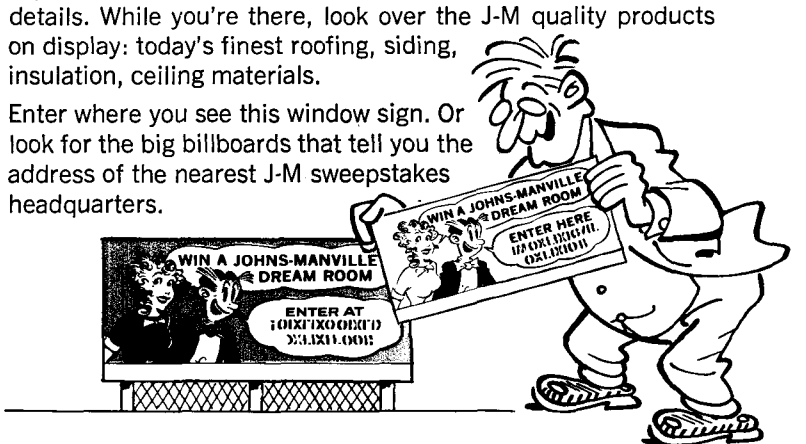

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Study in black and white

CHICAGO:

David Reed is a light-skinned, 25-year-old Negro, six feet, four inches tall, broad-shouldered, with a basketball player's powerful hands and loose-jointed, loping stride. John J. Hoellen is a middle-aged white man of German-Irish descent, with a balding pate and round, owlish face.

Both Reed and Hoellen are Republican candidates for Congress. Both are challenging Democratic incumbents in Chicago congressional districts which are normally heavily Democratic. Aside from their common humanity, that is absolutely all they have in common.

Yet taken together, Reed and Hoellen neatly symbolize the cruel crisis in race relations in the big northern industrial cities of the United States. More and more, the crisis is splitting the big cities into two cities—a black city and a white city. More and more, each of these inner cities hates and fears the other.

Dave Reed is undoubtedly the most atypical Republican candidate in this year's election. He is challenging 80-year-old Congressman William Dawson, who for 24 years has been the Chicago Democratic machine's Negro representative in Congress. Dawson's First Congressional District is solidly Negro. In the past, he has rarely bothered to campaign. The support of Mayor Richard Daley's Democratic machine has been enough to guarantee his election. Reed, who went to college on a basketball scholarship and majored in political science, decided in 1965 to challenge "this system of plantation politics."

To that end, he formed the New Breed Committee, as an independent Negro political organization. Many of the New Breeders also went to college on athletic scholarships, and most are recent veterans of the Vietnam War. Reed originally filed as a Democratic primary opponent of Dawson, but campaign strategists for Republican senatorial candidate Charles Percy persuaded him that the only real chance to beat Dawson was in the election. The Percy camp promised financial help if Reed would switch, so Reed and his New Breeders were miraculously transformed into Republicans.

They are very odd Republicans. The elephant and the panther are natural enemies, but the black panther of the Negro "black power" movement is to be found pasted up on windows of Reed's Republican storefront headquarters. Reed explains that "black power"—that is, independent Negro power—is precisely what he and his New Breeders are trying to achieve, by breaking the power of Daley's white-run political machine.

The main reason for the "atrocious conditions" of life in the First Congressional District, Reed argues, is that the voters of the district are represented by an "Uncle Tom," a lackey of the "white power structure." Campaigning on street corners, Reed spends most of his time rather cheerfully denouncing "Daley's plantation politics," plus the rats, the roaches, the uncollected garbage, and above all the hated public-housing projects of the First Congressional District.

Three New Breeders—all young war veterans, all highly articulate—volunteered to give this reporter a guided tour of the projects, to show why they were hated. The projects turned out to be three miles of huge, bleak, 22-story rabbit warrens—vast, prisonlike compounds, with tiers of balconies overlooking inner concrete playgrounds.

Most of the complaints about the projects center around the self-service elevators. The kids, the New Breeders said, like to amuse themselves by pressing all the buttons in the elevators. So it is often necessary to wait half an hour or so for an elevator—whether to go up to the bathroom (lack of first-floor toilet facilities is a major complaint) or go down to the concrete playground to rescue a child being beaten up.

A woman who enters an elevator alone is in danger of being raped. Almost everybody pays blackmail to juvenile gangs. But the worst thing about the projects, the three New Breeders agreed, is the simple boredom and uniformity of life in them. These towering "concrete compounds," they said, kill all sense of community. "The Daley machine stacks us on top of each other to prevent us spreading out," said one New Breeder, "and the higher he stacks us the greater the frustration and the higher the crime rate."

Dave Reed argues that all future public housing should be in low-rise neighborhood apartments. This would indeed mean the "spreading out" of the Negro ghettos—sooner or later, into the all-white middle-class ghettos in North Chicago.

This is where Reed's fellow-Republican, John J. Hoellen, comes in. Hoellen, who has been an alderman for 19 years, is challenging Democratic Representative Roman C. Pucinski, another Daley stalwart, in the lily-white Eleventh Congressional District in North Chicago. The Eleventh is normally heavily Democratic. But Hoellen is given a slim—very slim—chance to win, for one reason only: the famous "white backlash."

During the disorders in Chicago in the summer, Hoellen proposed that the demonstrations be halted by the police, and Martin Luther King be jailed for "his own good." And he has made Pucinski's vote for Title Four of the defunct 1966 Civil Rights Bill the main issue in his campaign. Title Four was the open-housing provision.

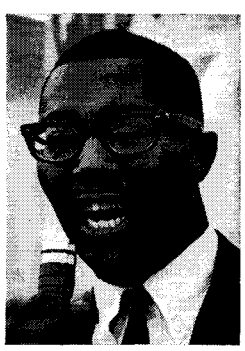
Pucinski, sensing danger, eagerly broadcast the fact that he had fought hard to water down Title Four to a point where it held no threat to the homeowners of the Eleventh District; and he dug up the damaging fact that Hoellen, as an alderman, had himself seconded a resolution in favor of open housing. Both Hoellen and Pucinski hotly deny that they are trying to ride the "white backlash." But they both ardently proclaim that "a man's home is his castle." The phrase means just one thing to the voters of the Eleventh District: "Keep the Negroes out." That, evidently, is precisely what the voters of the Eleventh District want to hear.

Nor is this altogether surprising. As Hoellen points out, to many of the people in the district, their equity in their houses represents their only capital. Thousands of them, he says, have already sold out at a loss at least once, and moved before the rising Negro tide. Moreover, Hoellen says, a lot of these people were "terrified" by last summer's "insurrection," and by the "snarling, animal-like frenzy on the faces of the demonstrators on television."

Hoellen says that he tries to be a "moderating force" on the passions of his community. Reed says very much the same thing. "The Negro community is like a ripe apple for any extremist movement," Reed says. "The only way to head off an explosion is to make them proud of themselves in their own right." By his own lights, John Hoellen, who wanted to jail Martin Luther King, is no doubt indeed a "moderating force," while by *his* lights, so is David Reed, the advocate of "black power."

But the difference between Hoellen's idea of a "moderating force" and Reed's shows how very wide is the ever-widening gap between black Chicago and white Chicago. And what is true of Chicago is true, in greater or less degree, of every one of the big industrial cities of the North.

Stewart Alsop



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NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL [illegible] INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES

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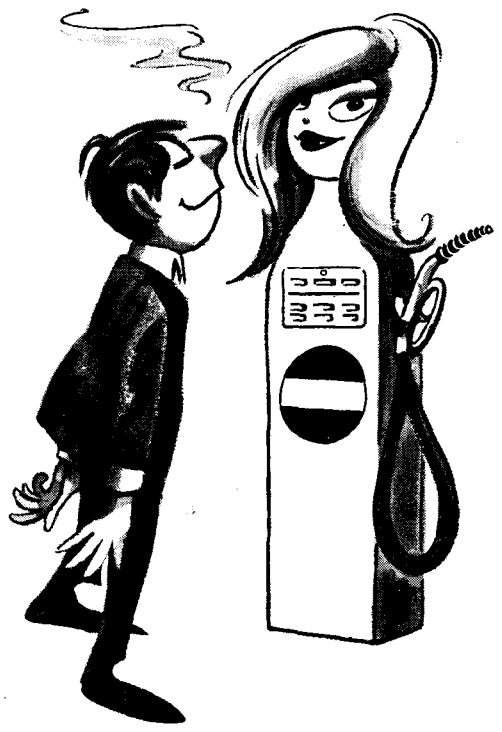
The Human Comedy

Getting over Glenda

By Thomas Meehan



Dear Miss Fix-It: I am a young man of seventeen with a problem. When I was fifteen I started going steady with a very pretty blonde cheerleader in my class named Glenda. I was in love with Glenda and she said that she was in love with me. We had many things in common, such as we both liked semiclassical music like the Mantovani strings, and strawberry malteds, and she was the only girl I ever met who agrees with me that the smell of Gulf No-Nox gasoline is very pleasant. I know it sounds funny when you write it out, but there were a lot of little things like that. I thought that we were going to get married after we finished high school. Two weeks ago, though, Glenda told me she is going to marry a Marine named Wally who is twenty-two years old. I didn't even know that she was going around with a Marine named Wally. As she doesn't go to the same school I go to anymore, I don't see her and she won't talk to me on the telephone or answer my letters. I know that everything is lost and that she will get married to Wally, but I still love her a lot. That is my problem. How can I get over Glenda? Very truly yours, Very Unhappy.

(Letter to a syndicated column for the lovelorn)

Dear Very Unhappy:

If it's any immediate help, your problem is an old one, older even than the Mantovani strings, and yet, you'll be pleased to learn, it's by no means insoluble. In fact, from the degree of anguish evidenced in your letter, it's safe to estimate that you should be well over Glenda in about eighteen months, with no significant aftereffects other than a shattered nervous system and a more or less permanent faraway look in your eye. To assure your recovery, however, the following five-point program is suggested:

1. *Stop suspecting that you are losing your mind.* For a long time, you're going to keep thinking that you see Glenda wherever you go, and you must understand that this is not a sign of incipient madness. The most unlikely females— House of Pancakes waitresses, A&P checkout girls, your algebra teacher—will suddenly look like Glenda to you. You'll be walking down the street and there she'll be, a half block ahead, coming toward you. Your heart will soar and your stomach plummet before you realize, as she gets closer, that it's not Glenda at all, but your eighty-seven-year-old Great-aunt Hannah. Don't be overly concerned about this phenomenon; it passes by itself after five or six years.

2. *Stop daydreaming.* Two sorts of fantasies will obsess you. In the first, you'll envision yourself achieving some spectacular success. It's possible, for example, that once you've finished school you'll land a job as a test pilot and that within a couple of years you'll be tapped by NASA for Project Apollo. As an astronaut, you'll be cut in for a sizable hunk of the *Time-Life* pie, but, of course, that's merely the beginning. When the time comes to rocket moonward, you'll be one of the three selected to make the journey. After your historic round trip to the moon, where you yourself will have planted the American flag at the edge of the Sea of Crises, there will of course be the meeting with the President, the address to the joint session of Congress and, finally, the ticker-tape parade up Broadway. And that's when you'll again see Glenda. There she'll be—a fragile figure in a threadbare cheerleader's sweater, pathetically waving in the crowd as you pass by. At that moment, she'll realize what an utter fool she was to have thrown you over—*and then she'll be sorry.*

Variations on this fantasy include the one in which you return to the old neighborhood in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, now a famous and beloved TV panelist, and encounter Glenda at a reception given in your honor. With you, of course, is your wife, a woman who is everything that Glenda is not. Upon meeting Glenda, who rushes up to you eagerly, you at first can't quite place her. "Ah, yes," you say at last, recognizing something familiar about the frump standing before you, "you were the pretty little one who led the cheers. Nice to see you again. I'd like you to meet my wife, the former Mary-Jo Freeble—Miss Universe of 1964, the Freeble Natural Gas family. She wrote *The Shattered Looking-Glass: A Study of the American Novel from Melville to Susan Sontag.*"

In the second sort of fantasy, you'll envision yourself making a journey down life's ladder. Despondent over the loss of Glenda, you'll take to drinking cheap sauterne and staying up till all hours. Eventually you'll abandon your career as a rising young concert accordionist and end up playing sentimental ballads in a sleazy saloon. One night, as you're bumbling drunkenly through *Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven*, a group of slumming uptowners will enter the saloon. Among them will be a dazzlingly beautiful woman in an ermine wrap. "Oh, how quaint," she'll say, laughing throatily, and, hearing her voice, you'll realize

that the woman is Glenda. You'll attempt to slip into the back room, but she'll spot you. She'll see that this alcoholic wreck is the remains of the sweetheart she once spurned. At that moment she'll understand for the first time that she has wantonly destroyed your life—*and then she'll be sorry.*

3. *Take up a time-consuming hobby.* Something intricate which requires a good deal of concentration is recommended. You might work a series of 10,000-piece interlocking jigsaw puzzles of Alpine scenes or, using only toothpicks, construct a scale-model replica of downtown Cincinnati. Better still, you could build model airplanes. Besides being educational and loads of fun, this has an added attraction in that there seems to be a fairly stiff kick one can get from sniffing airplane glue.

4. *Think of Glenda fat.* That penchant of hers for strawberry malteds is a sure indicator of future girth. A man gets over such adolescent appetites, but a woman is almost certain to go on from strawberry malteds to butterscotch sundaes, eclairs, chocolate-covered graham crackers, and fudge. Within four or five years, the Glenda you knew will have forever vanished into an all-enveloping cocoon of avoirdupois, and, at some later time, when you chance to meet her on the street, waddling beside Wally, you'll breathe a quick sigh of relief that this 275-pound bundle of wet wash isn't yours.

5. *Drink.* As you grow older, three or four snorts of bourbon before dinner will make those lonely evenings a good deal more endurable, and a few more after dinner aren't a bad idea, either. With a just about constant semi-snootful, you'll not only get over Glenda more quickly but life will even take on a rosy glow of hilarity you've perhaps never known before. If it develops, however, that you're a morose drunk who tends to consider leaping from tall buildings while tanked up, cease this treatment at once.

Of course, the frank truth of the matter is that you'll never entirely get over Glenda. For the rest of your days, the memory of Glenda will from time to time come back to torture you, like a recurring slipped disc. In years to come, when you breathe a whiff of No-Nox, you'll remember Glenda, and you'll never again be able to listen to Mantovani's "Continental Encores" without thinking of her. Nonetheless, at 17, there's still time to pick up the broken pieces of your life and begin anew, perhaps in some distant city. In time, you'll meet another girl, a girl who, though it now seems impossible, you will love even more than you loved Glenda. Your story, like so many others, will have a happy ending, provided, of course, you steer the new chick away from Marines. □

Drawings by Dedini

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Flavor that goes with fun

If you're not smoking Winston, you're missing out on the best taste in filter cigarettes.

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should

(like your cigarette should)

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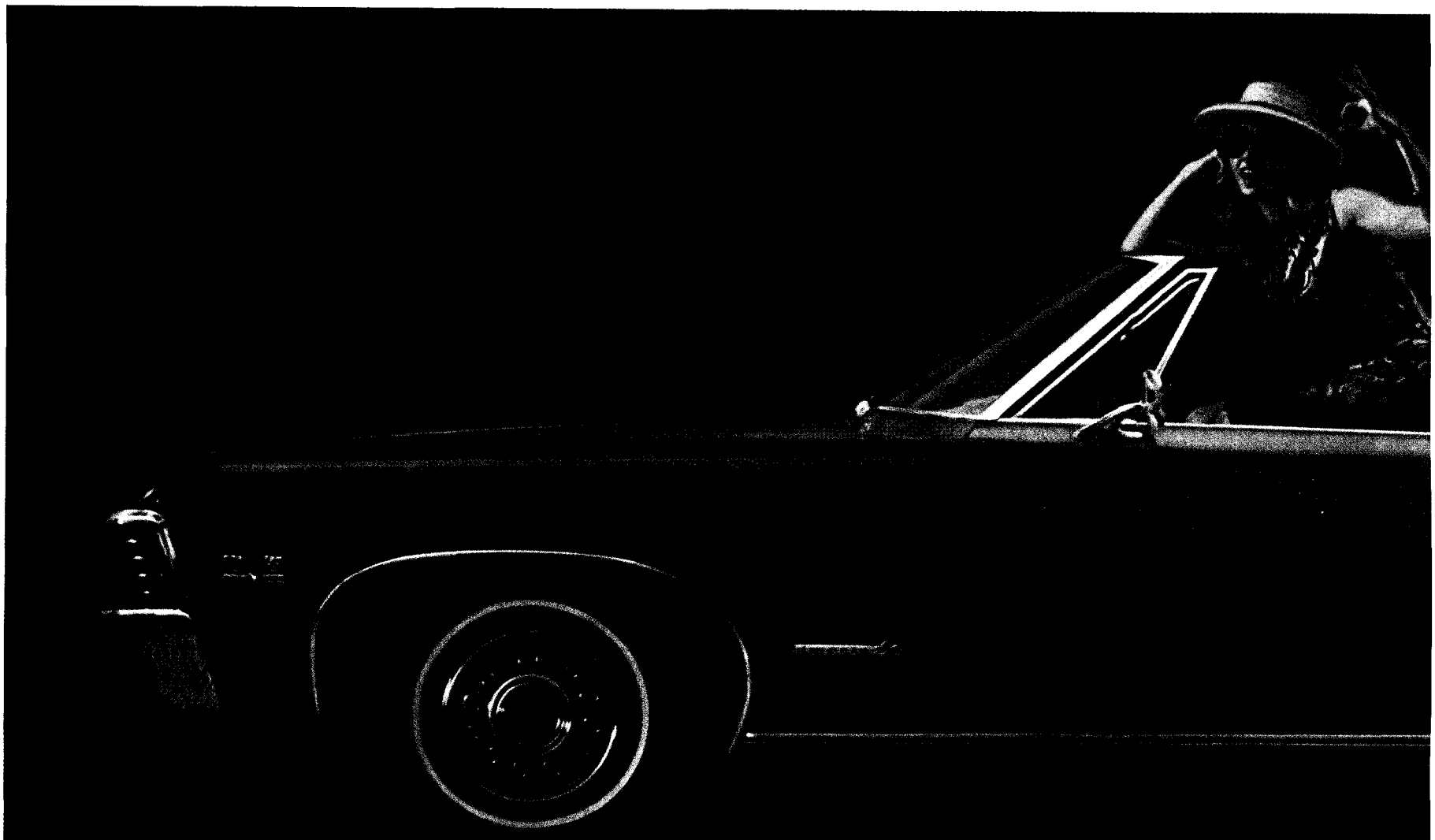
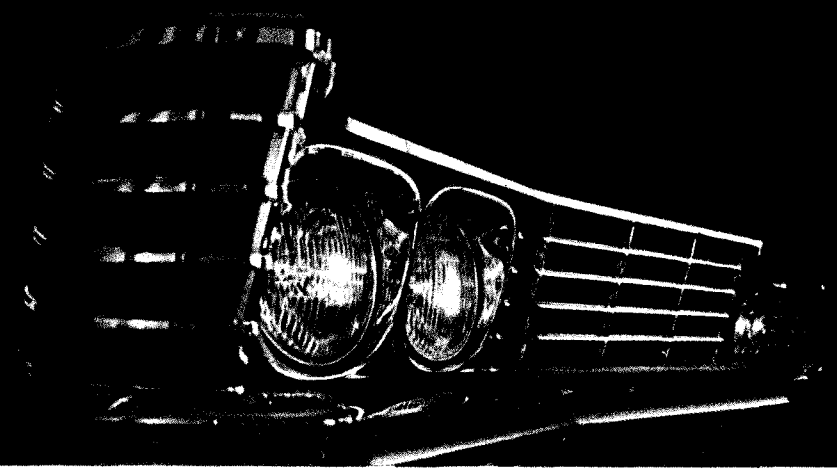
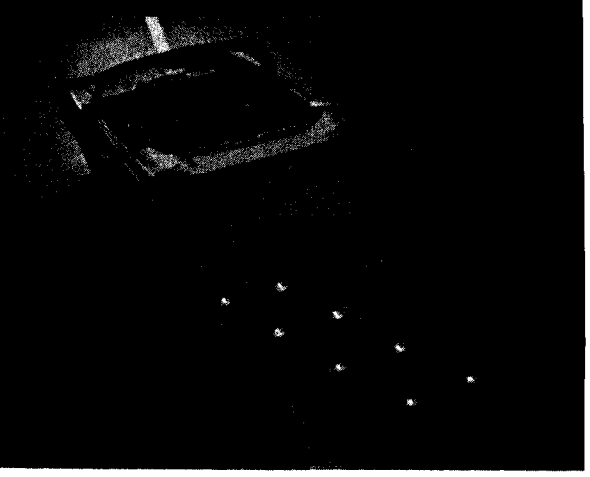


Everything new that could happen





in styling...

A *beautiful* automobile is what happened at Chevrolet this year! We could go over all the styling refinements, but we think just looking at a new Chevrolet is explanation enough. A remarkable new feeling on the road happened, too. Not that a cushioned ride's anything new for Chevrolet, it's just more so now thanks to softer body mounts and new rear suspension geometry. The steering's better, too. Improved linkage design makes turning 10% easier, helps minimize tire wear.

in safety...

There's a long list of standard safety features for 1967. Some highlights are the new dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column, and lane change signal in direction signal control.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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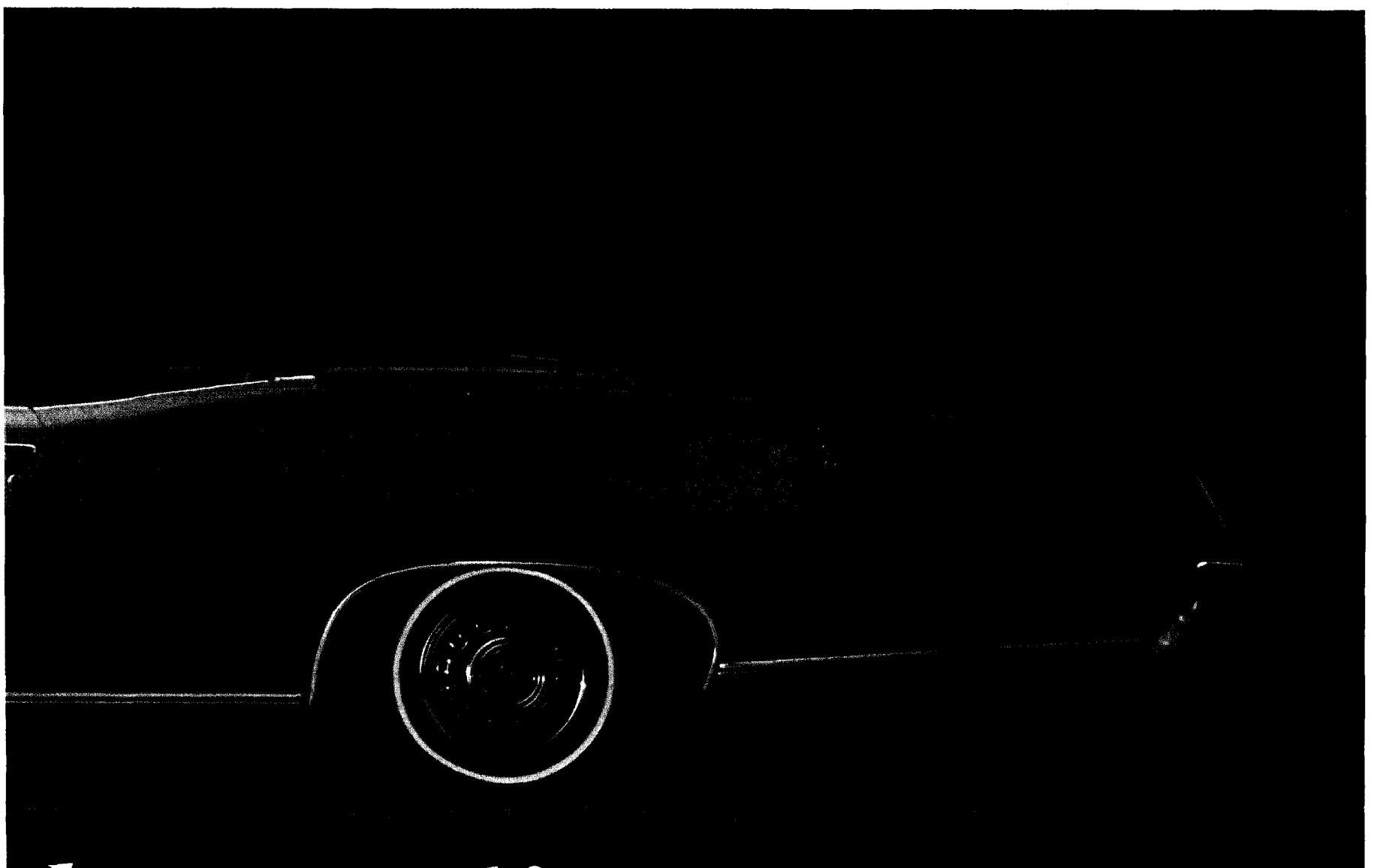
Here's the '67 Impala Convertible. With world-famous Body by Fisher, of course.



happened!

in all these things for your pure personal pleasure

What more could you ask for? *Plenty* in this year's Chevrolet! For instance, add Comfortron automatic heating and cooling. Set *once* and stay comfortable no matter what nonsense goes on outside. Remember the car radio? Now you order an AM/FM radio with multiplex stereo. Or the new 8-track stereo tape system, complete with a free 80-minute tape. Or both. As for the power you like, specify a 396- or 427-cu.-in. Turbo-Jet V8—exclusively Chevrolet's.

That's just the beginning of Chevrolet's story for '67. Your best bet is to go right now and see the car. And let your Chevrolet dealer fill you in on all the details.

CHEVROLET

'67 CHEVROLET

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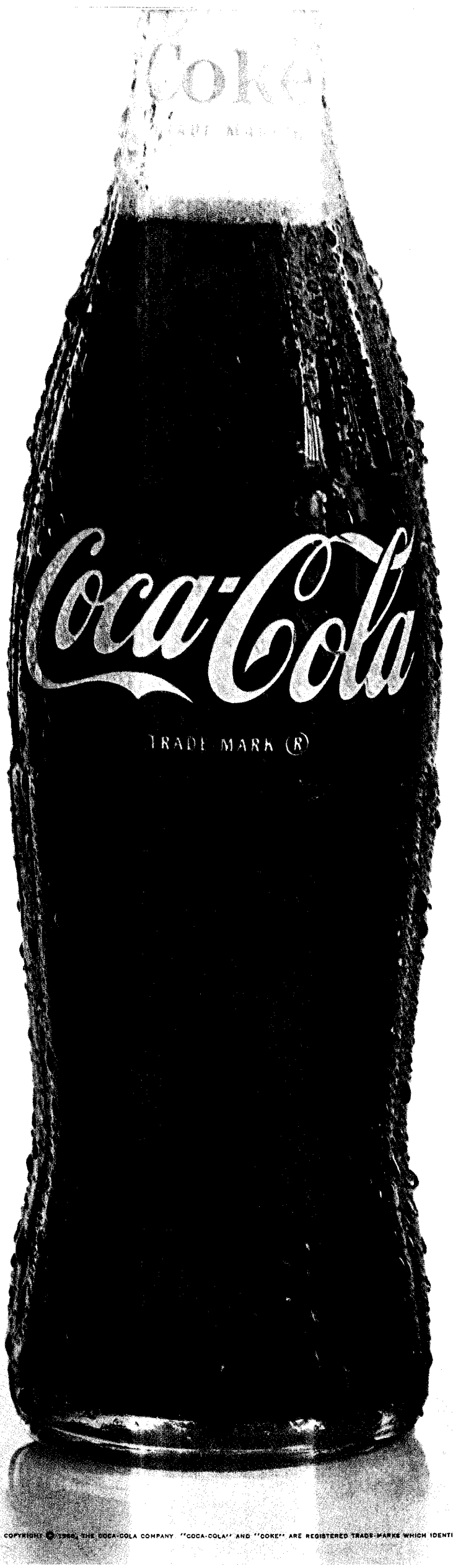

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Evening POST

What's behind THE HIGH COST OF EVERYTHING

By Bill Davidson

Food prices are shooting up, housewives are in revolt, and the cost of living has suddenly become a hot election issue.

On August 19 three housewives in Phoenix, Ariz., launched what may someday be remembered as The Great Bread Rebellion. The three women—Mrs. George Donaldson, Mrs. Earl Friedman and Mrs. P. C. Lynch—had been increasingly concerned about rising prices, and a six-cent increase in bread triggered them into action. After advertising for support in the local papers, and finding that Phoenix abounded with other housewives who felt the same way, they formed an organization called Housewives' Voice for Lower Prices. Not only have they recruited 5,000 members in Phoenix, but chapters are forming in cities from Stamford, Conn., to Van Nuys, Calif.

Their principal weapon is simple—they have stopped buying bread and started baking it themselves. With the same fervor their grandmothers displayed as Suffragettes, they defiantly purchase their flour and yeast, hold "outrage meetings" and organize community baking parties. They have threatened further strikes against other high-priced foods—meats, milk and vegetables—and have generally alarmed both grocers and politicians, who wonder where it will all end.

Phoenix's bread rebellion is only one symptom of the growing concern over rising prices. Out on the campaign trail, politicians are beset with questions about the cost of living, and President Johnson has privately conceded that "this has become a bread-and-butter election campaign." His Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, Mrs. Esther Peterson, says that she is inundated with angry mail. She is told that both Democratic bumbling and Republican perfidy are to blame, that both the greedy farmer and the greedy businessman are undermining the American economy, that foreign aid is the real culprit, that labor's insatiable demands are ruining the country—and even that inflation is part of a Mafia plot to take over the United States. "Women don't understand," says Mrs. Peterson. "They're right when they suspect there are too many artificial factors in price rises in certain items like bread and milk—and those are things that *should* be yelled about. They're wrong when they insist that we're in an inflationary spiral that's completely out of control."

Actually, there are several major reasons for the rise in prices—the Vietnam War, unprecedented prosperity, low unemployment, the abnormal heat and drought, unbalanced supply-demand situations and economic skulduggery. And almost all are totally incomprehensible to the average housewife. As presidential economic adviser Arthur M. Okum puts it, "A woman can look at headlines in her newspaper about an occurrence in some far-off place and pay no attention to it—not having the vaguest idea that it might affect her pocketbook six months later."

Earlier this year, for example, Mrs. Isobel Silden of Los Angeles paid scant heed to newspaper accounts of political unrest in the Congo, the economic boycott of Rhodesia by Zambia, labor turmoil in Chile, and a sharp increase in our combat forces in Vietnam. Then, last month, she went to an appliance store to buy a color-TV set and was

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astounded to learn that the price had gone up $17 in the past two weeks. "The price of copper," the dealer explained. The story of the price rise was told in the headlines she had not read.

Most of our foreign supplies of copper come from the Congo (where there was a revolt in Katanga), from land-locked Zambia (which refused to ship through white-supremacist Rhodesia) and from Chile (where strikes had closed the copper mines). Nearly all of our domestic copper was being used to make brass shell casings and ammunition for our expanded troop commitment in the Far East. And so Mrs. Silden had to pay three percent more for her TV set.

On a smaller scale, the same thing happened to Mrs. Linda Battista in Danbury, Conn. The newspaper stories escaped her notice when Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz limited the use of cheap Mexican farm labor in California and when an unexpected frost hit several southern states on January 30 and 31. Then, early last summer, Mrs. Battista went to her local market to buy a head of lettuce and was alarmed to learn that the price had almost doubled—to 39 cents per head. What had happened had been foretold in the headlines. The California farmers, now switching over to a long-needed mechanization of their farms, had planted less lettuce in favor of more easily harvested crops; the southern frost had severely limited the secondary sources of the vegetable. The result? Lettuce was in extremely short supply, and the farm and wholesale price had soared.

Prices have not increased all across the board. In fact, government economists point out that many consumer items are cheaper today than they were in the recession of seven years ago—among them, round steak, men's shirts, gas and electricity, couches, refrigerators, lumber, and products made from nylon and polyethylene.

It is not unusual for a consumer item to rise and fall in price without regard to what the rest of the economy is doing. Gardner Ackley, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, recently described the strange cycle we are undergoing in the price of meat. "In 1963 and 1964," he explained, "we had more supply than demand in livestock and two years of rather low meat prices

The rising prices of recent months are less than half the rate reached during the Korean War

The natural result of this was that farmers cut their herds, since they weren't making enough money, and a sudden shortage in livestock resulted. By 1965, therefore, as demand outstripped supply, there was a terrific upward pressure on prices. Consumers switched to poultry, but the unexpected demand overtook supply there, too, and chicken prices went up. Then came military buying of meat for the Vietnam build-up, forcing prices even higher."

At the end of 1965, when the hog farmers saw what was happening, they held back most of their female pigs from market so that they could breed them in the spring and produce a new crop of baby pigs in time for the expected rise in prices. The result was an even greater shortage of pork this past February, when the retail price of bacon soared to as much as $1.29 a pound. Now the cycle is starting all over again. Undersecretary of Agriculture John Schnittker says, "We've got ten percent more hogs because of the big spring birth rate, and pork prices already are starting to come down. Later, in order to meet the competition, beef and poultry might drop, too. We look for retail pork prices to decrease ten to fifteen percent—unless the retailers try to keep their prices high even though the farm price has come down."

Such a possibility is one of the dangers of the present inflationary crisis. These pressures usually level off with increasing supplies, but in the past few months economists have been noting evidence of another, more dangerous type of inflation which they call "cost-push." In the classic situation known as "demand-pull," prices are pushed up in the open market as demand outstrips supply and more money chases fewer goods. In a "cost-push" inflation, prices are marked up by the producers and distributors. Since their own costs are rising, they have to increase prices simply to stay even. But the cycle seldom stops here. There is always the tendency to add more, to raise profit margins. Everyone—wholesaler, distributor, retailer—is tempted to exploit the chance for the extra dollar while business is booming and the moment is psychologically opportune.

In the present trend, high government spending for the Vietnam War and for Great Society programs contributes to the shortages, and industry bids up prices for scarce raw materials. Then, as business booms and profits rise, the unions push for higher wages. As wages go up and people have more money to spend, increasing the demand for short-supply products even more, retailers keep raising their prices. Soon labor learns that its new wage increases have become meaningless in terms of what the extra dollars will buy, and pushes for yet higher wages. By now, unless the runaway trend is checked through stringent government action, the suicidal economic spiral is heading out of control.

The average housewife is baffled by economic theory. She looks for simple, easy-to-identify, old-fashioned villains. Usually, in the food area at least, she tends to blame the farmer. At a Chicago supermarket, for example, Mrs. Elvira Albritton said, "Do you know you can go to the store and buy a pound of butter, a dozen eggs and a head of lettuce—and pay nearly two dollars? That's fifty cents more than just a few months ago. Are the farmers getting that much more money?"

The answer is no. According to Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, "The farmer actually is getting lower prices today than he did in 1947. In the same period, food prices have gone up thirty-five percent. So somebody else is making the money. The biggest problem is keeping the farmer on the farm when he can go off and make twice as much money in an easier urban job."

It was just such a crisis—drift away from the farm—which began the present upward spiral in milk prices. Undersecretary of Agriculture John Schnittker says, "Last March we noticed a worrisome decline of about 13 percent in the number of dairy cows in Iowa and several other states. That was the time beef prices began to be quite high, and we discovered that a lot of dairymen were selling their cows for slaughter and going out of business. They were simply getting tired of milking cows morning and evening for low wages. So we decided we had to do *something* to stop this trend before we were in real trouble. We raised the guaranteed farm price of milk in March and again in June. The farmer now gets 1½ cents per quart more than he did before, and this is enough to slow down his exit from dairying. On the basis of the farm-price increase we expected milk to go up no more than 2 cents at retail. That would have been justified. But not the 5- and 6-cent increases we saw in some cities. That could only mean that middlemen—and we have a lot of them in the milk business—were trying to see how much of a profit they could get away with."

One of the most ruthless foes of the profiteering milk middleman is Lester L. Wolff, a New York congressman representing the wealthy North Shore of Long Island. Wolff is a former marketing consultant, with clients in the food field, and he has elected himself a one-man investigating committee into rising prices. He maintains that the milk-wholesaling field—which functions as the middleman between the farmer and the reputable dairies on the one hand, and the retailer on the other—is a jungle ruled by sharp practices, profi-

Women blame the high cost of these foods on the Mafia or foreign aid or the like, but the real causes are more complex.

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teering, archaic techniques and even occasional strong-arm methods. "Some of these boys," he says, "are just the ones to take advantage of a slight inflation in the farm price and pyramid their own take. They use out-and-out bribery to get retail stores to sign contracts with them, and then they hold the retailer captive for years. They openly violate the price-fixing provisions of the antitrust laws, they illegally split up territories, they make payoffs to retailers in violation of the Robinson-Patman Act."

Wolff believes there are a lot of questionable things going on in the bread industry, too. He is, however, more charitable than Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, who says, "The increase in the price of wheat last summer would justify a one-half-cent increase in a loaf of bread at the retail level, but *not* the price rises of three cents and more per loaf. Every place along the line, the middlemen seem to be adding a little profit." Wolff does not blame profiteering in the bread business so much as inefficient, outmoded practice. "The techniques in marketing bread," he says, "are geared to the little corner grocery store of fifty years ago, not the supermarket of today." He points out that this is the only commodity which the retailer doesn't have to buy. He gets his bread on consignment, which means that the distributor takes back what the retailer can't sell.

Most experts agree with Wolff that archaic practice in both the bread and milk business is a contributory cause of inflationary prices in those products, but many authorities feel that a little "cost-push" finagling is also going on in the current crisis. In New York in August, when retail milk prices rose as much as five cents, Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz filed a suit against 16 milk wholesalers and distributors, charging these middlemen with having violated the state's antitrust laws by fixing prices. If found guilty, the corporations involved can be fined $50,000 each, and the individuals $20,000.

In California a few weeks ago State Consumer Counsel Helen Nelson, an aide of Gov. Edmund G. Brown, revealed that nearly 50 percent of the cost of a loaf of bread bought in Los Angeles was being charged to "distribution," and that this was an important reason for the rise in price of a standard 22½-ounce loaf to 41 cents.

In Washington, Congressman Graham Purcell of Texas held a series of House Agriculture Committee hearings into the high cost of bread. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman read a routine news story about the bread and milk profits of processors and chain stores abruptly rising as much as 25 to 30 percent, and immediately requested a thorough investigation by the Federal Trade Commission. The inquiry, headed by Dr. Willard Mueller, director of the FTC's Bureau of Economics, will be, as Dr. Mueller puts it, "the most authoritative study ever made in the field of milk and bread distribution."

On the whole, considering the complication of the Vietnam War, the economy is in pretty good shape. In a previously comparable period—the Korean War—matters got out of control completely, and the cost of living rose a crippling 13.2 percent. Today's economic anxiety, on the other hand, is resulting from an annual increase of *less than 3.5 percent* in the Consumer Price Index. Arthur Okum of the President's Council of Economic Advisers says that such an annual increase, if allowed to continue, *is* dangerous. But he points out that with prosperity creating shortages generally throughout the world, prices are really running away in Europe (already a 4 percent increase this year), in South America (up 10 percent), and in Japan (estimated at 15 to 17 percent).

By contrast, we are not doing at all badly. The reason, say the economists, is planning. Learning from previous economic debacles, economists have set guidelines under which labor and management agreed to limit themselves to 3.2 percent increases in both wages and prices. These guidelines have been observed—with the help of an occasional bit of White House bludgeoning by both Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. "We didn't begin to slip until the summer of 1965," says William H. Shaw, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Affairs. "That's when we started to have bad breaks in agriculture, and world shortages developed in raw commodities like copper and sulphur. Food prices, in particular, shot way up, and they are continuing to rise, though many of the shortages have been overcome, and food prices *should* be leveling off."

The guidelines were not seriously ruptured until this past summer when a steel-price increase and a wage increase for airline mechanics both broke through the 3.2 percent barrier. Neither has seriously affected the economy so far. The steel cost will be felt by the consumer in 1967 automobiles and large appliances such as refrigerators and stoves; the airline mechanics' raise seems capable of being absorbed in the airlines' generally high profits. According to government economists, the real problem may well develop this fall and winter. There are imminent labor negotiations with a series of big unions—the automobile workers, the communications workers and the machinery workers, to name a few. All maintain that their take-home dollar has shrunk in terms of what they can buy. If they all break through the 3.2 percent barrier, as is expected, there will be a retaliatory rise in prices, and the "cost-push" spiral will seriously be under way.

While all this sounds ominous, it may not be. We have, today, a system called "The New Economics," and its adherents are confident that such a spiral can be headed off before it soars out of control and ends in its almost inevitable aftermath, recession. The New Economics is an extension of the theories of British economist John Maynard Keynes, who first proposed it to President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the 1930's. The system's basic principle holds that the economy of a nation can be managed by applying certain stimuli to it, such as the manipulation of government spending and taxation.

In The New Economics (which the Administration has embraced), there is a three-part program to short-circuit a runaway economy. One step is to make money tight by making credit more difficult. This slows down demand by making it less easy for people to buy large items—such as houses and automobiles. This step has already been taken by the Government with the rise in interest rates put into effect by the Federal Reserve System. The result has been seen principally in the housing field, where new-construction starts have fallen off from 1.4 million in 1965 to less than a million in 1966, the lowest level in six years. With mortgage money hard to obtain at banks, the demand for new houses has slowed considerably, and the price of lumber has dropped sharply.

Another inflation-curing step in The New Economics is to raise taxes—again to put less money in people's pockets so as to reduce demand and to inhibit reckless industrial expansion which could cause trouble in the form of shutdowns if the spiraling economy reverses. A top White House economic aide told me, "The chances for income-tax increases immediately after the election are about four to one. Nearly every economist in the Government feels that this *should* have been done months ago, but who are we to insist on such an unpopular idea with politicians in an election year?"

The third anti-inflation weapon in the arsenal of The New Economics is to reestablish voluntary wage-price restraints in the form of new guidelines, which foresighted leaders of both management and labor have agreed to. They know that if voluntary guidelines fail, the Administration can institute *mandatory* wage-price controls, such as the OPA, which fixed wages and prices by law in World War II. "None of us want such mandatory controls," says Charles Warden, a member of the staff of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. "If the 3.2 percent formula is shattered, we can live with 3.8 or even 4.2 percent."

Despite the higher cost of the housewife's market bag, the farmer's income remains below the figure of 1947.

"Unfortunately," says Assistant Secretary of Commerce Shaw, "none of this means anything to the housewife. All she knows is that she's now paying $1.19 for a pound of bacon that used to cost her only 79 cents."

And so we have the phenomenon of protest, resentment and scrimping—in the midst of a period of almost unmatched prosperity. In Chicago Mrs. Wilma Schulte, the wife of a truck driver, said, "I've cut out bacon for breakfast. I've stopped buying cold cuts. School lunches for my three kids are leftovers or peanut butter and jam."

What troubles the politicians as they approach next week's elections is that they do not know where this resentment will lead. Will voters lash out against all incumbents—feeling they have to blame somebody? Recent opinion polls show that President Johnson's popularity has dropped to its record low not because of his handling of the Vietnam War but because of his supposed fumbling of the economic situation.

Several office-seekers, including Representative Catherine May of Washington, speculate that inflation may have replaced Vietnam as the No. 1 election issue, and nearly every elected official feels equally vulnerable. "They seem to feel there is little we can do about the war," Mrs. May says, "but they seem to be darned sure we can do something about high prices." □

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Valerie, Sharon, Mark and Mrs. Percy struggle to hide their grief as Percy concedes defeat in 1964 race for governor.

PERCY vs. DOUGLAS

THE BLIGHTED CAMPAIGN

The murder of Valerie Percy has cast a pall of grief over the Illinois senatorial contest—but not reduced its national significance.

By STEWART ALSOP

It was a sunny day in mid-September. A big, brown watchdog bounded across the lawn, barking furiously, as my taxi drove up in front of Charles Percy's handsome house in suburban Kenilworth, north of Chicago. Percy's attractive wife, Loraine, came to the door, shushed the dog, and we chatted amiably for a few minutes over coffee. The trouble with an election campaign, she remarked, was that everybody drank coffee all the time, and that kept her awake at night. Then Percy himself, Republican candidate for senator from Illinois—and a potential candidate for President of the United States—came into the sunlit living room. Looking cheerful and handsome, he answered questions easily, emphasizing his points with a chopping motion of the right hand.

When the formal interview was over, Percy gave me a lift in his car to downtown Chicago, where he has his main campaign office. During the half-hour drive we chatted casually about this and that. He talked first about the 1964 campaign, in which he was beaten in a close race for governor. "It was tough to take," Percy said, "but it was good for me, as a human being." Everything had gone well for him all his life, he explained, and a man needs a really hard setback once in a while, to keep his sense of balance. But the defeat was really hard

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on his family—especially the twins, Valerie and Sharon, the oldest of his five children.

"They just couldn't believe their father could really lose," Percy said with a smile. A picture of Sharon crying on election night had been published in a national magazine, he recalled. "Maurice Chevalier told me it was as lovely a picture of a human face as he'd ever seen."

There was a pause, and the talk shifted to the recent riots in Chicago, and then to the epidemic of irrational violence which has plagued the country since John F. Kennedy was murdered—a phrase scribbled in my notebook recalls this portion of the conversation: "madness abroad in land." I suggested, not very originally, that the constant exposure of the young to violence on television might have something to do with the "madness," and Percy agreed. "Television has a lot to answer for," he said. But there were other sources of violence—racial tensions, poverty, war, the boredom and frustrations of life in the cities and even in the prosperous suburbs. The car drew up in front of Percy's Chicago headquarters, and our casual, rather banal conversation came to an end, at about 11:30 on a Thursday morning.

At five A.M. the next Sunday morning, the "madness abroad in the land" crept into Percy's comfortable house, and while the brown watchdog remained strangely silent, Charles Percy's gay and pretty daughter, Valerie, died a brutal death.

With Valerie's murder, the hotly fought Illinois election campaign came to a shuddering halt. Percy's 74-year-old opponent, Sen. Paul Douglas, suspended all campaigning. At the insistence of the police, who feared that he might have been the intended victim of the murder, Percy left Illinois with his family and went into temporary seclusion in California. In those first days after the murder, it even seemed quite conceivable that Percy would decide to withdraw from politics entirely, to concentrate on trying to heal the deep psychological wounds inflicted on his family by the shocking murder of his daughter. Even now, weeks later, the dark shadow of Valerie's senseless murder hangs over the campaign like a pall. Both candidates often seem to be going sadly through the motions of running for election.

"Chuck has a lot of important things he wants to say," a campaign aide said shortly after the tragedy. "But I'm afraid most people will look at him as a sort of curiosity, instead of listening to him." For old Paul Douglas there is the obvious danger that a wholly irrational "sympathy vote" for the dead girl's father will end his 18 years of distinguished service in the Senate.

Yet life goes on, and the Illinois election remains what it was before Valerie's murder—one of this year's two or three most significant elections. In a symbolic sense, its significance is national, for it is a contest between an old and a new political style. The old style is that of the northern liberal Democrats, who have dominated the Democratic Party ever since Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal.

The new style is that of the younger generation of modern Republicans—men like Scranton and Hatfield and Romney, as well as Percy—who are pragmatists and problem solvers rather than ideologists. These new Republicans are locked in a bitter, continuing struggle with the Goldwater-style "real Republicans" of the dogmatic right, for control of the Party. Paul Douglas is the exemplar of the old Democratic style, and Charles Percy of the new Republican style.

As so often in politics, there was a certain sadness about the Illinois election, even before the horror of Valerie's murder. For in an election one man must lose, and in this election, defeat will badly scar the loser, whoever he may be. Yet there is a hopeful quality about the Illinois election too, even now. Politics is an underpaid, overworked and cruelly insecure profession. But somehow the American system manages to attract into politics (along with a fair quota of fools and scoundrels) many men of genuine ability. Charles Percy and Paul Douglas are two such men. In almost every other way, they are totally unlike each other.

It is hard, for example, to imagine two men more physically dissimilar. Percy is a short, hard-muscled man, quick in movement, with an easy smile and a handsome, unremarkable face. Douglas's face is remarkable and unhandsome. It is a long, sad face, with a long nose and a big upper lip—Douglas does not smile easily—the whole crowned by a thatch of dead-white hair.

Douglas is a big, lumbering giant of a man. From wartime wounds—he joined the Marines at 50 as a private in World War II—his left arm hangs at an odd angle from his body, and he lists a little when he walks. Swimming in a motel pool—which Douglas does once or twice a day when he is campaigning—or shuffling through a village street in quest of votes, Douglas looks like a large, amiable polar bear.

His accent has in it nothing of the Middle West. It is an old-fashioned New England accent—Douglas was born in Massachusetts in 1892, and went to college in Maine. Whether he is talking to one reporter or a big crowd, he sounds unabashedly like what he is—a professional economist, a professor, an intellectual.

He has odd theories. He interprets the political complexion of Illinois in terms of geology. In the ice age, he explains, the glaciers came down to just south of Springfield, leaving behind a rich black topsoil. Thus Illinois north of Springfield to the outskirts of Chicago and the Wisconsin border is rich and very heavily Republican, while south of Springfield the state is poor and mildly Democratic. Douglas also makes curious and obscure references—Martin Luther King, he says, is "like Peer Gynt, striking out with his sword at the great void." His political speeches often sound like lectures in economics—they are studded with phrases like "increment" and "market overhang" and "gross national product."

They are, to be sure, highly partisan economics lectures. Their main thrust is to demonstrate how very much better off the citizens of Illinois have been under the Democrats than under the Republicans, whether in terms of minimum wages, help for the aged, or hog prices. And as Douglas wanders through the hinterlands, he reminds the voters of benefits conferred—$38 million for a reservoir here, $49,500 for a county-sewage project there. The message is clear—to continue to enjoy such federal benefactions, Illinois would be sensible to return its very senior Democratic senator to Washington.

In his years in politics—he was elected an alderman in Chicago in 1939, and he has been in the Senate for 18 years, Prof. Paul Douglas has become a thoroughly professional politician. He has also been a thoroughly successful politician—in his three elections to the Senate, he won once by a comfortable 240,000, and twice by a smashing margin of over 400,000.

In fact, although it is almost forgotten now, Paul Douglas once had a serious chance to achieve the politician's ultimate crown of success—the Presidency itself. In 1951 he was a leading candidate—indeed *the* leading candidate—for the Democratic presidential nomination. A poll of all Democratic county chairmen showed him the first choice by a wide margin, and he stood high in the public-opinion polls as well. "A man came to see me and offered to raise a minimum of a million dollars for a preconvention campaign," Douglas recalls—he refuses to identify the man. Douglas rejected the offer and publicly insisted that he was not, and would not become, a candidate for the Presidency. But the Douglas boom boomed on.

Then something strange happened. In September, 1951, during a debate on military appropriations, another senator made a remark which Douglas apparently interpreted as a slur on his patriotism. Briefly, Douglas lost control—he put his hands to his head, screamed, then left the chamber in tears. Thereafter, the Douglas boom collapsed utterly.

There are those who suspect that Douglas planned it that way—perhaps subconsciously. He himself says only that he knew from the start that the responsibility of the Presidency was "too crushing" for a man of his temperament. In any case, he is one of a tiny band of Americans who have had a serious chance to become President, and have firmly turned aside the poisoned chalice of that terrible office.

Douglas has never been one of the Senate's great movers and shakers. No major legislation bears his name, and he has never been a member of the Senate's "inner club." Even so, he is an important political figure of our time. His role has been that of theorist and idea-provider, a role he played even before he came to the Senate. The whole theory of Social Security, the keystone of the New Deal, owed a lot to Paul Douglas, who was an economic adviser and idea man for Franklin Roosevelt. Douglas is also largely responsible for the adoption of the basic Keynesian economic

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Busy on the hustings, hunting for votes—before the tragedy halted campaigning: Sen. Paul Douglas, running for a fourth term, addressed a small group in downstate Shelbyville . . .

theories by the U.S. Government. The decision in 1962–63 to demand a five-billion-dollar tax cut, in order to promote both a big deficit and continued economic expansion, may be the most important of all the innovations of the New Frontier and the Great Society.

Douglas is thus a man of large and national political stature. In his struggle to hold his Senate seat, this is a crucial asset, for the voters like to feel that the man who represents them in Washington is a big man, an important man. He has other assets. The efficient political machine of his ally, Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, can in ordinary times guarantee a statewide candidate a rock-bottom minimum majority in Chicago of 200,000 votes. Downstate—i.e., outside Chicago—Douglas has cannily woven over the years a web of friendships and alliances. In 1960 he came within a few hundred votes of polling as many votes downstate as his Republican opponent—an unheard-of feat for a Democrat.

By no means least among Douglas's assets is his wife, Emily Taft Douglas, a cheerful, charming woman and an indefatigable campaigner. For all these reasons, Paul Douglas will not be an easy man to beat. No one in Illinois doubts that young Chuck Percy has a very good chance to beat him all the same. Paul Douglas at 74 is an old man, and with his white hair and his humpy, ungainly figure, he looks his age. Sometimes, when he is tired after a long day, his face seems to fall, like a bloodhound's, and he looks older than his age. The voters, whose average age is lower every year, have recently displayed a certain ruthlessness toward old politicians.

What is more, Paul Douglas is a dragon slayer who has run out of dragons to slay—a fate which has overtaken other embattled liberals elsewhere in the country. He slew his first dragon in 1932, and made a national reputation, when he exposed the malefactions of the utilities king, Samuel Insull. But who remembers Insull now? And who now hates the name of Herbert Hoover, a name once hated by millions, much to the advantage of the Democrats? In his street-corner speeches, when Douglas recalls the unemployment and other miseries of the Hoover era, the younger faces in his audience look blank, as though he were talking about the era of Louis XIV.

Even the terrible name of Adolf Hitler has no great emotional impact on a whole new generation of voters. It means very little to the young when Douglas, defending the unpopular war in Vietnam, says that "the lesson we learned in the 'Thirties is that the best way to prevent war is to stop aggression early." Even Douglas's gallant combat record in World War II (Percy had a stateside training job in the Navy) is no longer worth much politically. Once famous place names, like Peleliu and Okinawa, the islands on which Douglas received his wounds, are largely forgotten now.

For such reasons, Paul Douglas, who won so easily three times in a row, faces an uphill struggle to survive, as he himself is well aware. And Douglas is, above all, unlucky in his opponent.

In his previous races, Paul Douglas has been lucky enough to run against "real Republicans," starting with the ineffable C. Wayland Brooks, the reactionary isolationist who was a special pet of the late Robert R. McCormick and his Chicago *Tribune*. But Charles Percy is not that kind of Republican at all.

To be sure, Percy rather limply supported Barry Goldwater in 1964, honoring a pre-convention commitment which he says now was "my biggest mistake." The mistake probably cost Percy the election—he ran more than 700,000 votes ahead of Goldwater but, incredibly, that was not enough to win. The state's pro-Goldwater Republicans—notably the downstate organization men who run the Republican Party as an exclusive club for people with Anglo-Saxon names—detest Percy, a fact which on November 8 may help him more than it hurts him. In any case, Percy is making no audible "real Republican" noises. He refuses to fight the past, or to utter the standard Republican denunciations of "creeping socialism." As for the issues of the present, he leaves Douglas very little room for argument.

Percy was president of his company at 29. Douglas enlisted in the Marines at 50.

Is Douglas opposed to sin and air pollution? So is Percy. Does Douglas want to "save the Indiana dunes" from the inroads of industry? So does Percy. Does Douglas want to "build more parks and recreational areas"? So does Percy—only more so. Is Douglas a strong advocate of Negro civil rights? So is Percy. And is Douglas "committed to the war against poverty"? So is Percy—and what is more, he has been fighting the war on poverty on his own hook, and he can prove it.

On store fronts throughout the slum areas of Chicago, notices like the following are to be found:

NEW ILLINOIS COMMITTEE—
CALL FOR ACTION

IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE WITH RATS OR ROACHES, BROKEN PLUMBING, FAULTY WIRING, CALL FOR ACTION WILL CALL YOUR LANDLORD, GET HELP FOR YOU ON NEEDED HOUSEHOLD REPAIRS . . . CHARLES PERCY, CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW ILLINOIS COMMITTEE, INVITES YOU TO USE ITS VOLUNTEER SERVICES.

The New Illinois Committee is Percy's personal creation—he brought it into being after his defeat in 1964. He pictures the committee as a nonpartisan effort to improve conditions, and it has certainly done useful work, notably in badgering slum landlords to live up to the building codes. The Douglas camp pictures the committee as a shrewd political gimmick, and it has obviously done Percy no harm politically. In any case, it hardly gives Douglas a useful point of attack—no politician wants to seem in favor of rats and roaches.

This suggests why a Charles Percy is so much harder for Paul Douglas to defeat than any "real Republican." "Running against this guy is like punching a big feather pillow," says a Douglas man, and Douglas himself complains that Percy has been "on both sides of every issue."

Percy has unquestionably been on both sides of one vital issue—"open-occupancy" legislation, which would give Negroes the right to buy houses in the white suburbs. In his 1964 campaign, Percy opposed open occupancy—he called it "forced housing." But this year, like Douglas, he favored the limited open-occupancy provisions of the defunct 1966 Civil-Rights Bill, which was killed in

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. . . while Chuck Percy, bullhorn at the ready, told a shopping-center crowd in suburban Chicago why Illinois should send him to Washington to replace Douglas in the U.S. Senate.

the Senate. Percy explains that in 1964 he confidently expected, if elected governor, to negotiate an agreement with the real-estate men which would "work better than any law"; but that now he sees that legislation is needed.

"Negro votes is what he sees is needed," says a Douglas partisan. But in fairness to Percy, it is hard to fault him on the open-occupancy issue on grounds of political expediency. Percy would almost certainly have been politically smarter to stick to his 1964 position, thus exploiting the "white backlash," which is lashing back far more violently in riot-torn Chicago today than in 1964.

If he had done so, the whole issue of race relations would undoubtedly have been the key issue of the campaign. As it is, partly because neither wants to stir up the animals—white or black—neither Percy nor Douglas has much to say about open occupancy, or about any racial issue. Thus the issue is muted, although it certainly stirs more emotions in the breasts of the voters than such matters as air pollution or the Indiana dunes.

The only other issue that stirs the emotion of the voters is the war in Vietnam. Percy enthusiastically promotes a proposal which he originated—that all of the Asian nations should hold a conference to settle the war. Douglas charges that such a conference "would expose the weaker Asian nations to blackmail" by the nuclear-armed Chinese Communists, thus implying that Percy is an appeaser. Percy, in turn, implies that Douglas is an inflexible warhawk. In fact, the argument is meaningless, since the Communists have rejected the whole idea out of hand. Any other differences between the candidates on Vietnam are strictly a matter of semantics.

Like other political contests this year, the Illinois election is thus curiously mushy and amorphous, as far as real differences on important issues are concerned. For Paul Douglas, this is very dangerous. "If this election is decided on the image, not the issues," says John Karney, head of the Chicago branch of A.D.A. and a friend of Douglas, "then Paul hasn't got a chance."

Before the tragedy, the "image" of Percy—which reflected the reality—was that of the dynamic, ambitious go-getter, the young man on his way up. Percy at 47 has an attractive personality, with the kind of charm that survives the television screen. He has the Kennedy-style display of teeth which has become almost indispensable to a politician in the television age. He can also display Kennedy-style physical vigor. Swimming in the chilly waters of Lake Michigan he looks, not like a polar bear, but like a former captain of his water-polo team, which he is. (He went to the University of Chicago on a scholarship, became a very big man on the campus and graduated in 1941.) Now the go-getter "image," which was not to everyone's liking, has been softened by the cruel tragedy that Percy has endured.

A man is the product of his experience, and the tragedy will surely change Percy in some way. Heretofore, he has been very visibly the product of two experiences—a wretchedly poor boyhood and a brilliantly successful business career. Percy's father was an unsuccessful accountant who went through bankruptcy in Chicago in the 1930's. Since he was forever falling behind with the rent, the little family rarely spent more than a few months in any one apartment.

Percy's boyhood experience certainly accounts for his evident delight, hardly typical of a "real Republican," in badgering slum landlords. It also accounts for his whole approach to the problem of poverty, which he sees very largely in terms of housing. One of his favorite ideas is his proposal for giving slum dwellers an equity in their houses or apartments, in return for their unskilled labor. To Percy, home ownership is the first essential step in the escape from the poverty which he once knew. Recently he bought a house for his aged mother. "It's the first house she's ever owned," he says. "She loves it."

His business success also explains a lot about the man. In 11 years he rose from part-time worker to president of Bell & Howell, the photographic-equipment manufacturer. Thanks to stock options, his fortune is now well up in the millions. This astonishing success certainly accounts largely for his conviction that any problem can be solved, if you work hard enough to solve it. He brings this conviction to foreign as well as domestic problems. Percy goes abroad frequently, on "study trips."

"We went on a study trip to India last year," he remarked to this reporter. "Loraine specialized in religion and education, and I studied commerce and government." Percy is not a man to spend his time idly gazing at temples.

His business experience accounts, too, for his disdain for what he calls "impractical idealists," among whom he counts his elderly opponent. Percy is a pragmatist to his fingertips, totally uninterested in the rigid ideologies of right or left. It is this pragmatism which makes him so difficult an opponent for a theorist and down-the-line liberal-intellectual like Paul Douglas. If the non-ideological pragmatism of a Charles Percy, rather than the angry conservative dogma of a Barry Goldwater, turns out to be the wave of the Republican future, the liberal Democrats will have very tough sledding indeed.

Douglas is quite aware that he is in the race of his life. "I'm in a good psychological mood," he says. "My conscience is clear, and I'll accept the verdict of the voters with equanimity."

And yet it will be a sad thing if defeat comes to Paul Douglas, for the first time, in his old age. Defeat would be a sad thing for Charles Percy too. Percy himself shrugs off talk of the Presidency, but no one who knows him has any doubt that this ambitious man has his eyes on the White House. If he wins this year, he could have a serious chance to become President. If he loses again, after losing in 1964, his defeat will write *finis* to his soaring ambitions. And defeat would be all the sadder coming so soon after another, greater sadness.

That other sadness, the horror of Valerie's murder, distorts the election and renders it wholly unpredictable. But this reporter will be surprised if Charles Percy does not win in November. The "white backlash" is a fact of political life, and it will help Percy and hurt Douglas. The unpopularity of the war in Vietnam is another fact of life, and that will help Percy also. The "sympathy vote" is an unmeasurable factor, but it will certainly mean votes for Percy too. But what may help Percy most of all is the subject he talked about during the casual chat in his car that day in mid-September—the epidemic of violence which has seized the country, the "madness abroad in the land."

In Illinois as elsewhere in this pleasant, prosperous land, it is not at all hard to sense a strange *malaise*, an uneasiness, an undercurrent of fear and foreboding. The cruel murder of young Valerie Percy, following so close on the bloody Chicago riots and the insane mass murder of the Chicago nurses, serves as a sort of symbol of this spreading *malaise*. An incumbent is sure to be hurt, and his challenger helped, when a lot of people are uneasy and unhappy and a bit afraid. □

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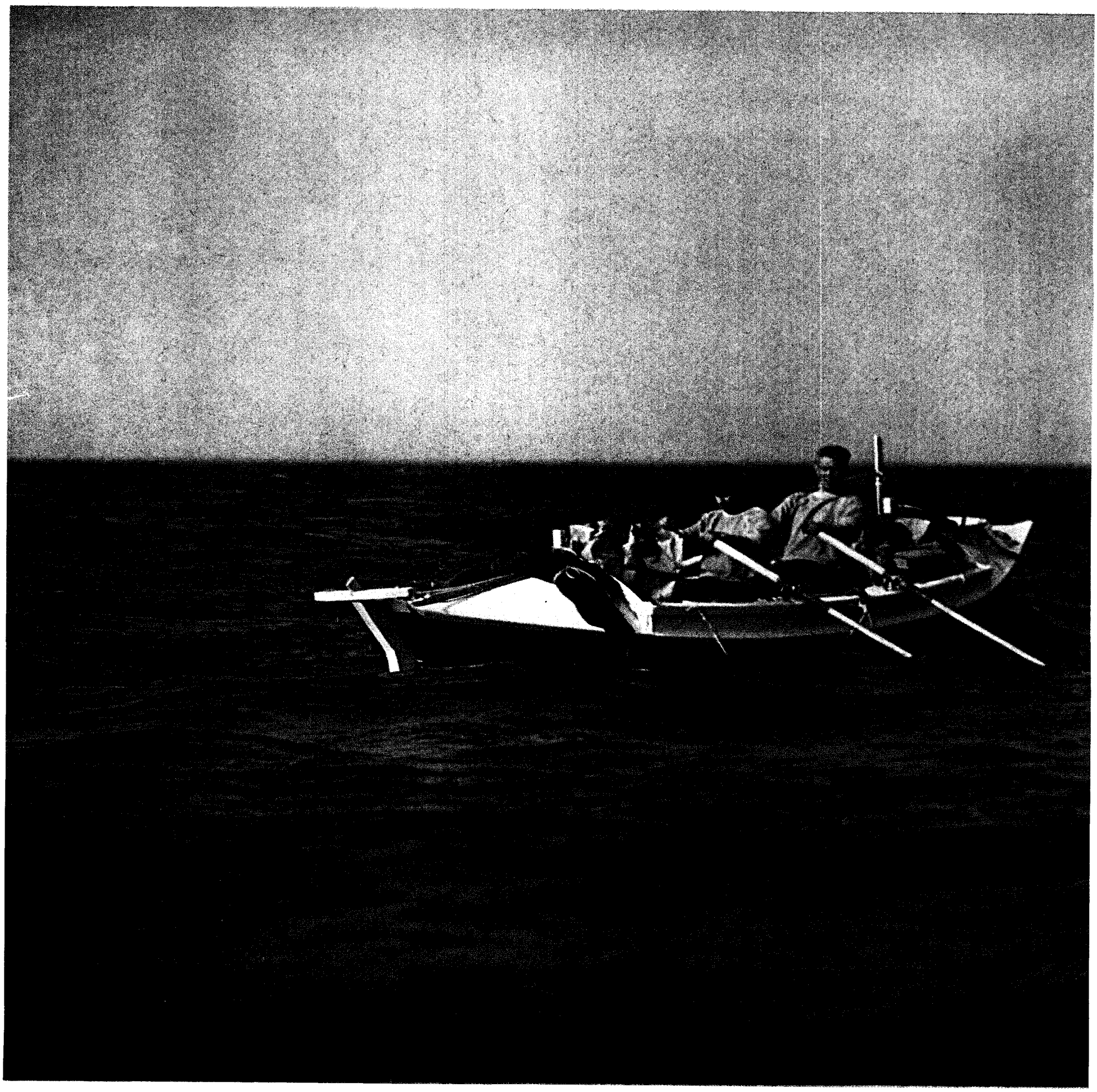
A fantastic feat of endurance—

'WE ROWED ACROSS



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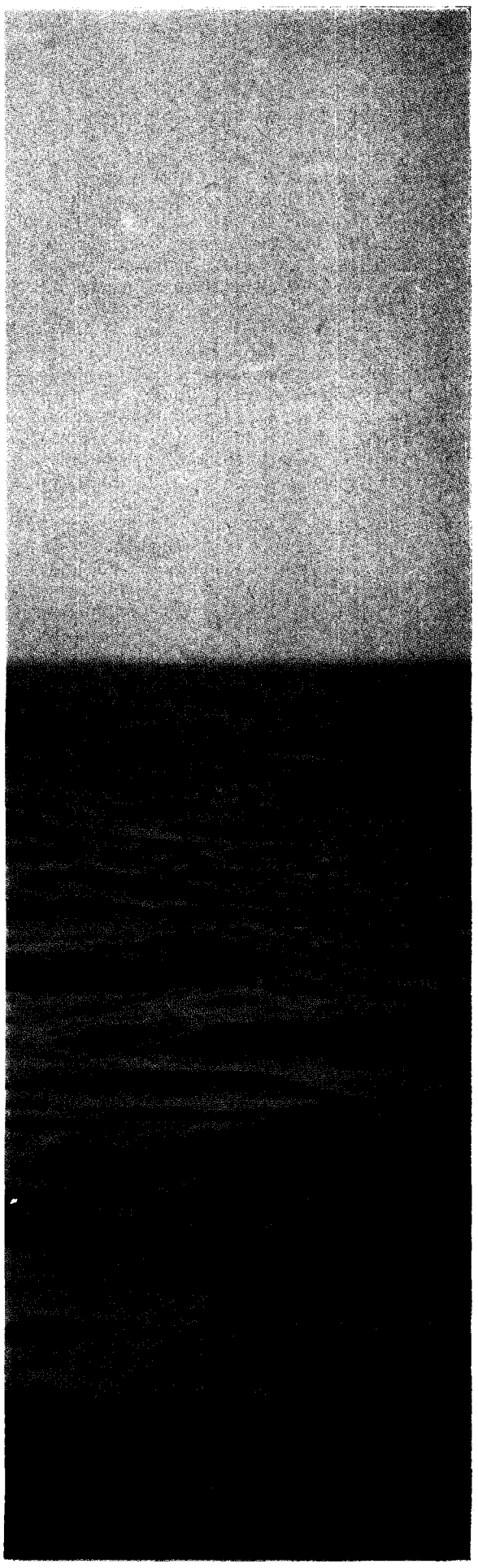
THE NORTH ATLANTIC'



Alone on the Atlantic, the two rowers set out on a placid sea, but the first gale was already gathering.

At 5:30 P.M. on June 4, 1966, two men rowed a heavily laden dory through the inlet at Orleans on Cape Cod and headed out to sea.

The men were Captain John Ridgway and Sergeant Chay Blyth, two British paratroopers, and their goal was nothing less than to row home to England, a 3,000-mile trip across the North Atlantic, one of the most treacherous bodies of water in the world.

What was more, Ridgway and Blyth were actually entering a race. Their opponents were two other British oarsmen, a journalist named David Johnstone and John Hoare, a public-relations man, who had begun the long pull back to England two weeks earlier from Virginia Beach, Va. Each team wanted to become the first to row the Atlantic since 1896, when Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, two New Jersey fishermen, made the trip in 55 days. As this story goes to press, Johnstone and Hoare have been missing for more than a month.

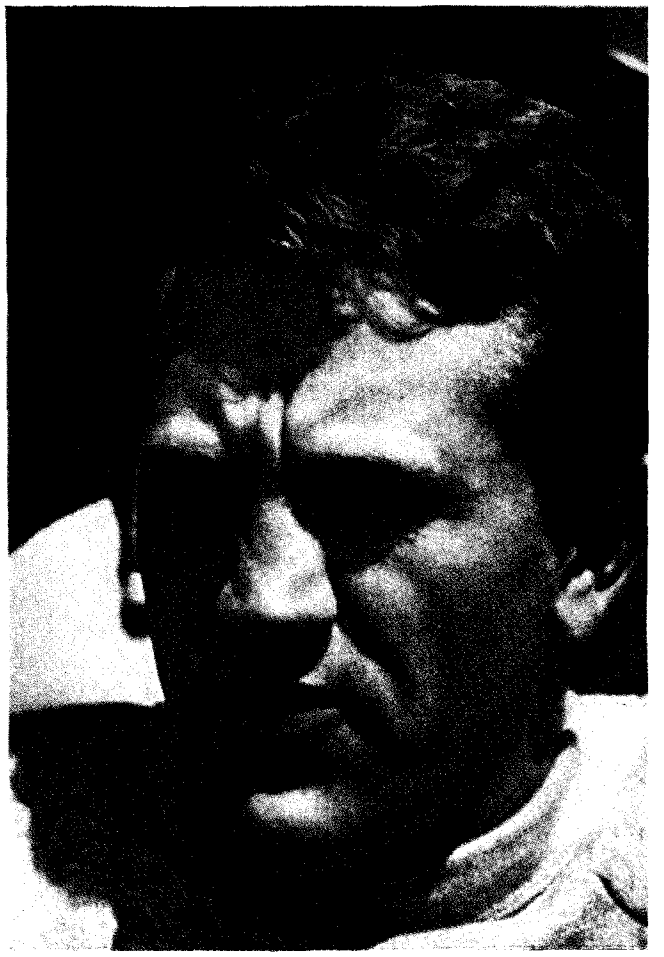
In the following narrative, John Ridgway describes the rigors of one of the most remarkable voyages of our time. But his account is more than an adventure story. With rare candor and insight, he analyzes the motives that drove himself and Chay Blyth to challenge the North Atlantic with muscle and courage alone.

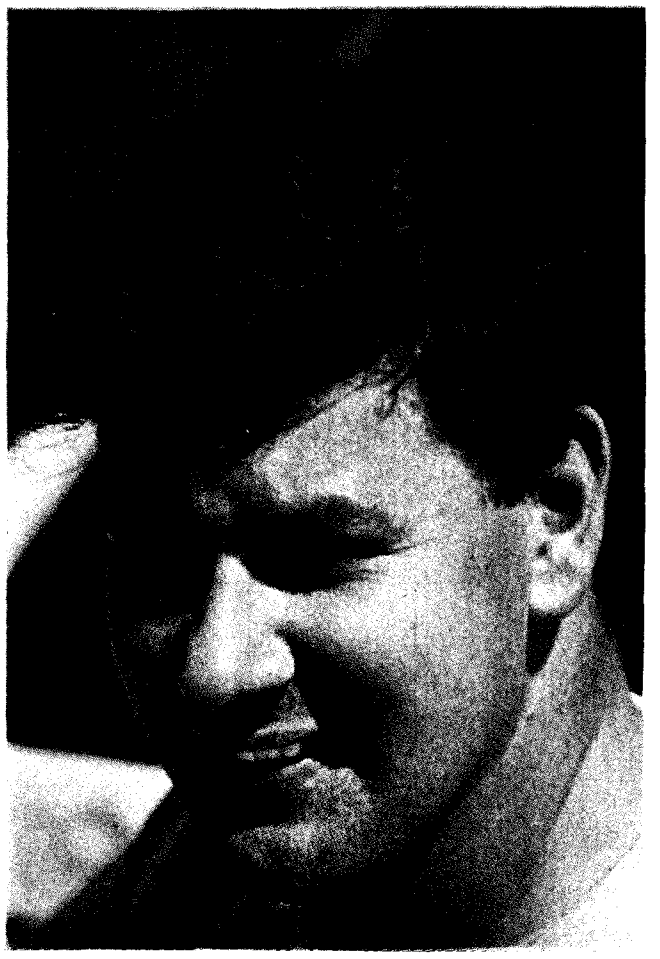
By Captain John Ridgway, with James Atwater

I remember that the weather was fair and the waves were calm when we began the long row home. The few small boats that escorted us out of Orleans gradually began to turn back, one by one. I noted in my log that "we passed four rather mystified fishing boats" and then, rather suddenly, Sergeant Chay Blyth and I were alone.

The full implications of our plans—that we were actually going to try to row the Atlantic—didn't dawn on me that first day, nor did we think much about the grandeur or the power of the sea. Our initial reaction as we set out was simply one of relief that we were getting on with the job after all the hectic weeks of preparation. We were afraid that we might already be far behind Johnstone and Hoare. Although they had begun in Virginia Beach, some 500 miles to the south of us, they were much nearer the Gulf Stream, the great current of water that sweeps up the coast of the United States and then curves east toward Europe.

I suppose there is nothing more pointless than to try to row across the Atlantic. With its sharp bow and flaring sides, our dory, the *English Rose III*, rode the waves like a chip, which meant that we were constantly in motion, even on a gentle sea.





Capt. Ridgway (top) and Sgt. Blyth knew very little about rowing but a lot about the art of surviving.

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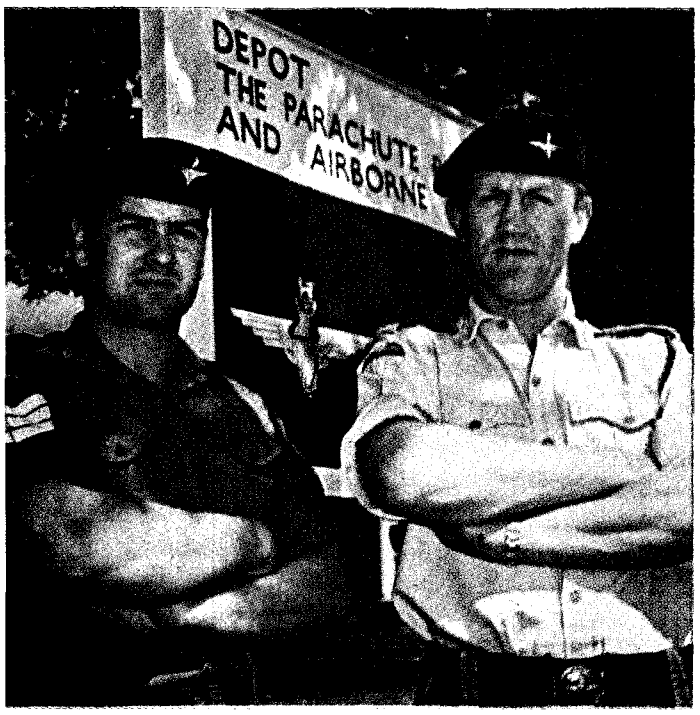

The two men have served together proudly for years.

Preparing for the test, Ridgway exercises diligently.

Veteran dory fishermen on Cape Cod modify their boat and vow to give the paratroopers "a fightin' chance."

'I'm an experience seeker,' says Ridgway. 'I'd guess that's all I am—a physical-experience seeker.'

ROWING THE ATLANTIC

I was sick four times that first day out. Our systems had to learn to adjust to the ceaseless movement—up and down, up and down, up and down—as we climbed the side of a wave that loomed above us like a hill and then slid swiftly down the other side.

In a storm, *Rosie* was swept along like a surfboard. The most vivid memory I have of the North Atlantic is the force of a wave driven by a storm, and the sound, the ferocious, intimidating sound of it. At the beach, a wave breaks on the shore and then disappears. On the open sea, the wave breaks with a roar, the water tumbles down into the trough, and then the wave picks itself up again and comes on silently. You can hear it coming at you through the night from very far off—a crash and then silence, a crash and silence. It sounds like a very fast train, not a train going nonstop but one that pauses and then continues and pauses again. Then you hear the wave crash nearby, and you know that the next time it is going to hit you.

Occasionally the waves would actually break right over *Rosie*, filling her like a bathtub with a half foot or more of cold, salt water. But more often *Rosie* would somehow manage to get up on top of the breaking wave, and then there would be a tremendous rush of white all around you. The dory would be flung forward, and all you could do was to hold on for your life, literally.

But even when the sea was absolutely calm, life in our dory was wretched. *Rosie* was only 20 feet long to begin with, and watertight compartments at each end reduced our living space to an area of about 10 feet by 5 feet. We found on our first night that this open cockpit was so cluttered with lashed-down gear that there was no place to stretch out. Our sleeping that night, and every other night, was done in a bent position with our knees drawn up and the backs of our necks resting on some equipment, usually one of the spare oars, so that we often woke up with headaches.

We had to learn to sleep, row, eat, to exist, in wet clothes. We were constantly being soaked through by rain and waves. A canopy rigged upon a metal framework covered about half of the cockpit, but it gave us only minimal protection. We precariously cooked our meals of dehydrated British Army rations on a small camping stove fired by compressed gas.

So when you think of the conditions of the trip, rowing the Atlantic does seem pointless—pointless in a commercial sense, that is, and today only commerce seems to matter. But the trip did make sense to me aesthetically. I'm an experience seeker. I'd guess that's all I am—a physical-experience seeker.

I really was born out of my time. There's no vacancy in this modern age for anyone like me at all. I'm very much a dreamer. What one has to be today is a technocrat, which is completely divorced from my kind of life. I grew up imagining myself doing things like climbing Everest or sledding to the South Pole or canoeing down the Amazon. But most of these things had been done when I became a man. There were very few things left to do that didn't require the enormous expense of mounting an entire expedition. That's why I jumped at the idea of rowing the Atlantic when I heard that Johnstone was planning to do it. It was exactly right. I could afford it—it only cost me about $1,500 altogether—and it was a proper test for Chay and myself.

Each of us loves to be faced by a physical challenge, to get to the point where we're so fatigued that we're sort of lifted out of ourselves and can observe our reactions from a distance, as it were. I get a great sense of elation from being absolutely shattered by exhaustion—and then to be able to keep on going, to know that I'll go on endlessly. Chay gets the same feeling. He says that it's a form of masochism, really, and I suppose he's right. Perhaps we are social misfits. The exhaustion and the knowledge that I can go on gives me a kind of pleasure that I've never experienced in anything else in my life. It can make me almost cry with emotion.

I developed this obsession to keep on going when I was still in school and discovered that I would never be really very good at sports. I don't have a good body—my arms aren't very strong, I'm long in the wrong places, and I have sort of funny feet. When I was nine years old, a shoe clerk took one look at my feet and told my mother they should be reversed—the right one really belonged on the left leg, and vice versa. And I never had what I almost worshiped in an athlete—the graceful movement of it. I got on the first teams in Rugby and cricket only by constant training, training, training.

I was captain of boxing at Sandhurst, the Royal Military academy, but only through persistence. I was a great loser; I've got some terrific trophies for losing. In one tournament someone broke my nose with his head. I won that fight and the next, and in the final I fought a pretty good bloke. My nose was in a hell of a state by then. I could hear the bones grate when I was hit.

The referee stopped the fight in the last round with one minute to go. It was the only time I was ever stopped and I had a kind of nervous breakdown, I'm ashamed to say, right there in the ring, which from a British point of view is disgraceful. Tears streaming down my face, and so on. They took me to the dressing room, and I just cried and cried. I couldn't believe that I had been stopped.

When I joined the paratroopers, I became very interested in tuning the body. I did long marches in the mountains with a 50-pound pack on my back, and it was like having a big engine inside you that would take a long time to warm up, and then you'd feel that you could go on endlessly.

I was always looking for ways to test myself, to see what I could stand up to. In 1960, Colin Thompson, a fellow officer in the paratroops, and I entered the 125-mile nonstop canoe race down the Thames. We did it in about 26 hours and finished 15th out of 110.

Later I started a 70-mile nonstop canoe race for the parachute brigade. We did it in the winter in the dark. I canoed with Blyth, a Scot who had been in my platoon as a private when I was a 2nd lieutenant. I had rather got used to the idea of not winning by that time, but Blyth wanted to win. We turned over in the dark in a whirlpool and very nearly drowned. It was a half hour before we got out. Despite the loss of time, Blyth still was determined to win. We finished in utter exhaustion, but we came in first.

When I heard in 1965 that Dave Johnstone was planning to row across the Atlantic, I volunteered to go along with him. There were other volunteers,

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and Johnstone and I never did get together. Then, early last spring, I read that he was planning to make the trip with John Hoare. I became determined to beat them.

Although I wanted Blyth to go with me, I didn't feel that I could ask him because he was married. But he came up to me one day and said, "I hear you're looking for someone to row across the Atlantic. I'm your man."

And I said, "All right, it's settled." Just as quickly as that. We didn't even have to shake hands on it.

Chay not only had never been on the sea, he didn't know how to row. I had never done any really serious ocean rowing. But this lack of experience worried neither of us. We believed that rowing skill would be incidental. Much more vital, we were certain, would be the determination to survive. We knew we could survive. We don't quit. We always finish. That's what our life is all about.

The Army agreed to give us leave without pay for the trip, but no one would sponsor us. No newspaper would pay our expenses in advance, because no one was prepared to underwrite two suicides. We got together $600 to buy a plywood dory, which, I understand, was quite different from the design that Johnstone used. His boat, which was especially built for the crossing, was 15½ feet long, nearly five feet shorter than our dory, and seemed to squat in the water instead of riding on top of it. The boat had a closed cabin, while we, of course, had just a canopy.

We decided to leave from Cape Cod simply because that was the spot Johnstone had picked originally. When he switched to Virginia Beach at the last minute, apparently because it was closer to the Gulf Stream, we couldn't follow him there because we didn't have any more money.

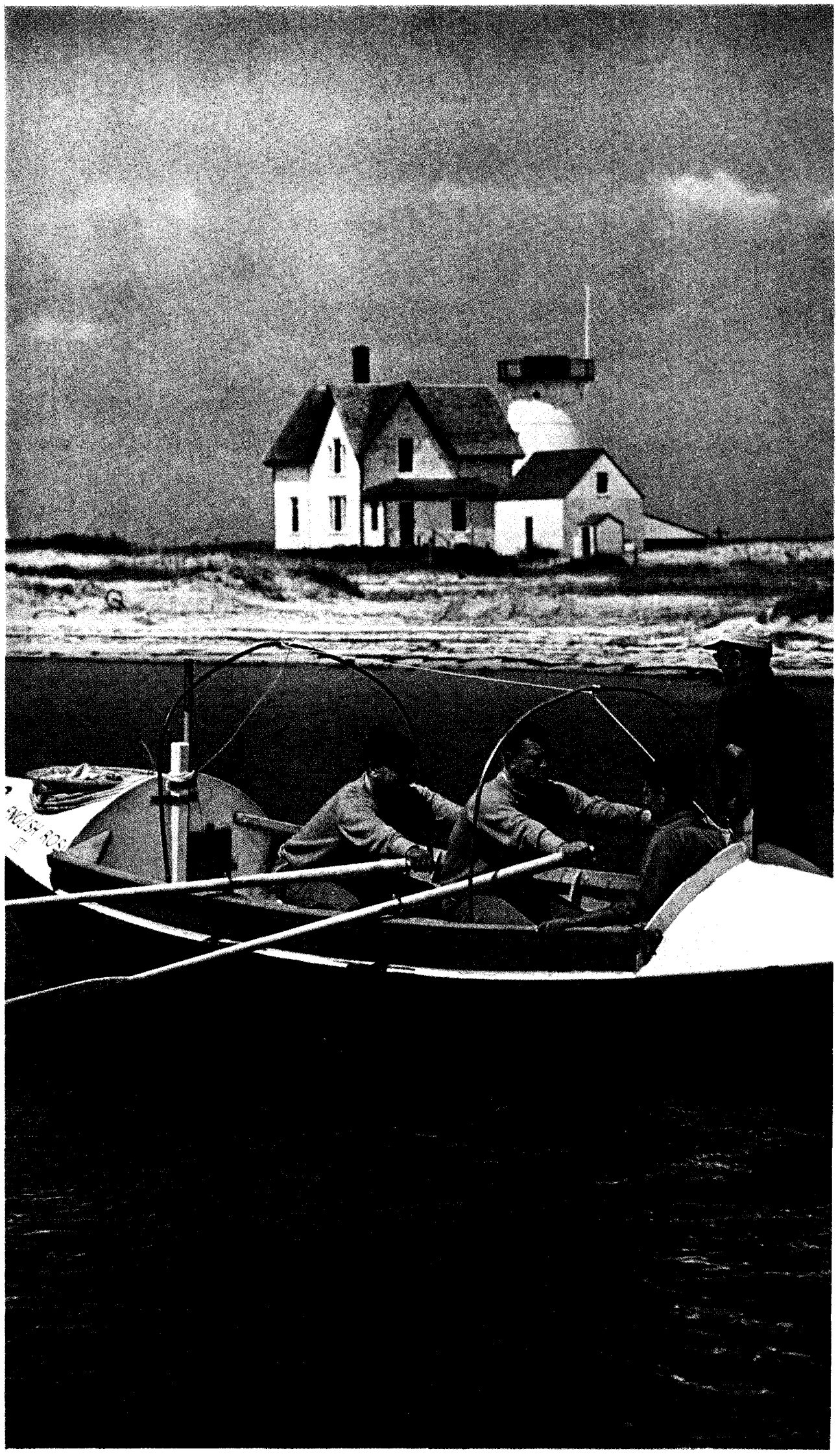
I had read, of course, about the marvelous fishermen on Cape Cod who had used dories years ago, and I practically prayed that some of these people would still be alive. And some of them were, men in their 70's and 80's who still had the great, thick-skinned hands of a dory fisherman.

They came forward eagerly to help. Alton Kenney, who is 70 himself, took us in at his boatyard in Chatham, just down from Orleans. "I wasn't born in a dory," he said, "but damned close to it." And then there were men like Allie Hunter, who was 82 and had been a fisherman most of his life, and Joe Stapleton and Bill Stephens, both around 70, and both men who had rowed dories on the Grand Banks years ago. These were good men. I think the only good people in this world are the people who have known suffering, and these dorymen know what suffering is all about, my Christ they do. Some of them had been out in their dories in the dead of winter when a blizzard had hit. The storms separated them from their mother ships, and they were completely on their own, with no supplies, for the three or four days until they could reach land. These men knew the staggering ability of the dory to put up with heavy seas. One man I remember said that he had been in three 70-mile-an-hour hurricanes in a dory, and if any boat could do it a dory could.

These old Cape Codders, and some younger men too, would sit by the hour around that stove, that marvelous old stove, talking about our trip, and they'd say. "We know you guys are sincere, and we're going to do what we can, as fast as we can, to give you a fightin' chance."

And that's what they did. My God, they did. Several of them took us out on Pleasant Bay to give us rowing lessons. We had the idea that you had to lean far forward and then really pull and lean far backward. But Joe Stapleton and the other men said that if you're going to row for a long, long distance, the idea is to concentrate on just keeping the boat moving. Just sit up straight—and row with short strokes. If you pulled too hard, they told us, you'd raise blisters in a mile or two.

They built up the freeboard by about 14 inches



Blyth, who had never been on the sea before, and Ridgway get some rowing tips from two Cape Codders.

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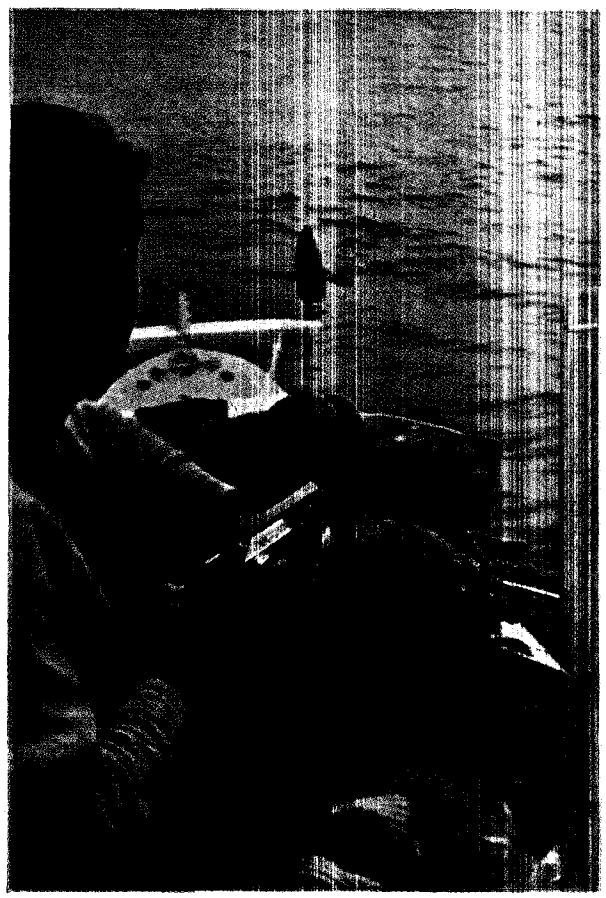
'There is only one word for it—nightmare. You have three feet on each side of you, then death.'



Blyth turns to watch the fin of a shark as it follows the ENGLISH ROSE III. *Huddled under a plastic-covered blanket, his neck on an oar blade, Ridgway tries to get some sleep (center). Curious whales often circled the dory as though it were a plaything, then ponderously dived beneath the tiny craft.*

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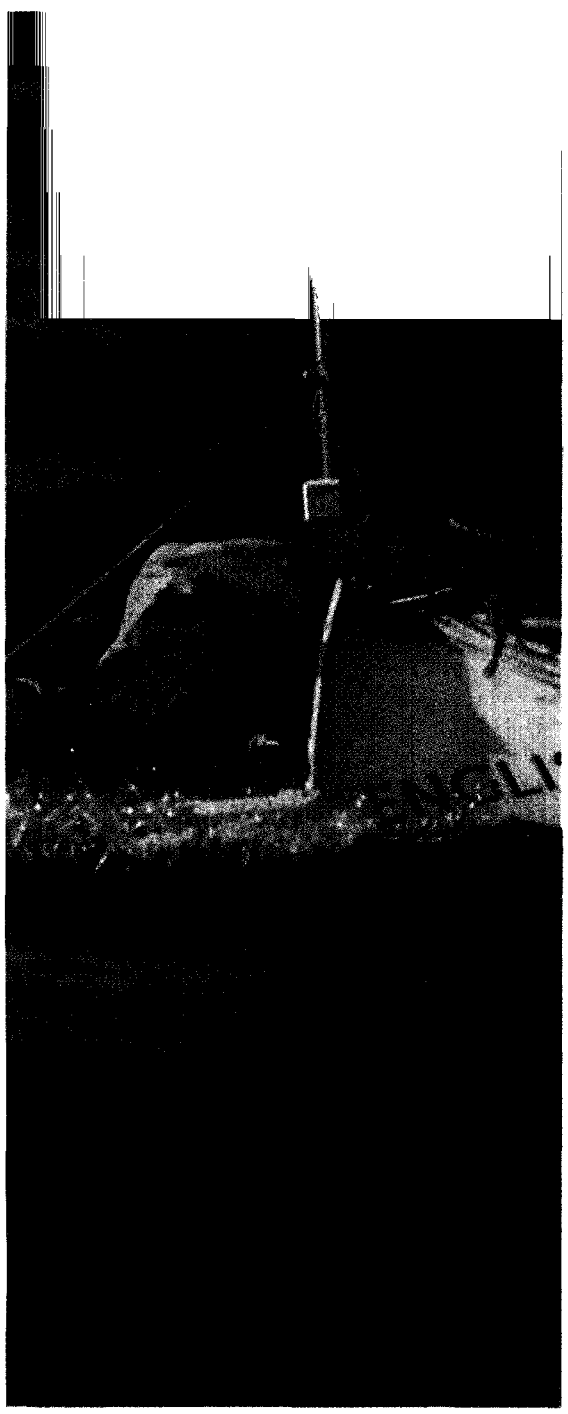


to give the cockpit more protection against the waves. They put in thick pieces of oak to reinforce the hull, and it was really powerfully put in. There was a great deal of comfort in seeing this solid oak go into *Rosie*.

I had arrived with a strip of wood that I had been told should be added as a sort of keel to help the boat track in a straight line. They all got together, sitting around that stove, and talked it over and then they said, "You don't want a keel—we've come out against that." They said a keel would hold the dory too stiff on the wave, that the force would turn us over. The beauty of a dory was that it could slide down the sea, they explained, just slip sideways off the thing, and a keel would prevent that.

What we wanted, they said, was a rudder, and then there was a tremendous argument about the shape of it. You know, this was life and death to both parties. We also had brought over oars specially made by the leading British manufacturer. They were beautiful things with stainless-steel fittings, and they had pins that would hold them fast to the side of the boat. The Cape Codders really got excited when they saw those. If you use those, they said, you're going to die. It will be suicide. They said you couldn't have an oar that would not jump out, because you'll be hit by a sea sooner or later that will either break the oar, or break the side of the boat, or break you.

Then there was a great debate over whether we should use open oarlocks or old-fashioned thole pins, which are really just two wooden pins stuck in the gunwales to hold the oar. Some of the older men, and the younger men too, argued that oarlocks were too modern and newfangled. They said the whole world will think there are fools on Cape Cod—we can't possibly let you go with oarlocks. But the other side won the argument, and we ended up using open oarlocks. We discarded our British oars altogether. Instead we used the American kind made of solid ash. We carried some spare sets lashed to the inside of the cockpit.

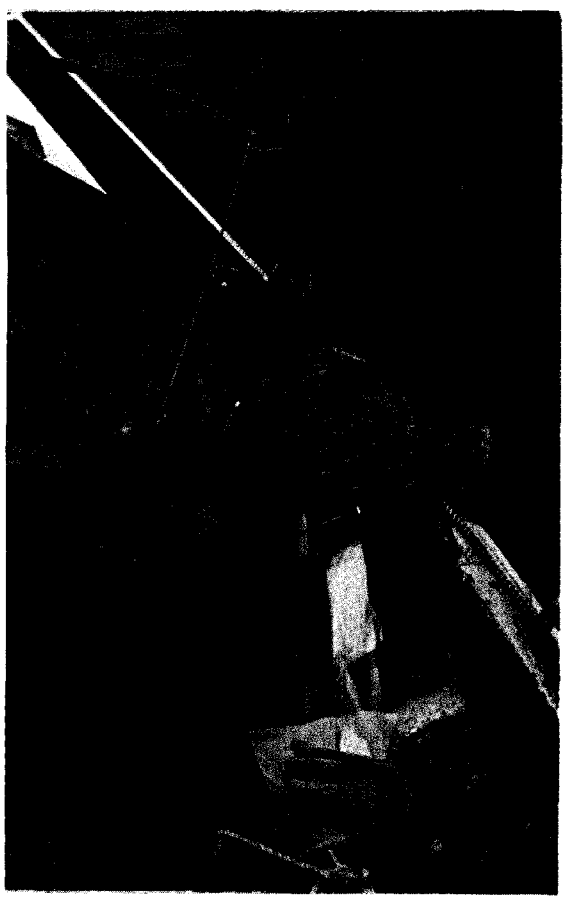
To keep us attached to the boat, the Cape Codders worked out a system of harnesses hitched to 20-foot safety lines that were long enough so that we would not be caught under the dory if it turned over. We carried a compass mounted before the rower nearest the bow. We had four radios. The first was a "coffee-grinder" set that you had to crank when you wanted to send a message. We never used it, nor did we talk to anyone by radio during the entire trip. We carried a transistor receiver to pick up the exact time, which we needed to navigate accurately. And we carried two small radios that we never expected to use—search-and-rescue equipment that sent out a signal when you pulled the handle. The last thing we wanted to do was to ask someone to come save our miserable skins and risk being drowned.

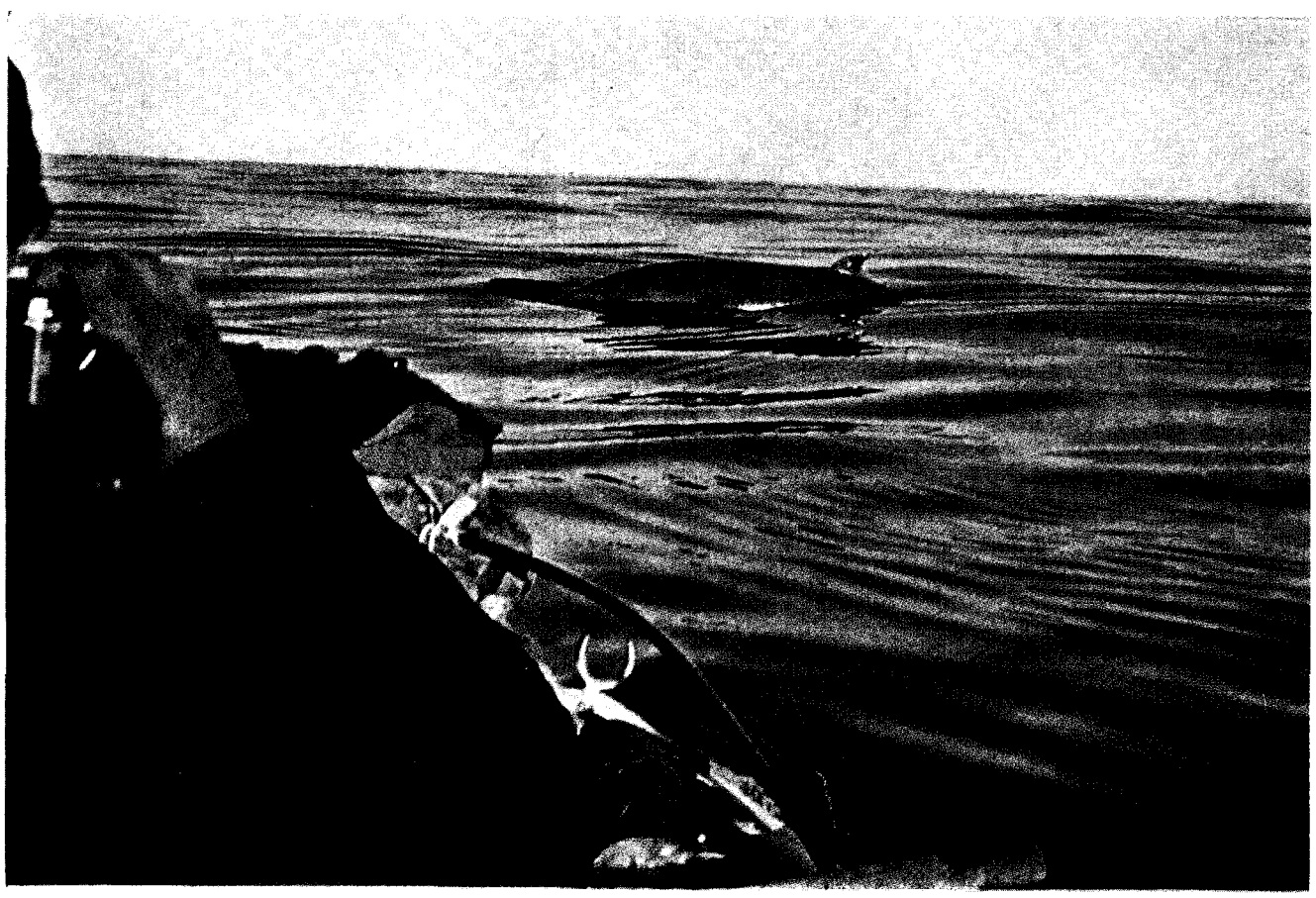
We had foul-weather clothes that eventually became so worn that we had to hold them together by tape. To keep out the cold, we took along some heavy warm-up suits that runners use. We also carried plastic-coated blankets; as time went on, they became riddled with holes.

To start out, we took some fresh fruit, vegetables and eggs. When they were gone, we began to eat the dehydrated Army rations, which were stored in a number of plastic boxes and lashed to the insides of our cockpit. We carried a gallon of water a day per man for 60 days, or about half a ton of water, which turned out to be far too much. We found that we sometimes were using only a few pints a day per man. To lighten the boat, we eventually poured a lot of our water into the sea.

One of the last things given to us by the Cape Codders was a brass plaque screwed into the wall of a watertight compartment at one end of the boat. It said, OH GOD, THY SEA IS SO GREAT, AND MY BOAT IS SO SMALL. Somehow I found the words comforting.

I've always had tremendous respect for water. It's the enormous power of it, not only of the sea,





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but of an ordinary stretch of river. I live up on the northern coast of Scotland, and even on a calm day it's deeply impressing to see the Atlantic hitting the rocks, to see the way the water drops back from the cliffs and then sucks up again, the enormous, unharnessed power of it.

I find water deeply moving. I don't know just why this is—perhaps just because I'm English. I don't think I'm afraid of water, but anyone who feels this way about something has to go out and challenge it.

Before we left, the Cape Codders didn't give us any tips on how to survive on the water. I think we impressed them with the basic fact that we were mentally prepared to survive. We didn't make any pretense of being boat handlers, or anything like that. And the men who really knew weren't worried about the rowing. The rowing was nothing, really.

And so on Saturday, June 4th, the Cape Codders shook our hands and escorted us onto the fringe of the North Atlantic and left us on our own. We weren't afraid; we were just glad to be getting on with it.

On the second day it began to blow, and by the third day we learned what an Atlantic gale is like. We put out our sea anchor and holed up under our canvas. Twice in the night Chay called out in his sleep for us to hold on. That night, for the first time, we heard the great storm waves coming at us, the thunderous crash somewhere in the darkness, and then the ominous silence as it re-formed to come on again.

The dory began riding broadside to the seas, and I thought, "This *cannot* be!" I was very worried that we'd be swamped. But she slid down the sides of the waves, just the way the Cape Codders had said she would if we left the keel off.

The sea was flecked with white caps when we awoke the next morning. We soon discovered that the storm had torn away our sea anchor, one of the three we carried. Suddenly we were very keen indeed to attach to the boat the two St. Christopher medals that the Cape Codders had given us. There was an unseemly scramble to find a screw for one of the medals; in fact, we moved just about all of our gear to find it.

'We're not heroes. We didn't really beat the Atlantic. It let us go.'

That first storm pushed us north a good ways—how far I wasn't quite certain because my sextant began giving me some startling readings. At one point I calculated we were in the middle of Vermont. It wasn't until later that I discovered that the storm had knocked a screw out of line.

Early on we talked mainly about getting to the Gulf Stream. We had a bottle of wine we were going to drink when we got there, and we worked out marvelous fantasies about the way the stream would look—a kind of river of blue water in the gray ocean, with Coca-Cola machines on it and tables under palm trees and girls sunbathing. We were going to get into the stream, drink our wine, and then be carried to England as though we were on a conveyor belt.

But we obviously were making little progress in those first few days, and we became very dejected. On June 9th, I figured we were only about 100 miles off the coast of Maine, if that, and we both became worried about being carried ashore, perhaps being swept up into the Bay of Fundy by those fearful tides. And then the embarrassment of it. The people coming down to us and saying, "Well, you tried and you failed."

The sun was hot, very hot, on June 9th, and we were quite discouraged. I think it was one of the lowest points of the trip. We said to hell with it, we'll take a sleep and then we'll have a go. And so we took a nap for an hour. When we set off again there was an immediate improvement. We saw a seaplane, and some fishing boats in the distance and schools of porpoises, and I said, "Ah, the Gulf Stream."

But it wasn't. And then, after a while, we heard on our transistor radio that Hurricane Alma was due to hit us sometime during the next few hours. Chay said we should immediately go over our gear and lash everything down, and I said, "Let's take some photographs."

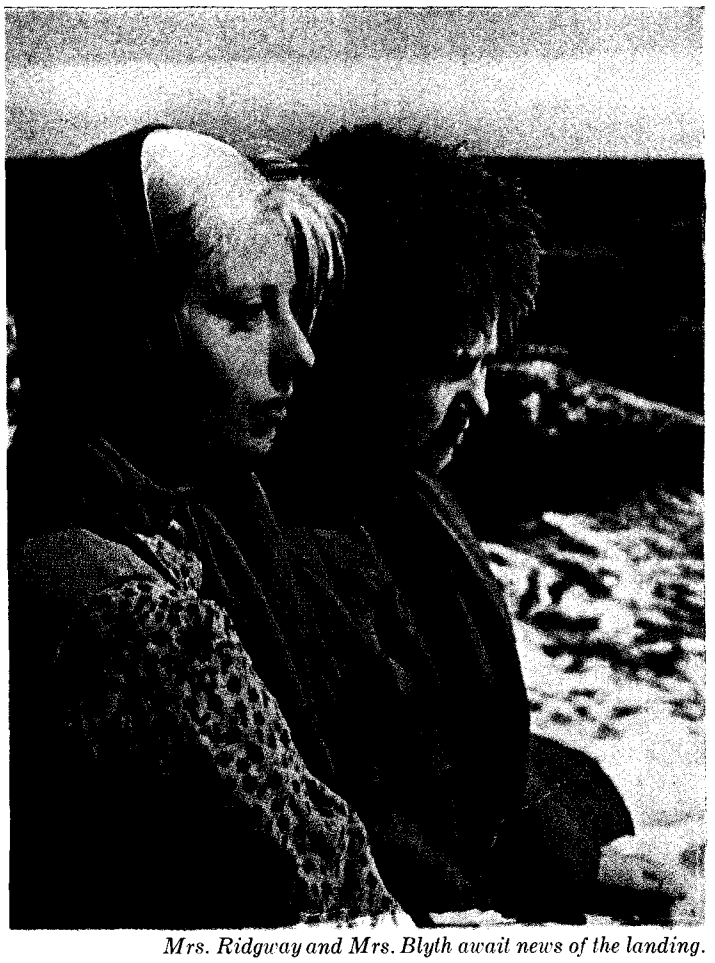
Chay sat there in bewilderment. "Take some photographs!" he said. "Take some photographs!"

But that's what I did. I knew it would take only a few minutes to get as ready for Alma as we could ever get, and that there was really nothing to be done. I'm not a nerveless person—I'm very conscious of fear. I'm frightened of parachuting; I don't like doing it at all. But when I'm faced with really acute danger, I'm able to stop worrying and to relax and rather enjoy it. I know that I've done all I can do to help myself, and the situation is out of my hands.

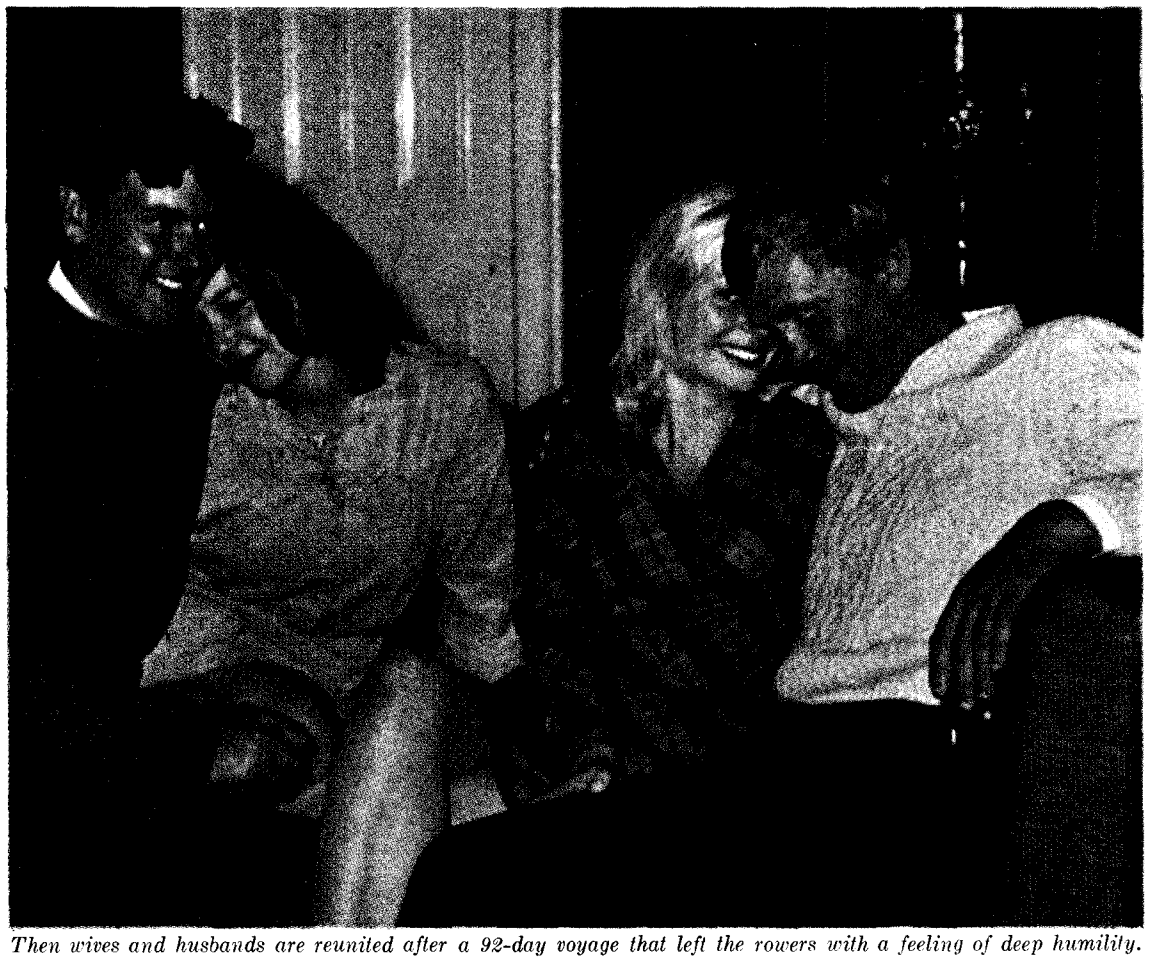
That night, with Alma due sometime before morning, we tied everything down. We put out our second sea anchor, slipped into our safety belts and went to sleep. There was nothing much else that we could do.

Alma woke us up the next morning with a huge wave that half filled the boat. Luckily, Alma was dying when she got to us, and it wasn't as bad or as dramatic as we thought it might be. *Rosie* took the seas beautifully, and we soared up the sides of waves that were 20 or 30 feet high and slid down the other side. The sea was one long roller coaster. We still weren't talking to *Rosie* at this point, urging her to take an unusually big wave that we could see making for us. I think we three were all still separate; two separate men, and each of us separate from the boat. Later we would all seem to blend into one, one entity against the sea, but that would not be for some time.

Each of us was recording his private feelings in separate logs that neither of us showed the other



Mrs. Ridgway and Mrs. Blyth await news of the landing.



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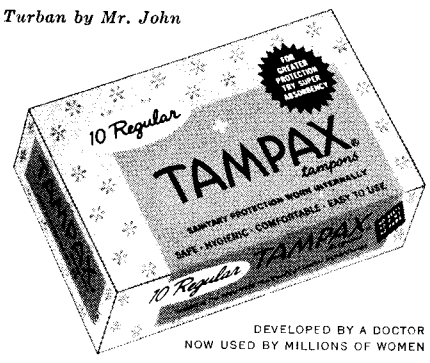

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until the trip was done. We wanted to feel free to say exactly what we felt as we went along. "The waves were big—about 30 feet," Chay wrote of Alma. "I got a little apprehensive about them. I think it will take a lot to turn the boat over. When it does happen, it will cause some problems. I think we might lose more kit than we imagine.

"I pray quite a lot now. All that is in mind is to finish and get on land again. Having never been to sea before, it is all rather fearful.

"It was a cold, cramped night. We broke into our main rations, had fudge and curry. Cheered us up no end. A hot meal makes a fantastic difference."

Curry turned out to be the staff of life for us. From that point on, we tried to have hot curry every day, plus a hot breakfast and a third hot meal, if we could. The hot food became essential to us. We soon found that sugar is great for giving you a little bit of energy, but for the power you need you really have to have meat.

On June 15th, the day after Alma left, we met the *Winchester*, a trawler out of Boston, and received some absolutely shattering news. After 12 days we were only 180 miles east of Boston. In fact, we had come only about 120 miles from Cape Cod. It was either on this day, or soon after, that I made the calculation that at that rate we wouldn't reach England until March.

This was the point that Chay really got hold of the situation. I think his fear of an embarrassment was probably even stronger than mine, and mine was pretty strong. We really came to grips with the thing, really screwed ourselves down. We developed this mania to keep on rowing, and we rowed as hard during the next few days as we ever did on the trip.

Up until that point, we both had been sleeping at night. Now we began taking turns rowing all night long—two hours of rowing, and then two hours of sleep, and so on. We had such a mania to keep rowing that we tried not to lose a stroke. When we changed over, one man would be poised to take one oar and then the other so that we lost no momentum at all. It sounds kind of incongruous now, but it worked. At five in the morning we would have a hot breakfast, and then both of us would begin to row. We'd take a break of five minutes every hour, but we'd alternate them so that one man was always pulling.

Our hands began to get sore, although we never raised serious blisters. We found that our hands were becoming so molded to the thick handles of the oars that we couldn't clench them. The rowing was tiring, of course, but it was not exhausting. The nonstop canoeing had been much harder.

We never felt that sense of aching loneliness that comes over some men in small boats on the sea. We talked incessantly; in fact, we could hardly wait for the morning to come so that we could begin talking again. We never argued. That would have been disastrous, of course. We knew each other so well that we didn't have to try *not* to argue. We just didn't. Nor were we ever bored. There never was enough time to do everything we needed to do, such as mending our clothes and keeping the cockpit shipshape.

In those early days we were gripped by a great sense of nostalgia for the pleasant experiences of our boyhoods. I'd tell Chay how it was at school, walking back after fishing on a winter's Sunday afternoon, strolling through quiet English villages, and the smoke going straight up from the chimneys. And Chay told me about going fishing with his uncle in Scotland, walking the river bank and then sitting down and brewing tea, and the scent of the smoke from the burning wood. You could smell that smoke right out there in the boat.

Although we had been at sea for more than 10 days, I still sometimes found it hard to believe that we were actually trying to row across the North Atlantic. On June 16th I noted in my log, "Only just beginning to reconcile myself to the fact that we are on this trip. Wake up and believe I am in a cart ambling through a farmyard."

On June 17th, after rowing through dense fog for three days, we began to hit great swells with wide valleys between them. This must have been the edge of the continental shelf. We were really on the deep sea then. And we thought, what in the world is this going to be like in a storm? We couldn't imagine surviving when those swells were driven by a wind.

It was on that same day, while rowing through this gray, gloomy thing, that we first saw some whales. Rather, we heard them first—great gushes like escaping steam. We heard one tremendous blast to our right, and there was a huge whale coming right for us. His back was as curved and as wide as a Quonset hut, and I could see his eyes low down in the gray water.

I freeze at times like that, but Chay leaped immediately for his lifeline. Then the whale dived without a sound, this immense power sinking silently into the sea, and we thought that surely he was going to come up under the boat and knock us into the air. By this point we had had a lot of discussions about the whaling accidents in *Moby Dick*, and we could imagine all too vividly what it would be like. But the whale passed beneath us harmlessly and surfaced again some distance off. He looked just like the whales you see in magazine cartoons, lolling on the surface, spouting steam and actually enjoying himself.

While we were shrouded by fog, we had one terrible fright. Softly at first, and then growing steadily louder, we could hear the thump-thump-thump of the Diesel engines of an enormous ship. As it drew closer, we could hear the great rush of it through the water. But we couldn't tell where the monster was coming from—there were no lights, and the sound enveloped us in the fog. I blew our pitifully small foghorn a couple of times, and then gave up. We just sat there, staring wildly around us at the gray fog and waiting to be destroyed. Then, suddenly, the thing roared past us, still without showing a single light, and the thump-thump-thump receded. We slumped back in relief as the swells from the wake began to lift our boat.

Even when we could see them—and they could see us—we were terrified of ships. They were so huge, they moved so fast, and we knew we were so helpless before them. The few ships that did stop would seem to absolutely race straight toward us, until we wondered if they would be able to stop in time. Then they would loom above us like cliffs rising out of the sea.

On June 19th the fog cleared, and we met the *Albatross IV* out of Woods Hole, Mass., which gave us the good news that my navigating was accurate and that we were dead on the course we had set for the last four days. They said if we went east-southeast for another 70 miles, we'd be right in the Gulf Stream, but they didn't suggest we do that. They suggested that we forget the whole thing, sink the boat, and come on board. "No, thank you very much indeed," we said. We didn't even go up on their deck.

When we set off again in pursuit of the Gulf Stream, sharks began to prowl around us for the first time. One began to chase its tail around and around, just like a puppy. Then we got another great fright on June 22nd. It was a day of blasting heat. I noted in my log: "The first hot day—slowly it became like Lawrence of Arabia crossing the Nafud Desert, and our strength sapped away." We had just finished reorganizing the boat and were lying back in the sun when Chay said, "Why don't you go for a swim?"

I said that I guessed I really didn't want to, and slipped the oars in to start rowing again. Because I was tired, I began to pull gently. We sort of slid quietly away, and there it was. I have never seen a fin like that. It was so big that it kind of drooped over, and it was all battered and scarred. The front of it was curved like the conning tower of a submarine. As we moved away, the shark began to swim slowly to keep its head in the shade of the boat and out of the sun. It was so big that its fin was about 10 feet back in the water.

I suppose that shark would have finished me if I had gone in swimming. After that, we gave up any idea of taking a dip for the rest of the trip. From time to time, we'd see other sharks following us, great shapes of darkish brown in the gray water. They'd nose their heads under the boat—I guess because we were the only shadow on the sea, and we certainly were moving slowly enough for them. We could feel the vibrations when some of the sharks scratched their backs on the bottom of the boat. Chay grabbed one by the dorsal fin, but I doubt that the thing even felt it.

The next day was a bleak one for us. We discovered that Alma had done far more damage than we had thought, stoving in many of the polystyrene boxes that held our rations. We decided that we had to cut back our calories per day from 4,000 to 2,700, which raised the danger that we might begin to grow weaker gradually. I wrote in my log: "Still, as Field Marshal Slim said, 'Things are seldom as good or as bad as they are first reported.'"

Three days later the *Robertson II*, a Canadian fisherman, stopped to talk to us. I was shaving when we spotted her, and I thought I'd take these guys for a bit of a ride. I kept on shaving, sitting there in the middle of the Atlantic, while they came up at terrific speed. The captain asked, "Where's the engine? Have you had a blow yet?"

We told him we had no engine, but that we had had some wind. I kept on shaving all the time we talked. He asked where we were going.

We said, "England."

And he cried, "In *that?*"

Then he gave us the dreadful news

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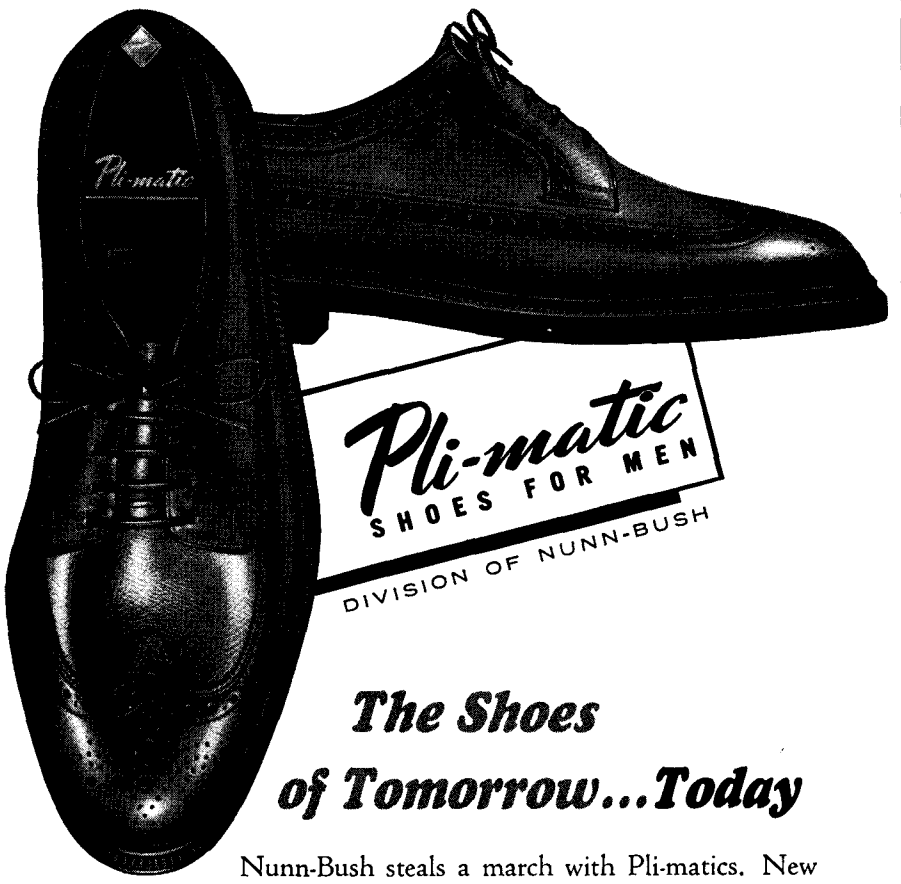

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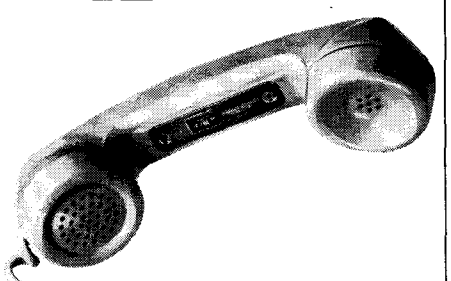

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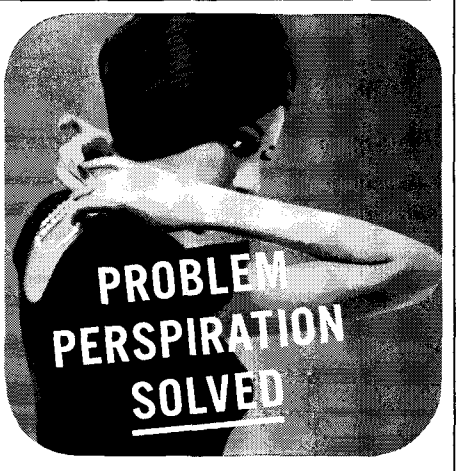

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that we were still 70 miles away from the main part of the Gulf Stream, by his calculations. When he pulled away, we stopped being nonchalant. We were deeply discouraged again. Our logs during this period show how the strain of the trip was beginning to get to us better than I am able to recollect the feeling now. Chay wrote: "We have been out three weeks now, and I am getting a bit depressed. Mainly I think because of lack of westerly winds. Goodness knows where Johnstone is. He's been out five weeks. He should be almost finished.... I think a great deal of my mother now and how much she really meant to me. My wife—and how I intend to spend the rest of my life with her.

"The food plays a large part in our lives. We try to alter the flavor by a series of concoctions. Jam into rice pudding, cheese and marmalade. The amount of beef cubes with the meat blocks. Rice with meat blocks. Mixed vegetables with curry. Our sole spice is pepper, and now even that is wet. Mashed potato—we used to cook it on its own, now goes into thickening the stews. Soup cooked with biscuits. Coffee—black and white, with and without sugar, and the same with cocoa. This cocoa is our luxury. We are beginning to feel the lack of sleep."

During this period I described a typical day in my log as follows:

0500. Started raining with good wind, force 4.

0900. One man rows. One man reorganizes the rations until 1400.

1500. Tanker passes very close to the south, but fails to see our signal on end of an oar.

1815. Hove to for night in force 5 easterly wind (which drove us backward toward the United States).

Wind becoming depressing. Patience above all else is the requirement.

Blyth and I wish we were at home. He could not row against the wind as the evening wore on. We went to bed with aching hands. Mine are breaking out in spots, and a boil behind my right ear is hurting. Blyth chopped it.

On other days I wrote, "Impressed by the way Blyth managed to sleep in bad weather whilst I hung on in terror.... This east wind is the steadiest we have had during the whole trip. How depressing it is to think we are going to have to row all this again.... A liner passed at 2230 to our north all lit up heading for Europe. A very different kind of sea voyage, I thought, and looked at Blyth's huddled shape under the tarpaulin in the stern. It drizzled all night. Thunderstorm in morning quite frightening. Lightning very clear, and rain quickly rose above the floor boards.... When we can't row during a storm, I am nearest the pumps. I estimate about 7,000 strokes during the hours of darkness.

"Seabirds are becoming fewer and fewer. Now only Mother Carey's chickens and a large bird with brown wing tops and white underneath. Fatigue is painful, and waking up from under the wet blankets and tarpaulin is agony. Rowing into the gray dawn glassy-eyed day after day. We need sleep."

But the wind did switch to the west after a while, and then *Rosie* swept on like a surfboard. Five days after meeting the *Robertson*, a Liberian tanker hove to near us and gave us our position, which showed that we had made 150 miles in five days. And we were in the Gulf Stream, or as close to it as we ever got. I suppose this really was the turning point in the whole trip. We had proved to ourselves that we could make good progress even on shortened rations and with the wind sweeping around to the east time and again to blow us backward.

We had complete confidence in the boat and in each other, and we settled down for a six months' voyage, if necessary. This was our game, really, a contest of endurance. We knew we could win it.

And so we rowed on, one man at the oars all night long. Chay was rowing on the night of July 4th when the wind began to build steadily. I was sleeping—curled up miserably on the floorboards of *Rosie* when, suddenly, I was shocked awake. Cold sea water had flushed me out from under the canopy as though I had been hit by a stream of water from a hydrant.

"It's a 'white-out,'" Chay screamed, and that's just what the sea looked like, the same kind of absolute white in all directions that dazzles skiers. I was still fighting to get my bearings when a second monstrous wave hit us. *Rosie* was lifted by the sea and dashed along through the white spray as though we were shooting rapids. The fluorescence in the water sparkled like snow in the sun.

I took over the oars, and Chay went under cover. When our heads were under the canopy, we somehow felt safe, no matter what kind of hell was breaking loose three feet away.

For the next two hours I sat there in absolute exaltation. It was one of the great moments of my life. Again my safety and my life had been taken out of my hands. There was nothing I could do except sit back and watch what was happening. *Rosie* would soar up on a great wave, and then we'd slide down the slope, and I could see the stern rise until the silhouette of the rudder would be clawing for the sky.

The sound of movement of the storm and the boat became something like an orchestra. It was wonderful. I'm sure I was sitting there with a great grin on my face. I thought if I was going to die, this was the way to do it— going right through the front door instead of being run over by a motorcar.

As the days went by, we discovered that the voyage was having a very moving effect on us. Three shifts a night, every night, you sat there on your own, and the sky and the sea couldn't help but impress you a bit more each time. The clarity of the air gave you a tremendous impression of the stars and the enormity of space, and then there was the vast power of the sea. There are incredible forces out there that you never feel in a ship. You have to be within a few inches of the sea to come to know it.

As we went on, the sheer vastness of the Atlantic and the sky made us feel more and more humble. Many of the little things that used to worry us before the trip seemed so petty now. We talked of our wives and our parents, and how much we wanted to see them. Chay had two letters that he read

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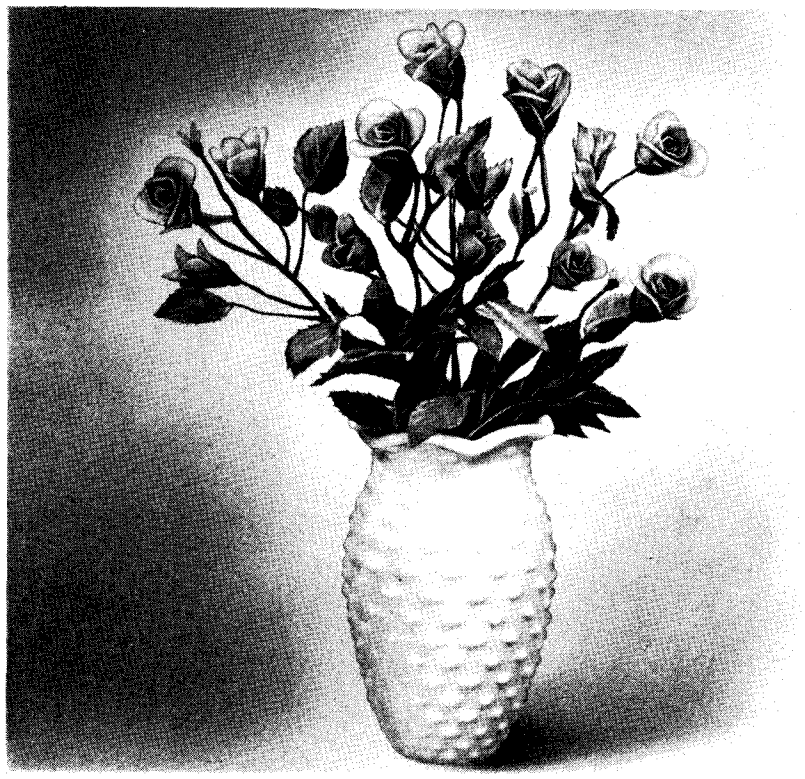

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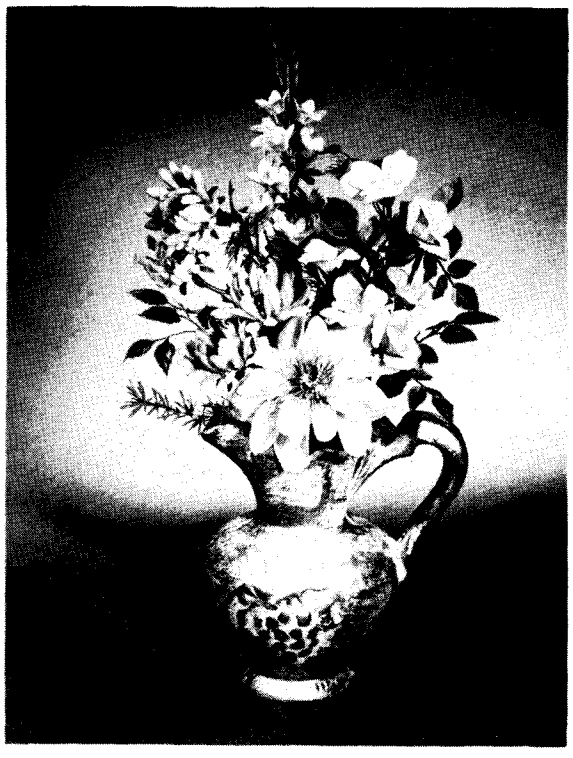

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often—one from his mother when he enlisted in the Army at the age of 17, and one written several years ago by Maureen, his wife.

The feeling of humility that came over us during the trip changed our views of Johnstone. Originally we had set out to beat him back to England. If we beat him, I thought that we might get a few hundred pounds from some publication. We hadn't begun the trip just to make money, but it was a subsidiary motive in my mind. As an Army man, I didn't think I'd have any other chance to make some capital.

But, as the trip went on, we lost any interest in getting money out of the trip. We wanted Johnstone to beat us back and get all the glory and money. We did want to make the passage in a shorter time than Johnstone, who had left two weeks before us. But that's all we wanted.

We were down to about 2,700 calories a day by now, and when we weren't talking about our wives, we were talking about food. We began to plan our celebration dinner with our wives in London with such elaborate care that the discussions went on for nearly 50 days. We assumed, of course, that there would be no publicity about our landing, since Johnstone would have beaten us in, and that we would be confronted with all the problems that we had always faced, including the lack of money.

We decided that the whole thing must not cost more than 20 pounds. For cocktails, I thought we might pop into a place called Jules Bar on Jermyn Street in London, but I was afraid we couldn't because I'd be unable to find a place in which to park my car. The actual dinner would be at the River Club, which is a rather elite sort of place, dinner jackets and so on, down on the Thames. Marie-Christine and I were taken there by my parents just after we became engaged.

We were going to start off with avocado pears, and then go on to lobster with Rhine wine, but lobster, we thought, might be too filling. Should we have lobster cocktail? Or should we in fact have some kind of lobster salad?

Then we'd go on to Aylesbury duckling, which would mean more wine, and we began to worry if the girls would be able to get through both courses, the lobster *and* the duckling. We never got beyond the duckling—the trip wasn't long enough.

As we discussed food and sang every song we could remember and talked incessantly, we were slowly moving deeper into the Atlantic, and we got the feeling, really, that we belonged there, and that the ships that passed on the horizon were only hurrying strangers. We were actually living on the ocean. We discovered that the birds all seemed to league up at nighttime, resting on the water by the hundreds. When we came poking along, we seemed so much a part of the sea that the birds wouldn't move until we were about five yards away. Then they'd flutter off, leaving feathers floating in the water, and settle again a few yards away.

The dolphins and porpoises would come up at sunset and move in among us and the birds. They'd come up very lazily under the birds, which would go up on their heels and flap their wings a bit, and then settle right down again. Two whales joined us one evening and played ring-around-*Rosie* so close to us that Chay could have reached out an oar and tapped one.

We were part of this life of the Atlantic. The jet trails streaking across the sky seemed to belong to a different world. "Ah," Chay would say, "there goes a jet-setter hurrying back to New York. He must have forgotten his comic books."

All through the trip we had looked forward to reaching 40 degrees west, because that was the spot at which we took our final course for home. We were making good progress toward the 40th, clipping off about 30 miles a day, and then the wind began to blow from the east. It was just as though the 40th were a great fence in the sea—we'd approach it, and be blown back, approach it again and be blown back again. We contented ourselves by reasoning that the longer the wind blew from the east the less time we had to wait until it blew from the west. It was a curious philosophy.

We had calculated that we had just enough rations to make England, but the easterly winds caused an agonizing reappraisal. It would have been an interesting experience, running right down like that, but we felt we must not risk other people's lives by making them search for us. We decided to accept rations from the next ship that stopped. Was it a mature decision? Or was it chicken?

This was also the time when the strain of the voyage really began to tell on us. I wrote in my log: "I have known fear many times in my life, and indeed I have often striven to develop a situation that provided fear in both boxing and parachuting. I have never known anything like this—this cannot be over tomorrow, or for many tomorrows. Somehow it is like being rubbed down with sandpaper. I honestly do not know how many storms there have been now, and each leaves us progressively weaker.

"Tonight we lie and wait. Nothing could save us if we get into difficulties. No ship could get us off these seas even if it arrived in time. We are completely in God's hands, at the mercy of the weather. All night the wind screams louder and louder, and the sound of the sea grows. We talk of many things—the night train to Scotland, the many things we've done, and slowly we are overtaken by an enormous feeling of humility and a desire to return to try and live a better life. The weather reached a climax at 0300 and then declined rapidly. Thank goodness we could not see the sea."

At another point I noted: "Today I was sick of the whole business. Time to play this malaise like a fish on the end of a line, and let it take some line off the reel. I shall cheer up no doubt as the westerly wind returns."

Chay was writing much the same thing. "The wind changed all right—to the northeast and not the west. God, this is a thing which will get us. Knowing each day we get hardly any miles east. The food still has to be eaten. We may have to cut down further. How I don't know. . . .

"I feel very tired. I'm beginning to itch a bit with the damp. It would drive you up the wall. The blankets are soaking through regularly and have been torn quite a bit by now. They seem to tear easily when soaked.

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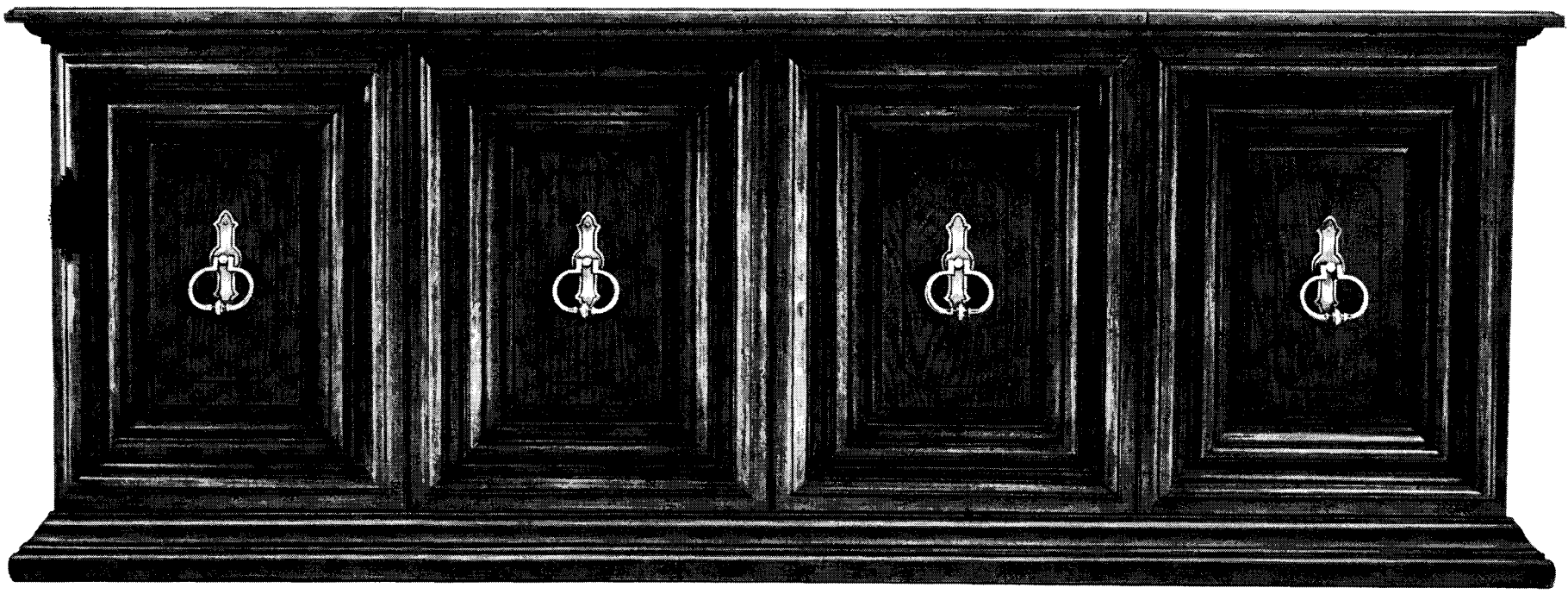

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"There's only one word for it—nightmare. We often think of Johnstone and where he is. How fortunate for him he has a cabin. If both boats make it, I'll shake his hand. . . .

"At 0300 we were awakened by the storm. You could hear the waves roar like an aircraft coming toward you—crash into you, then roar off into the night. Then the next one. The only thing for it is sleep and prayer. God comes close to you out here. You have three feet on each side of you, then death. I had never been so frightened before as I have here. I pray tomorrow it will change."

We began to hate the sea water as though it were acid. After a while we tried to do everything we could to keep it from getting on us, and of course we couldn't. The feeling was something like the unpleasant sensation you have when you get a noseful while swimming—only it lasted all the time, and the feeling was all over our bodies. We hated the stuff.

Because we couldn't stretch out when we slept, our knees began to ache so badly that tears came to our eyes. Initially the man rowing at night gave the sleeper five minutes' notice before the changeover. But we found that was too long; the sleeper was always so tired that he would doze right off again. So we shortened the warning to two minutes. Then you really had to get up fast and force your hands onto the oars. For the first few minutes it was like trying to grab them with clumsy steel hooks. You couldn't control your hands at all; you couldn't even close them tightly around the handles.

During this period we also cut down to about 1,000 calories a day, and food became an obsession with us. I used to cut up my ration of cheese into little bits and let each one literally melt in my mouth. Chay for a while would put a candy in his mouth with its wrapper on, and then take the paper off with his tongue to make the sweet last longer.

Then, finally, on July 23rd we crossed 40 degrees. Six days later we were hit by our second hurricane, which was far stronger than Alma but never had a name, as far as we could determine. It is impossible to say how big the seas were. They were at least as high as a house, but a house doesn't seem very high when it is a mile long. The really impressive thing about the waves was their thickness. To go from one side to another might be as far as 100 yards. When you were on top of one of those monsters, it was like standing on a hill and looking down into a valley.

I wrote in my diary on July 29th: "Today would appear to be the nadir. All day long we lay together in a huddle in the stern in a space about 5 ft. by 4 ft. The boat is unbelievably seaworthy—the waves are like mountains now and bigger than we have ever seen during the day, yet she ships very little water. The waves have the tops sliced off by the wind, and we can hear their express-train approach louder than ever, but somehow the train always races under the bridge that is *English Rose III*."

The wind howled so that we had to raise our voices to be heard. Each of us began to pray silently. Early in the voyage I refused to pray because I thought it was an unworthy thing to do. Having never prayed in the good times, I was damned if I was going to pray in the bad times. But after a while I began to swing the other way.

After two days of screaming, the nameless hurricane departed, having torn away a plaque attached to the stern by one of our Cape Cod friends. The plaque had said: THREE THOUSAND MILES—WHAT HAVE I DONE? It was a question asked in despair by Chay one day while trying to learn how to row on Cape Cod.

Then, as our rations ran lower, the easterly winds came back. I wrote in my log: "It is hard to describe how depressing it is to row all day, head into the wind when you are a thousand miles from home, knowing full well that at the end of the day, after all the toil, you will still be a thousand miles from home."

As the days went on, we found that we were beginning to fade, that 1,000 calories were not enough for us to keep going. "This depression and self-pity is an interesting and anticipated phase of this experience," I noted. "The shortage of rations and slowness of progress is not. Depression seems to tie my stomach in knots. We are both filled with remorse over the worry we are causing our wives."

On August 5th a wedge-tailed gull fluttered down and landed on my head, resting there for about 45 seconds. I wrote a theatrical passage in my log: "Was that seabird on my head the clutch of doom, I wonder? There are so many things I want to do, to try to make those around me a little happier. Surely this cannot be the end so soon?"

One week after the visit of the bird, I wrote: "Certainly an interesting situation is now developing:

(1) We have 800 miles to go.
(2) We have 30 days' rations.
(3) I have a pain in the groin indicating a serious infection."

Some tetracycline took care of my infection, and the next day, August 13th, a British tanker stopped and graciously offered us the stores that we needed so desperately. We felt we were disgracing ourselves by getting out of *Rosie*, but get out we did and went aboard the tanker for some magnificent scrambled eggs. We found that we were unable to walk straight. An hour later we pushed off for England with our stomachs full and our spirits high. "It is uncanny how fortune has guided us across the ocean," I wrote in my log. "It is almost as if some Divine hand had provided the conditions to test us and then to guide us home."

At the time, we were too far south to hit the British Isles. In fact, we were about opposite Finisterre in Spain. We turned north, and in a few days a terrific storm hit us from the south, driving us on like a speedboat. In a week's time we moved from a spot opposite the coast of France to a spot opposite the middle of Ireland. Suddenly the cold became a severe problem—the cold and the rain and, once again, the depressing easterly wind that held us in place like a huge hand, row as we might. Our clothes and blankets were now beginning to disintegrate, and I started to suffer from more boils and an irritating rash that spread over my body. Both of us had saltwater sores on our hands and wrists.

During this period Chay was writing in his log: "My hands are very sore, and the calluses are forming double heads. I thanked the Lord for his help. I've been thinking of Maureen and church. I'll step ashore a more humble, wiser and appreciative man. . . . I think the sleep I had last night was the best I had in the whole trip. It was really quite comfortable. At least by animal standards. . . . At 1200 hours it started to rain, and did it rain! The rain flattened the sea, and then bounced up and formed a kind of mist. This happened twice while I was rowing. I was delighted I couldn't get any more wet."

When the winds blew out of the east too strongly for us to row, we would put out our sea anchor and huddle under our canopy, which leaked a constant, cold stream on our heads, and watch *Rosie* slowly slip backward toward the United States. It was utterly depressing. We'd wrap the wet plastic blanket about our bent knees, and the pain of our strained position would become excruciating. We tried to take comfort from Chay's philosophy. "It will soon be a memory."

One night I had a vivid dream of a girl carrying a whole pile of Army clothes. I said, "Whose clothes are they?" And she turned her head as if afraid to answer. And then I saw a flash of Marie-Christine's head lying on a pillow. She was crying.

I never told Chay about my dream. Then, during one storm as we pushed toward Ireland, I became fairly certain that I was going to die. There was a chance that one of us would get killed, and I was fairly sure it would be me. It seemed so unlikely that it would be me that it *would* be me, if you see what I mean.

So then I began to work out—am I afraid of dying, do I really mind? Chay had always impressed me with his hatred of death. I thought, well, I've had a pretty good time, really. I don't mind dying. If one of us is going to die, it had better be me.

On August 26th, massive seas rolled in from the southeast all day, making it impossible for us to row and pushing us slowly away from our goal. We talked over all the plots of every cowboy movie we had ever seen. At 9:30 in the morning I gave Chay a chance to call it a day, if he wanted to. We could pull the handle on one of our search-and-rescue radios and have someone come out to take us in. He said immediately, "We'll go on."

I wrote in my log: "If he wants to go on, I shall go on—why, I can't tell you, but I must, and I will just go on and on and on."

We were aiming at the center of Galway Bay, which is about the midpoint of the coast of Ireland. And then, suddenly, after all the days of easterly winds, a storm began to blow out of the west and hurled us at Ireland. We covered 250 miles in a week. Seaweed and cork and other signs of land began appearing in the ocean.

We knew that the west coast of Ireland was very rugged, with cliffs coming straight down into the water in many places. We decided, quite matter-of-factly, that if we hit the cliffs, at least one of us might drown. To serve as floats, we put together two watertight containers holding everything we thought we would need, including rations and flares.

Then on the morning of Saturday, September 3rd, the wind suddenly shifted from the west to the south, and I saw a thin line above the horizon. "That's it over there," I said very quietly. We tried to keep our emotions understated throughout the trip.

Chay said, "Are you sure?"

And I said, "Yes, I'm quite certain."

But Chay still refused to look. He said he'd wait until we got closer before he'd risk a look. A gale was beginning to build up, and the land disappeared

"Give him line."

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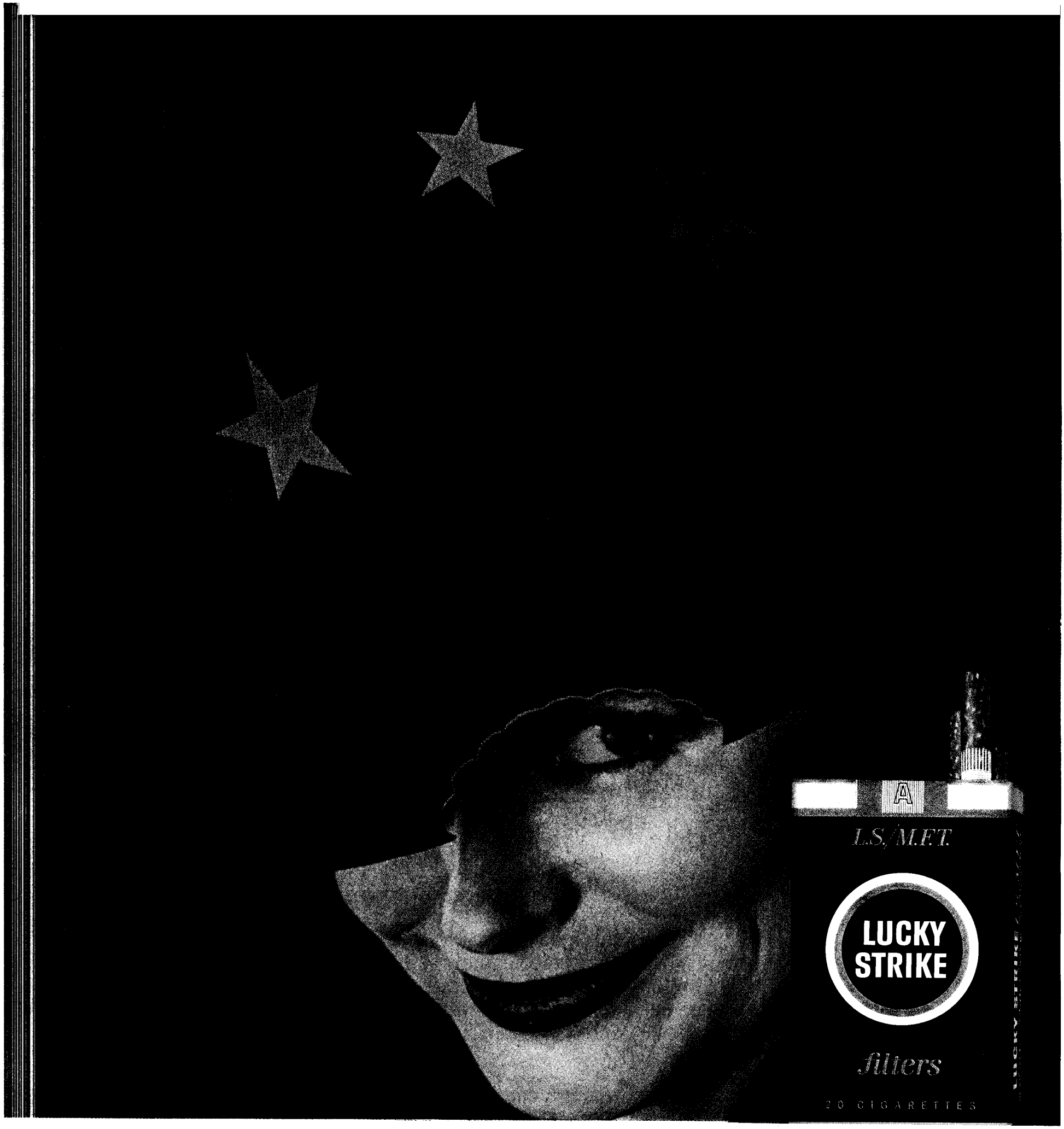

"Show me a filter cigarette that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!"

The filter cigarette with fine tobacco.

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for another hour and a half. When it reappeared again, there was no mistaking it. I persuaded Chay to turn on his seat and look. "Oh, yes," he said. "That's definite."

Neither of us felt any real elation at that point—just a relaxed feeling that we were nearing the end of our very long voyage. As we drew closer to Ireland, it became more and more apparent what a horrifying landing we were going to make. The gale was building up steadily, dashing waves halfway up the great cliffs that rose out of the water. We were headed directly for the island of Aran, which had two smaller islands off its northwestern tip. I decided to get into the lee of the third island, which had a lighthouse on it.

By now the gale was so strong that we could see spray blowing over both of the small islands. As we drew nearer, we had to go in broadside, rather like a crab. If we turned our stern to the sea, we absolutely raced along. We were afraid that we'd miss the sound altogether and go crashing into the cliffs.

Dashing before the storm, pulling for home, was the second great moment of the trip for me, equaling the elation I felt during the "white-out." Once again our fates had been taken out of our hands; we could simply enjoy watching to see what would happen next. We were both singing at the tops of our lungs against the howl of the wind, singing not because we were going to make our fortune, because we were certain we weren't, or even that we were going to land, but just for the pure joy of it.

We sang one of Chay's favorite Scots songs:

The cold wind was howling
o'er moor and o'er
mountain,
And wild was the search
for wha' the lassie
might be.
She appeared like an
angel in feature and
form.
As she asked me the
road and the miles to
Dundee.

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And then we sang:

At hush of eventide, o'er the hills
beyond the Clyde,
I'll go roving to my haven down in
the glen.
The sheep are in the fold, and
there's peace worth more than gold,
In my haven, with my lassie, down
in the glen.

We did make it to the lee of the lighthouse, but the gale was blowing so hard by then that the waves were coming around both sides of the island and meeting just about where we were. In an hour's time, sprinting as hard as we could, we made only about 100 yards. By then we were absolutely certain we weren't going to die. We had come all that way, and it just wasn't going to happen.

Finally two men from the lighthouse waved us over toward the other island. We started to head that way, when we saw a lifeboat with seven or eight men coming out after us. Neither of us wanted to be helped even the last little part of the way. Chay said, "Ignore them—keep rowing."

So we kept on rowing in embarrassment, and the lifeboat crew circled around us in embarrassment. The men kept asking us if we wanted a rope, and we decided after a while that we couldn't just tell them to push off. It was Saturday, and those fellows had left their families to come out to rescue us. So finally we took a rope and transferred to the lifeboat for the last short row to land.

I gave up writing in my log after we spotted land, but Chay managed with his usual tenacity to keep making notes right down to the end. I think they're a good record of the last few hours of the trip:

Cliffs looked like jaws waiting.
Life jackets on. Life harness.
Kit ready for landing.
Morale high.
Zigzagging.
Pouring rain.
Quick prayer.
Discussion—I relied on John.
Middle of sound—howling wind.
No place to land on island.
Lighthouse keeper waved us away.
Energy expended.
Made for Aran.
Very heavy rain and wind.
Hard work.
Almost to island.
Lifeboat.
Embarrassment.
Good talk.
Father McMann (who met us on the dock).
Wonderful people.
It's all over.
I'm not getting in that boat again for nobody.

When we landed on the dock, staggering around a bit and unable to clench our hands for the handshaking, we discovered to our astonishment that we had beaten Johnstone, that he was still somewhere at sea. And then everyone went mad. Offers for our story poured in from publications throughout England and all over the world. We had been prepared for everything but this. All I wanted to do when I landed, after being reunited with Marie-Christine the next day, was to take a walk by myself on the cliffs. But I couldn't. The reporters were there, truckloads of them, making all kinds of offers.

We had completely written off the idea of wanting to make any money out of the trip, but now, I confess, the idea came back. It wasn't a very worthy feeling, actually. It wasn't something you were very proud of. The experience of crossing the Atlantic deepened us as human beings, and now we're being changed by this publicity. This is a thing to watch very carefully. I don't much like the way I'm changing now, by getting interested in the commercial possibilities of our trip.

Now I feel rather like Walter Mitty—making speeches to assembled generals, having lunch with the Minister of Defense, our boat on display in Trafalgar Square, and strangers coming up to ask me for my autograph. It's all rather like a dream.

I'm already thinking of putting myself to another test—that's all I'm interested in, really, besides my family—but I don't know what it would be. Anything that is pretty grim and that will get the old machine going again. I'd like to enter a one-man sailing race across the Atlantic. I'd give it everything I've got.

Perhaps now I'll be able to get a backer. Certainly before this no one was ever interested in supporting my proposed ventures. Even my friends scoffed at nearly all of my ideas over the years, including the notion of rowing the North Atlantic. I can't help but smile quietly to myself that this has worked out. It's a human weakness, I think.

We've been described as "national heroes," but I think that's only because the press is calling us that. We've become a vehicle for the press. The newspapers and magazines have made us heroes, not the deed. The actual rowing of the Atlantic turned out to be easier than we thought it would be.

Some of the newspaper posters in England said, THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE ATLANTIC. We didn't beat the Atlantic. We were lucky to get away with it. We got the feeling that the Atlantic had decided that we really were giving it a try, and that we should be allowed to go free. We didn't beat the Atlantic. It let us go. □

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A TICKET ON SKORONSKI

In my dream I am the rider! Like the wind, the wind, the wind! Right across the finish line!

By NELSON ALGREN

I don't know what you have to do to have somebody buy you a drink in this neighborhood. In the old days, when the Logan Squares won, Owner poured a drink for everyone. When Hippo Vaughn pitched, he bought even if Hippo lost. Now it's all changed. Now the good times are gone. Now Owner stops when he gets to me.

One night we were getting ready for four-handed poker—Owner, Fielder, Haircut Man and myself. Lottie-Behind-Bar was behind bar. Fielder kept shuffling a red deck.

"Last night I dreamed ——" Fielder began.

"No dreams," Owner ordered him. "Deal."

"I was leaning on the rail, I got a *big* ticket in my hand," Fielder told, "only it don't say what race. Don't say what track. Don't say Win. Don't say Place. Don't say Show."

"For how much?" I asked.

"Don't say for how much. Horses are in gate. Flag goes down."

"What distance?" I asked.

"Don't say what distance. My horse busts out in front. Cuts to rail. Two lengths out! Three! Pulling away!"

"How do you know it's *your* horse?" Haircut Man wanted to know.

"In a dream," Lottie called across the bar, "you don't have to have all written down. When you want horse to pull away, horse pulls away."

"Deal, deal," Owner said.

"Skoronski is riding. Coming into backstretch, Skoronski stands up in the irons." Fielder stood up and hollered. "Whip him in, boy! Whip him in!"

He slammed the red deck against the blue.

"Sit, Wenceslaus," Lottie told him gently.

Fielder sat. And just sat—head down, holding the cards without knowing he held them, the red against the blue.

"You're breaking the decks," Haircut Man told him.

"Then *stops*," Fielder said, like sorrowing. "Skoronski *stops*."

"*Stops?*" Haircut Man asked, nervous like it had been *his* dream.

"*No*," Lottie protested. "Not even Skoronski could get away with *that*."

"*All* stop, Mother," Fielder insisted. "Stop like when on film somebody is cranking, then suddenly stops cranking. Film *stops*. Horses *stop*. Skoronski *stops*, Mother."

"Next time you see somebody cranking something, ask for a job before he stops," Lottie told him.

"Jocks climb off. Kneel like track stars!" Fielder was getting excited again.

"Two bits Skoronski wins on foot," I said, and put my last two dimes and four pennies in front of Haircut Man.

"What's the distance?" Haircut Man asked before he took the bet.

"Hundred yards to finish line!" Fielder told us. "I climb rail! I'm running for Skoronski!"

Two hundred eighty-five pounds. When he sits, chair screaks. When he walks, floor screaks. He's running for Skoronski. I took my twenty-four cents back.

"Bang!" Fielder shouted. "Bang!"

"*Bang?*" I asked, "How did a *gun* get into this?"

"He got to carry one so nobody steals his paycheck," Owner guessed.

"How I *run!*" Fielder shouted. "Away from *all!* Like the wind, the wind, the wind! Right across finish line!"

"Where did Skoronski go?" I asked.

"No!" Fielder cried out. "*I* am Skoronski!"

"Play cards, Wenceslaus," Lottie told him.

Fielder sat down. And looked so pale, so pale.

The game began as it always began; the cards fell as they always fell.

A wind came up as the wind sometimes does, and the rain began as it always does. The juke played what it always played.

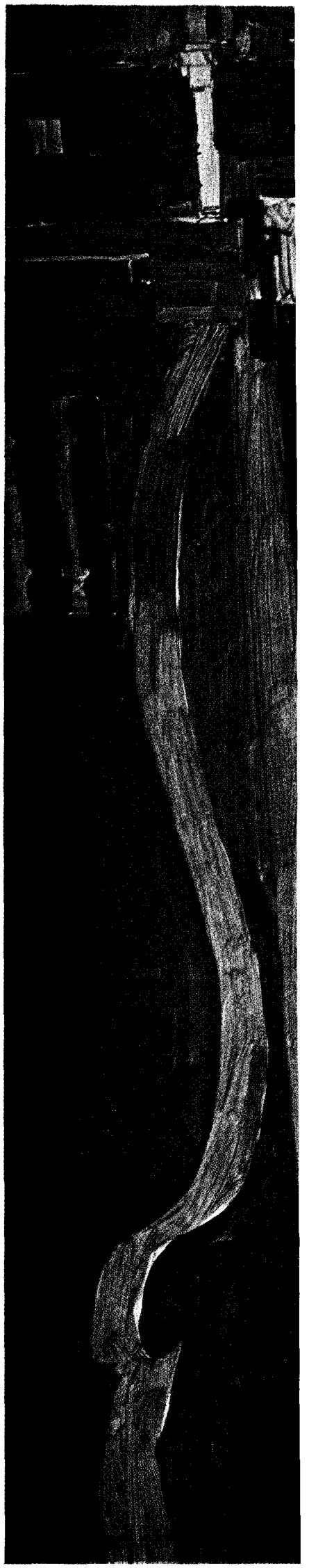
And we said the things we always said, and the barflies drank what they always drank.

And the blue-and-red beer sign over the door flicked on, flicked off. Dead bulbs and bad wiring make it hard to see who comes in that door.

The kid called Lopez came in with the papers and left the door open behind him. Lopez is either a grade-school dropout or a fifty-four-year-old disbarred jockey. Nobody knows which.

"Shut the door behind you, kid," Owner said.

I watched Lopez reaching for the door handle, standing inside so as not to get wet. The light



Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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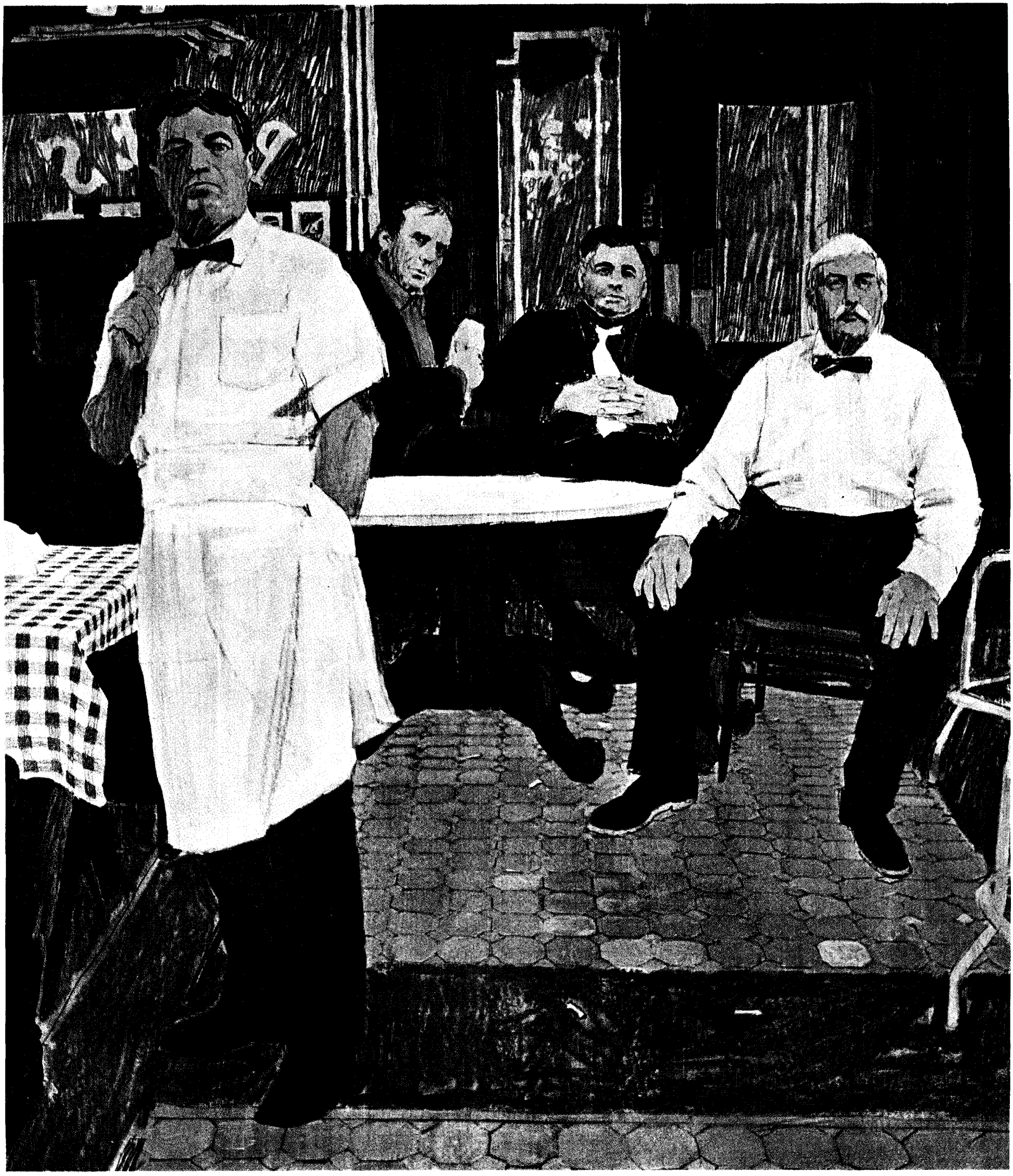

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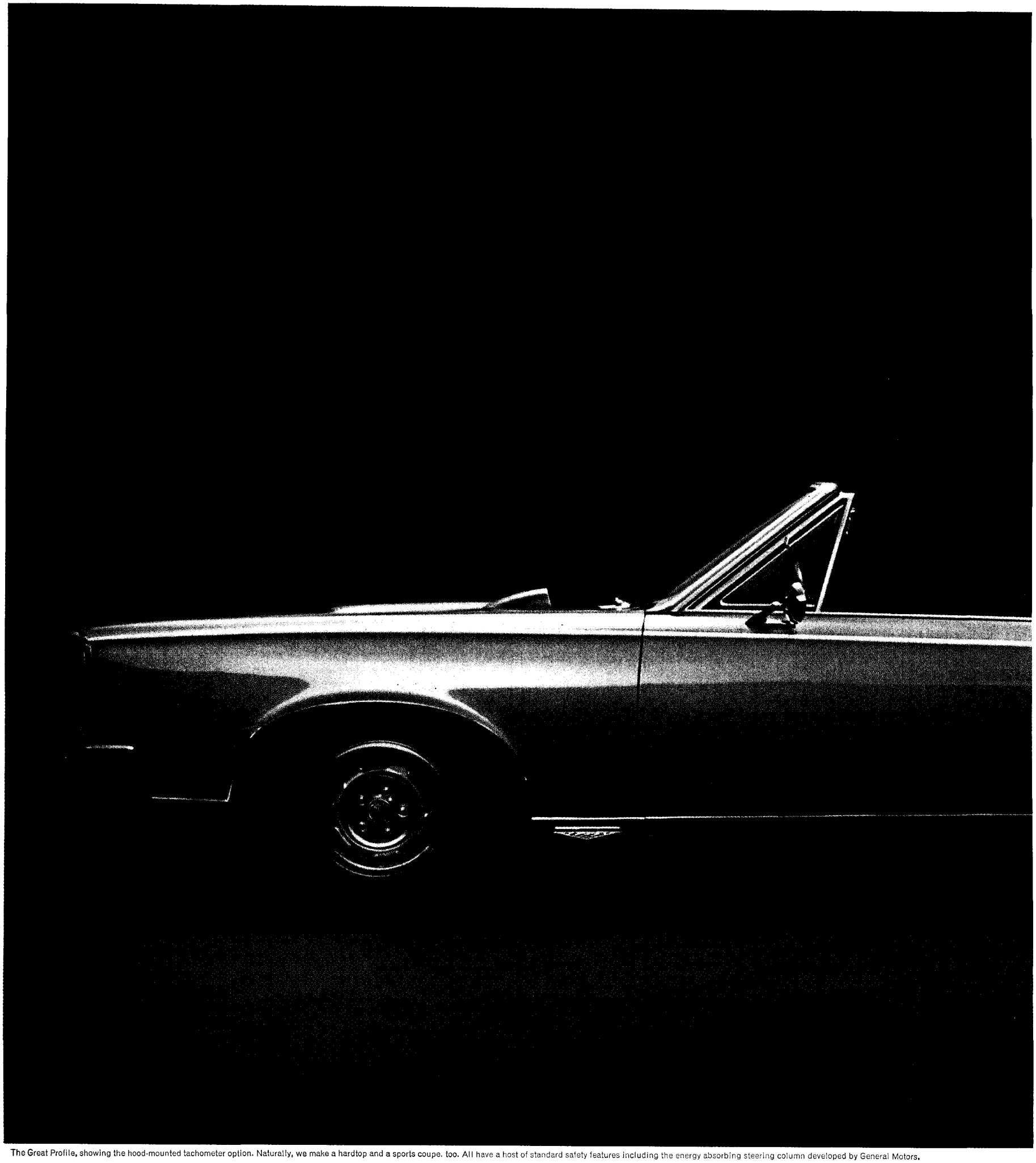

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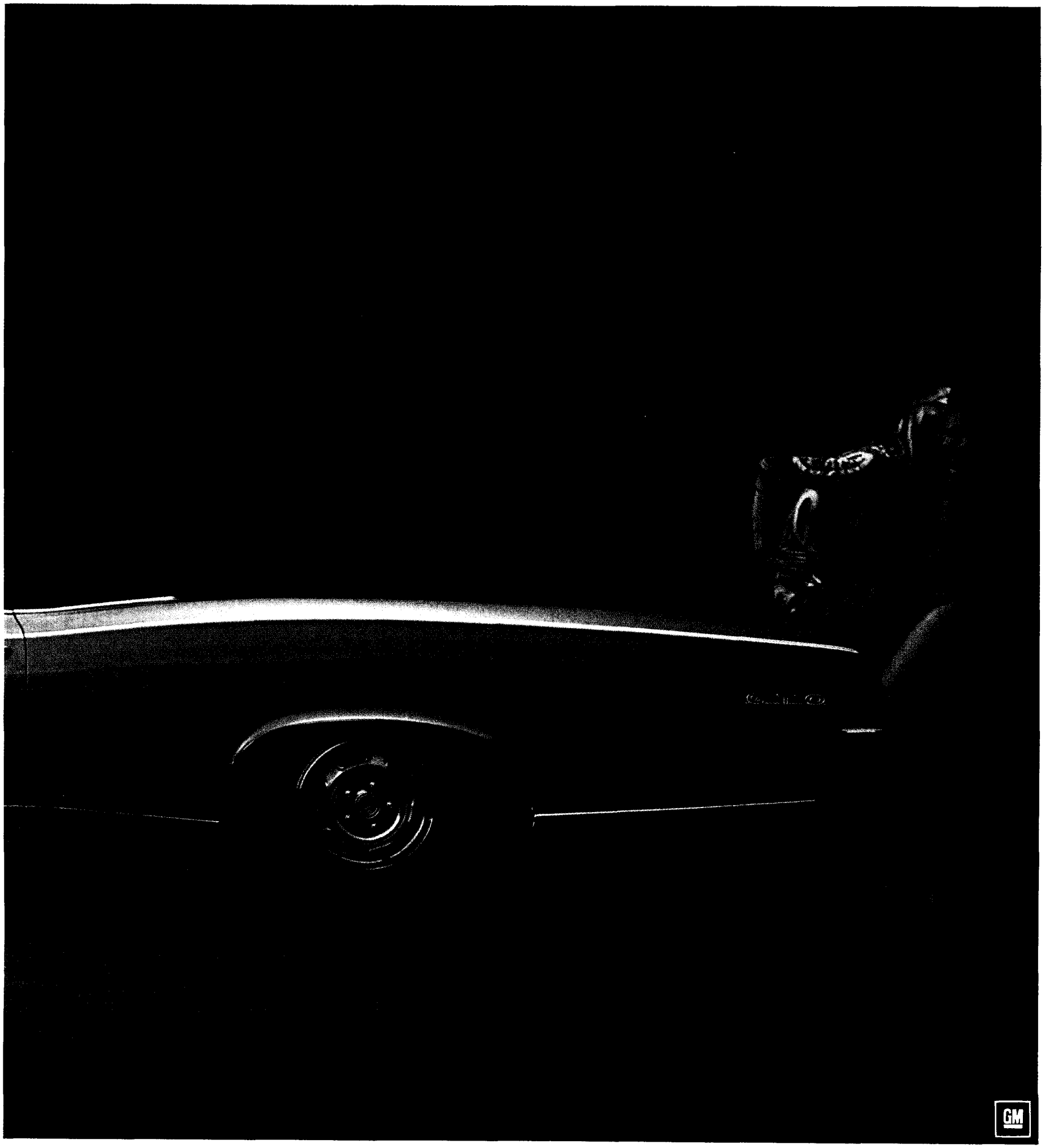

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over the door flickered out, and somebody came in.

Came in without walking around Lopez, and stood in the shadow of the juke.

Lopez closed the door. "Race results?" he asked.

"No horse players in here," I told him.

"Then buy a paper to put on your head," Lopez said. "It's raining outside."

Nobody else had seen the one who came in. The blue-and-red light flickered on again.

"What are you going to do with your money? Be the richest guy in the cemetery?" Lottie asked Haircut Man when he won a hand.

"Mind the bar and shut the mouth," Owner told her.

"Watch how you talk to my mother," Fielder told Owner.

"You tell me how to talk when you can pay for your own drinks," Owner said. "Don't worry. I see all that goes on."

"So do I," Fielder said, like under his breath. "*All.*"

"*You* keep mouth shut," Lottie called across the bar.

"When Haircut Man gives me a job," Fielder let Owner know, "I won't spend one dirty nickel in here."

Haircut Man said nothing. But Fielder's chance with him had come and gone.

"Fielder," Haircut Man told him ten years ago, "come to shop at eight o'clock. I learn you haircut business."

Fielder made it to the old man's shop at two in the afternoon, so drunk he had to sleep it off in one of the chairs with his outfielder's glove across his face. All he's done since is sell gum at doubleheaders. Takes his mitt along in case of a foul.

Who remembers when Fielder played? Who remembers Fielder, a boy like a deer?

"Where you going, old man?" Owner asked when Haircut Man got up.

"To wash face," the old man told him.

"To put his money in his shoe, he means," Lottie said, after the old man had shut the washroom door. Haircut Man wears Ground Gripper shoes. If he would put shoe trees in them, they wouldn't turn up at the toes.

I was dealing when he came back from the washroom. "You look bad, old man," I told him when he sat down.

We all had our cards in hand before he picked his up. He picked them up and began squeezing one card at a time. When he got to the fourth, he let one card fall to the table. Then another, then another. The last two fell to the floor. His head went forward on his chest.

"Wake up, old man!" Fielder reached across the table, caught Haircut Man's wrists, and began to rub them. "Old man! Wake up!"

Owner ran behind Haircut Man's chair to take him under the shoulders.

"Telephone! Telephone doctor!" Fielder shouted, taking up the old man's feet. "Keep head down!" he told Owner.

"*Feet* down!" Owner shouted at Fielder, but they went up, so Owner grabbed the ankles and pushed. Fielder yanked the body out of Owner's grip.

He carried Haircut Man all the way to the pinball machine and stretched him out face down with his heels against the scoreboard. Then—so sudden, fast like a fish—Haircut Man flip-flopped so his face turned up. I thought he looked better that way myself.

I saw the one who'd come in standing behind the juke. He had his cap over his eyes.

Owner tried to get a fresh hold of the old man, but Fielder pushed him back.

"I think he *is* suppose to go the other way, Wenceslaus," Lottie decided.

"Why do you always take *his* side, Mother?" Fielder asked, and began massaging Haircut Man's chest.

I didn't think the old man looked right myself, with his shoes against the GAME COMPLETED sign, but I don't like to take sides.

"Massage his feet, you," Fielder ordered me.

I began rubbing fast, with both hands, taking care not to pinch the toes. The old man never done *me* harm.

"Not the *shoes*, dummy! The *feet*, the *feet*," Fielder hollered right *at* me. I don't mind being hollered, but not right *at*.

I unlaced one of the Ground Grippers. When I got it off, I looked inside. Then I took off the sock and held it up, but everybody was so busy watching Fielder massaging, nobody would even look at *my* work. I took the sock over to Lottie.

"What do I do with *this?*" I asked her.

"Don't give me no dead stiff's sock," she told me.

"How do you *know* he's dead?" I asked her, and up jumped Owner from the bar stool.

"Call a doctor!" he hollered. "Call a doctor! Maybe he ain't!"

"Sit down," Lottie told him. "I already called Croaker."

"The old man owed me a drink," I told her, hanging the sock on the bar rail in case somebody wanted to shine it some day. "You can give it to me out of his estate."

"He didn't have no estate," Lottie decided.

"Not in his right shoe," I said. "Do you think we should look in the left?"

"Here's Croaker," Lottie answered, and sure enough, some wax-moustache sport carrying a doctor bag was tipping the rain off the brim of his little felt hat into a spittoon beside the juke.

"Are you watering our roses," I asked him, "or starting a reservoir?"

"Only being neat," he told me.

"Buy me a drink," I said, "and I'll be on your side. You appeal to me."

"I can't afford having you on my side," he told me. "Where's the sick man?"

"Nobody sick in here I know of, Doc," I told him.

"Look in the corner," Lottie directed him.

"Corner of *where*?" He thought she'd said *on* the corner.

"I'll take you there," I told him. "I know this neighborhood like a book."

Then he saw Fielder giving somebody a rubdown on the pinball machine and walked over. He picked up the Ground Gripper I'd set on the GAME COMPLETED sign and studied it—the toe curved up like a ski.

"Have this bronzed," he decided, and handed it to Fielder and came back to the bar. Fielder stopped massaging and came over too.

"Give this man a drink," the Doc told Lottie.

"I got no glass," I let everyone know.

"You don't have anything to put in one neither," Doc told me.

Some Doc.

"Let me introduce myself." I thought he ought to know me better. "I'm the guy makes the people laugh. Watch *this*." And I went into my song-and-tennis-shoe shuffle:

Take me down to Haircut Shop
But please don't shave the neck
Call me up by Picturephone
But please don't call collect.

He wasn't watching. Nobody was watching.

Yet *somebody* was watching from behind the juke.

"I made the words up myself," I told Doc. He didn't answer, so I went around to where he could hear me better.

"You got a stet'oscope, Doc?" I asked him.

"In the bag," he told me.

"I could help you test the deceased," I offered. "Maybe there's a faint murmur."

"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a stiff," the Doc told Fielder, and took some sort of paper out of his pocket.

I knew what it was. I went around the bar and whispered to Lottie, "Don't put it down he died in here. Owner might want to sell someday."

Lottie whispered to Owner, and when the Doc handed over the certificate, Owner pushed a bottle at him.

"Don't put it down he died in here, Doc," Owner told him. "Put it down he dropped on the walk outside."

The Doc crossed out a line and added one.

Owner signed. "I might want to sell sometime," he explained.

"Do I get a drink *now?*" I asked Lottie.

Lottie brought a bottle up.

Owner took it down. "When we settle the estate," he said.

"When will *that* be?" I asked him.

"When the dead come back from the grave," Owner promised.

I dropped my jaw, made my eyes to stare, and pulled in my cheeks. What I call it is Making My Deadface. I pushed the whole thing into Lottie's puss.

"What the hell is this for?" she asked me.

"It's how *you're* going to look one day," I told her.

"It's how we'll all look one day," she let me know.

I went over to Owner and made The Deadface. I made it deader than a *real* dead face.

"What's the matter with *you?*" he asked me.

"It's how we'll *all* look one day," I told him. "Give me a drink while you still got time."

"Who wastes whisky on the dying?" he asked me.

I went over to Fielder. He had the bottle in front of him and a shot poured. When he raised his elbow I put The Deadface up at him from under his arm. Fielder looked down at my Deadface looking up.

"Say a prayer for this guy," he told everybody. And they all drank their shots down.

I went back to Owner. "How many?"

"How many *what?*" he asked me.

"You said you'd buy me a shot if I brought back the dead," I reminded him.

"One shot is the limit," he told me.

"I know," I told him. "What I mean is, how many dead do I have to bring back to get one shot?"

Owner looked over at the pinball machine. "One will do," he decided.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That snake friend of yours has led us down a garden path."

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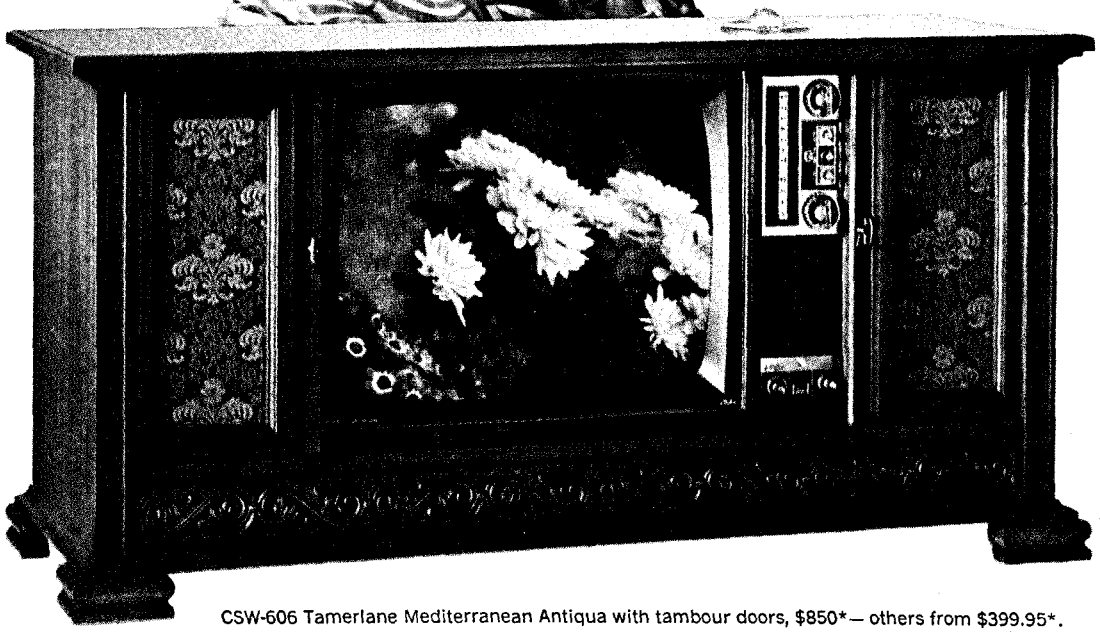

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TICKET ON SKORONSKI

I went over to Haircut Man and whispered in his ear. "You got a royal flush, old man!"

He didn't so much as stir. The old man was dead for sure.

I heard the Pulmotor Patrol sirening down Western, and a minute later two firemen came in, one carrying an inhalator strapped to his back. The other one unstrapped it and put the mask over Haircut Man's face.

"Stand back. *Back* everybody," he began giving orders. "If you're going to lean over, put out your cigarette," he told me. "We're trying to give the man air."

"Why should I give up smoking for *you?*" I asked him. "You don't even come from this neighborhood."

"Everybody *back*," Fielder said, and put everybody back with one hand.

"If I can't get up close to an accident," I told Fielder, "I won't look at all."

I hung around, but not to look at the old man. Somebody had to watch those firemen because the old man had a gold ring on his right ring finger. Lottie came over to help me watch, and I decided to watch Lottie. I looked around and caught Owner watching me. There wasn't anybody else left to watch the firemen except Fielder, and he was having a hard time because they were *both* watching him. I never saw so many suspicious people in one group in my life. When everybody got tired of watching each other, we all went over to the bar.

I stood between the firemen. They must have liked what they were drinking because they didn't ask me to try it out for them. And every time they drank they'd touch glasses. It made me wonder what they would do about congratulating each other if they ever brought anybody to.

"That old man passed out in here seven times since Christmas," I let them know, "and he came around by himself every time. Why would he stop at eight? If you fellows had kept your hands off him he'd be standing up here having a drink with us now. He was the best friend I ever had. He was like a father to me. I used to follow him to see he got home all right."

"It's a good thing he didn't go down an alley," one fireman told the other.

"Cops! We didn't report this!" Owner suddenly thought.

"You want me to go for them?" I asked him. "I know where to find them."

"Then what are you waiting for? *Get* them."

"It's raining," I told Owner. "I need something to warm me up so's I don't catch my death."

Owner made up his mind. "We got one stiff on our hands, we might as well have two."

A Holy Father came in. One with a beard.

"I phoned for him," Lottie said.

"You got the wrong kind," I told her.

The Holy Father made some signs over Haircut Man. I went over, but it was hard to make out what he was saying. I slipped a dime into the pinball machine, and just as the Father crossed himself, the machine lit up. I scored 850 before Owner came over and shut it off.

"You said you were going for the cops," he reminded me.

"What do I have to *do* to get a drink?" I asked.

"Put a sheet over him," the Holy Father told Owner.

"How can I find cops with a sheet over me, Father?" I asked him.

"He doesn't mean you," Fielder told me. "He's talking about our dead pal."

"Put a sheet over our pal," Owner told Lottie.

"You don't have to do *everything* the man tells you, Mother," Fielder told Lottie.

"She don't have to do *anything* she don't *want* to," Owner told Fielder.

Lottie touched Fielder with one finger, to shut him up, and went into the back room. She came out with a wrinkled sheet.

"You forgot your pillow, Mother," Fielder told her.

"If you need a package of Juicy Fruit, Father," Lottie told the priest, "look for my son in Cubs' Park."

"In the bleachers," Owner put in. "They don't let him sell in the grandstand."

"If you'd stop telling people I sell gum, Mother," Fielder told Lottie, "I'd stop telling them you're my mother."

"I don't hold it against her," Owner said. "We all make mistakes."

Fielder put up his fist, as big as Owner's whole face, right under Owner's nose. Owner didn't even blink. He just put his hand on the bar towel and waited until Fielder's knuckles touched his nose. Then *swish*—smack across Fielder's face with the towel.

Fielder grabbed the towel. Owner let go of it. And there was Fielder wiping his face with the very towel that had just smacked him.

Lottie kept tucking the sheet around Haircut Man so she wouldn't have to take notice of the events across the bar. One corner of the sheet said HOTEL MARK TWAIN in green letters.

"Know who *that* is?" I asked the Holy Father, pointing at the signed photograph of Jim Vaughn above the bar. "That's Hippo Vaughn from the Chicago Cubs. Nobody had to say to Hippo, 'Buy me a drink, Hippo.' Hippo didn't wait for *that*. He poured it for you, and put a fiver in your pocket whether you asked for it or not. Anything Hippo had you could have."

The Holy Father wasn't listening.

Lottie put my cap on my head. "Take a run for the cops," she told me, and the way she said it, I decided I would.

Look for cops on a rainy night the same way you'd look for a cat—somewhere out of the wet and cold, next to a wall or under a shed. I went down the alley behind the Krakow Bakery, because that's where it's always warmest. They were parked with a cardboard box over the flash, listening to Pat Suzuki singing her heart belonged to an older man. Outside of that and being parked wrong, they were keeping crime at bay by smelling rye bread. I rapped the window, and one cop rolled it down. He looked scared, like I was going to pinch him.

He was Firebox, a fellow I went to school with. He'd gotten his start by running for the truant officer to break up crap games after

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You can't win. As soon as they decide poverty is not a crime, they want to treat it as a disease."

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he'd lost his lunch money. Later he took to ringing fireboxes to see the hook-and-ladder go by, and it looked like he'd get on the fire department. He got caught once, but got off because he promised never to do it again—gave his word. And he kept his word so good they put him on the cops. He has a good record there, too. On the force twenty-two years, and never made a pinch. You never know where talent will show up next.

"Come and get a dead guy," I told Firebox.

"Who shot him?" he asked me.

"Nobody shot him."

"Then how do you know he's dead?"

"Because somebody put a sheet over him, and he didn't pull it off."

The other cop woke up. "That ain't our jurisdiction," he told Firebox.

I know this one too. We call him Transistor because if he catches you with a stolen one he don't turn you in. He just takes it off you, and you can buy it back for what it cost in the store you stole it from. It's better than getting busted.

"What do you want *us* for?" Transistor wanted to know.

"Go get a dead guy out of a place," I told him.

"Try the fireman's carry," he told me. "We're crime fighters, not litter bearers."

"I think we ought to take a look," Firebox decided, and I knew what he was thinking. "Where is this stiff?"

"Carefree Corner. You know—Owner's joint."

"Where Fielder hangs?" Transistor asked.

"Fielder *sent* me."

"I caught Hippo Vaughn," he told me. "Get in."

I got in the back seat and away we go.

"You don't look like Bill Killefer to me," I told Transistor.

"I didn't *say* I was on the Cubs," he told me. He meant he caught Hippo for the Logan Squares, after Hippo's big-league days were over.

"Fielder was fast, them days," he said.

"He isn't fast any more," I told him.

"I know," Transistor said.

There was a crowd in front of Owner's. Firebox went inside and right up to the pinball machine, and pulled back the sheet and began running his hand across the old man's skull.

"What's he doing?" Lottie asked me.

"Looking for bullet holes," I explained.

"He wasn't shot," Lottie told Firebox. "He had a coronary."

Firebox began running his hand up along the old man's spine.

"He's still looking for bullet holes," I told Lottie.

"The man had a *heart* attack," Lottie told Firebox.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" Firebox said. Transistor began stuffing the old man's shirt back down into his pants. You never can tell where a stiff is likely to wear a money belt.

"What is the deceased's name in full?" Firebox wanted to know.

"Put down any name you want," Owner told him. "Just don't say he died in here."

"We might want to sell sometime," Lottie explained.

"Where do you get that '*we*'?" Owner asked her.

"Don't worry, Mother," Fielder told Lottie. "You still have your pillow."

"A forty-year-old son," Lottie told the Holy Father, "and he sells gum."

"What did you say the old man's name was?" Firebox repeated.

"He didn't have no name," I explained. "We just called him Haircut Man."

"What's *your* name?" Firebox asked me.

"I don't have one neither," I told him. "They just call me 'You.'"

"Then stay out of this, You."

"If you want the old man's name," Owner spoke up, "maybe it's in his wallet."

"See what the name in the wallet says," Firebox told me.

"See what the name in the wallet is," I told Fielder. "I'm not working for the Department myself."

"Mother was the old man's best friend," Fielder offered. "Maybe *she*

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knows his real name. Then nobody has to look in his wallet."

Cops are careful about reaching for a wallet on a drunk or a stiff. If the wallet is empty, they get the blame.

The kid, Lopez, was still there, with one newspaper left. Firebox lifted him up level with the old man. All he had to do was reach.

"I can't," Lopez yelled, kicking with both feet. "If I reach I'll drop my paper."

I took hold of his paper, but Lopez locked it under his arm. "If you want the paper, *buy* it," he hollered.

Firebox put a dime in his little paw, and Lopez let go of the paper and reached and got the wallet. He hung on to it while Firebox carried him to the bar. The wallet didn't bulge, and when Lopez held it upside down six trading stamps fell out. He shook it. That was all.

"Look inside," Owner told him.

Lopez opened the wallet wide, stuck his nose into it, sniffed into the corners, then took his nose out.

"Gone on the arfy-darfy," he announced, and Firebox set him down.

I started my soft-shoe bit.

What do you want for the little
you got
For the little you got you don't
got a lot
You kept your money in your
big dirty shoes
From the graveyard who collects?

Nobody was paying me any attention. Nobody ever does.

"Who would have thought the old man would die broke?" Lottie asked Owner, looking him right in the eye.

"My own opinion," Owner answered, "is that he didn't." And looked *me* right in the eye.

"Ambulance!" Lopez hollered, before any of the rest of us heard a siren.

Firebox looked down at him. "Where's my change?"

"*What* change?" Lopez asked, looking up.

"I give you a dime for your dirty yesterday's paper. I got three cents coming, Shorty."

Lopez don't like being called Shorty.

"I don't have change," he told Firebox.

"People pay you in seven-cent pieces?" Firebox asked him.

"Why don't you search him, Firebox?" I suggested.

"He can frisk me, but he can't search me," Lopez let the Department know.

A dozen people followed the stretcher-bearers in. Owner put two bottles on the bar and got ready to pour. It looked like a good night for Owner. But no one came near the bar. They all wanted to help the stretcher guys carry the stiff to the dead-wagon. The stretcher guys wouldn't let them. All they could do was follow the stretcher out.

I stood by the bar, next to the Holy Father. I was trying to remember whether Haircut Man was still wearing a ring the last time I looked. If he was, one stretcher-bearer was in a good position to get married. All he needed was a blind whore.

"Were you a friend of the deceased's?" Firebox asked Lottie.

"Hardly knew the old man," Lottie said fast.

"I thought you knew him *well*, Mother," Fielder put in. "I thought he said he always helped you out when you weren't working."

"Why should I take money from strangers when my son works steady?" Lottie asked him straight.

"All right," Fielder said. "All *right*, Mother. I *know* you worked for me all my life. Now why don't you go out and get a job for yourself?"

"My son sells gum," she told the cops, and put her face down on her arms on the bar. I don't think she was crying, because I didn't hear a sound. She just moved her shoulders a little. Owner touched her shoulder, and she looked up.

"Wenceslaus," she said to Fielder. "How God is going to punish!" Then she put her head down again.

Fielder got up from the table where our poker game had been. He began walking toward the calendar that hangs on the washroom door. When he got there, he just stood and looked at it. Then he took the mitt out of his hip pocket, put it on, and swung at the calendar. The calendar bounced and the door shook. Then he swung again.

"*I* am Skoronski!" I heard him say to himself. Then the calendar fell, and Fielder just stood there, with his back toward us, pounding his fist into his mitt.

"What do we do now?" I asked the Holy Father.

"Let's try it three-handed," the Father suggested. He picked up the cards and began shuffling slowly.

And as the cards began to fall, I knew, without looking at the juke, that there was nobody behind it anymore. □

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's hard to categorize them; they're Republicans, but she has pierced ears."

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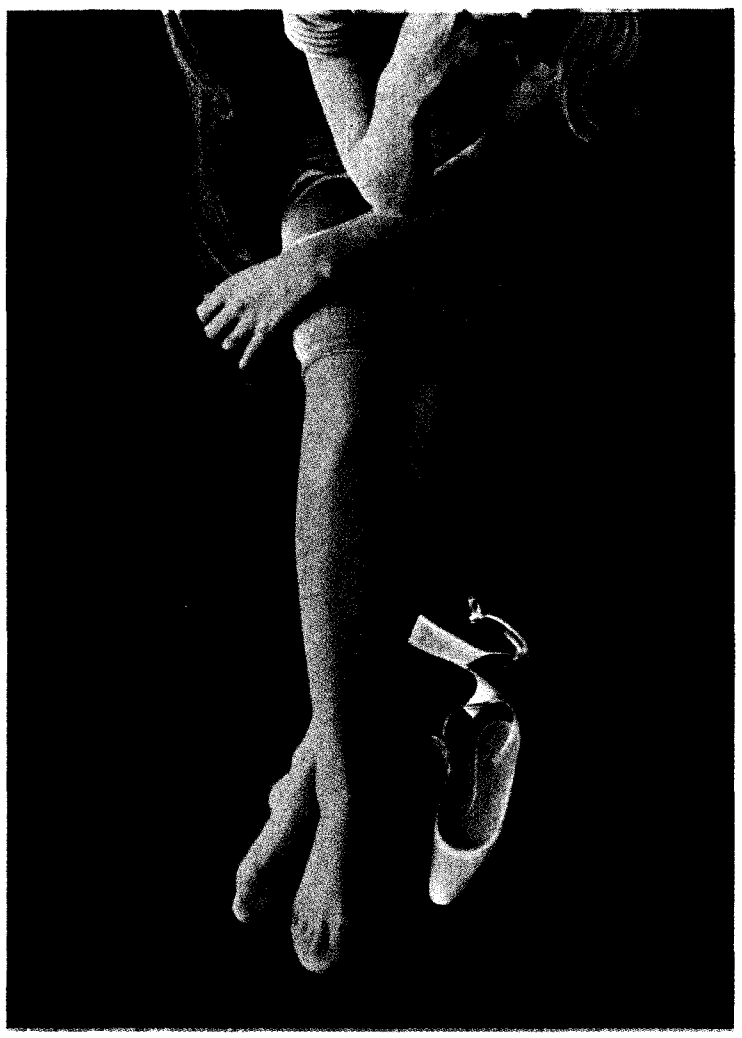

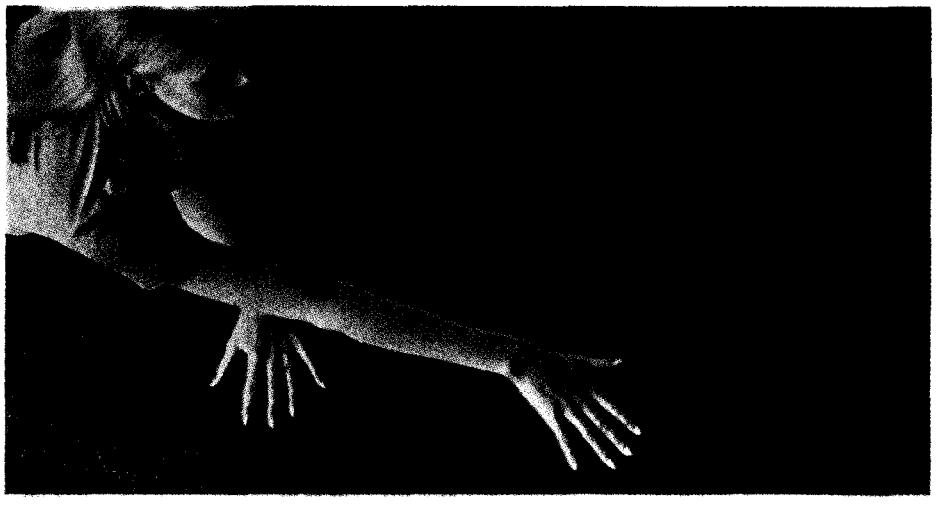

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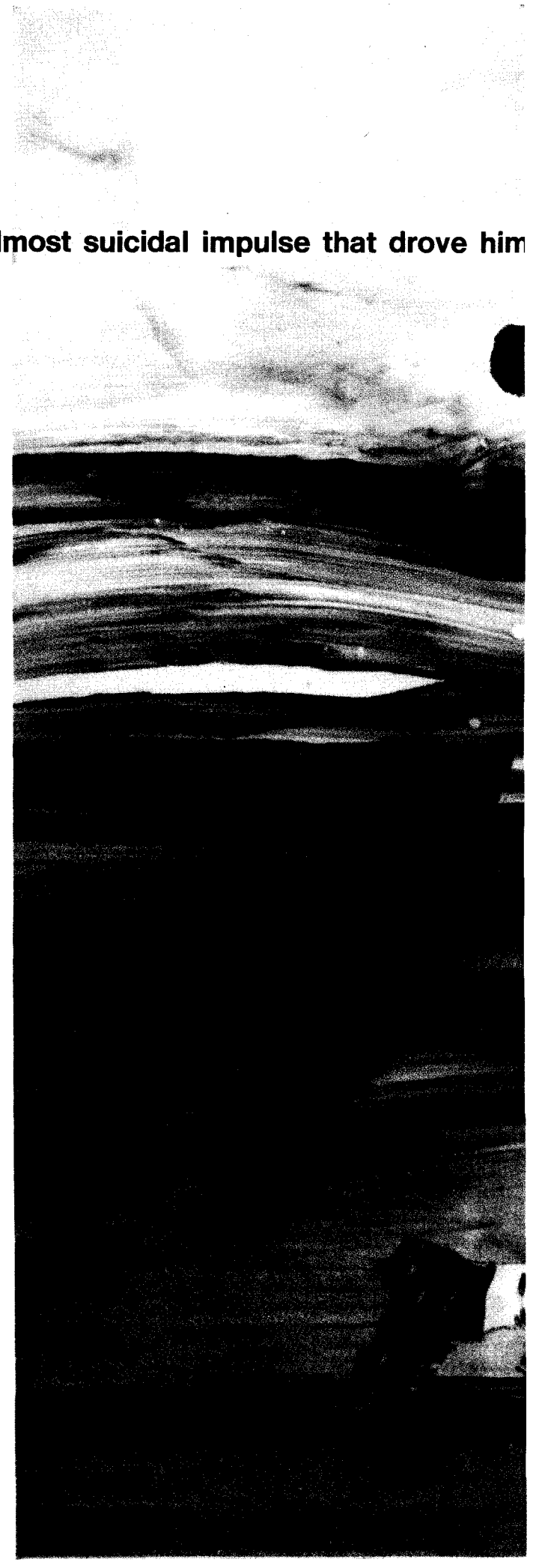
NO MEDAL FOR SONNY

I was amazed by his ferocity on the field—and by the almost suicidal impulse that drove him



Nobody looking at me today—a balding, modestly satisfied, middle-aged lawyer—would believe that I played football at college. It was the last thing I would have thought of for myself when I entered college. I didn't weigh much, I was not a great athlete, and, though I loved to watch the game, I had no great desire to play it. But football, even in ordinary times, was only a minor affair at our streetcar college, and I was there during the war. The captain, who was quarterback, wrote poetry—that gives you an idea. He was the one who talked me into going out for it. "Look," he said, "Jim Thorpe alone with some kid at center to snap him the ball could beat the eleven of us." Even so, I didn't make the first team. I seldom got into a game.

What I remembered of football, then, has nothing to do with my own great old days of glory. So I don't bore friends, and I don't even advise my son through weekends of television football. I can't. The game has gotten complicated beyond all bearing. I mean all those monster technicians running in and out every minute with some small specialty that's supposed to make a major difference—and probably does. But I still assume the heart of the thing is what it always was: Ruin the other man who has the ball, prevent that ruin when your own man has it. The rest of the stuff is just a style. No matter how much beef they add to the men who play, no matter what fancy names they give to new formations, the same old primitive quality is the essential one: a rage to hit and an indifference to the harm it does.

I am still fascinated by it, because I used to wonder even when I played where they got it from, the rage and the indifference. I never had it, and on the bench I had a lot of time to watch it. I saw it always in Sonny Schaefer, and I have never seen more of it in anyone. He was a marvel to all of us. Whenever I think of football guts, I remember Sonny. I remember him in images of collision up and down the field, and I remember a crippling moment that didn't take place on a field, that apparently had nothing at all to do with the game of football.

He had sandy hair, a broad face, and a span of fading kid's freckles across his cheeks and the bridge of his nose. He was of average height, fairly broad, and very deep in the chest. He was mild, a little gullible, quiet, almost sweet. He had fair skin and blushed quickly—his smile was like a gift. Except in the locker room or on the field, I never saw much of him, despite the fact that he was in one of my classes. He sat in the back of the room, next to

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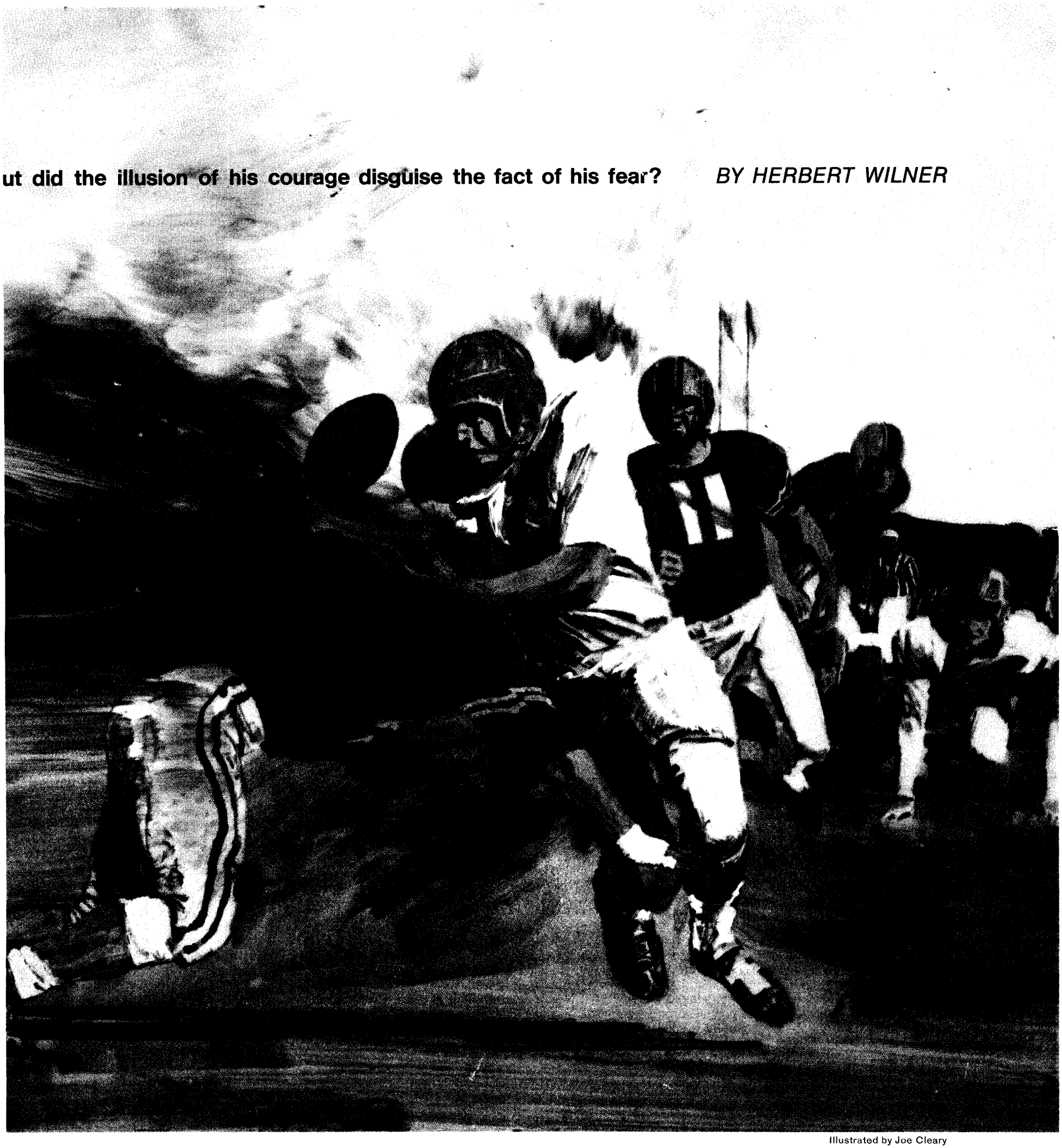
ut did the illusion of his courage disguise the fact of his fear? *BY HERBERT WILNER*



Illustrated by Joe Cleary

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the girl he was in love with. She was tiny and beautiful. The two of them together made you think he was her protecting knight of gentleness, in which case the football field had to be the place where he fought her dragons.

He loved to tackle. He played fullback and backed up the right side of the line on defense. I was tall and skinny, so the coach put me on an end with the scrubs. It was the right end, so I never had to clear Sonny out of the way when the scrubs had the ball in practice. But there were times when I had to cut into his spot for a pass. As soon as my fingers touched the ball, I would almost close my eyes and begin to wait even as I tried to take my first stride. I was waiting for Sonny to come banging into me. He always did. And it always took my breath away. I would be swept off my feet and sent hurtling through the air, mildly conscious of a viselike pressure around my thighs and of a weight I was dragging or that was driving me backward. He laid himself out above the grass like a swan diver, his back arched, his toes pointed. He hit you first with the high part of his chest. Then his arms locked your legs. Sometimes he'd begin to turn you before you hit the ground, and you had this momentary airborne sense of the two of you turning like a long, driven shaft, and then you'd hit the grass and he might be on the bottom, but the momentum of his turning carried him over you, and you had a glimpse of the top of his helmet. Then it was gone, and your legs were released, and he was off you already, running to his spot for the next play. He could tackle as well as anyone I ever saw play. He had a deadly, almost disinterested instinct for the man who had the ball.

He was adequate as an offensive fullback, but the excitement of watching him tackle diminished all his other accomplishments. He liked, for instance, to block, and you'd imagine he'd be perfect clearing the way before a halfback. In a sense, he was. He brought into that part of the game the same savage grace with which he tackled. But too often he merely flung himself at the defensive man nearest to him. Sometimes he was cutting down a man who had already lost his chance at the ball carrier. Our coach, Seabury, got sore throats trying to teach him, but I think now that the nice skills of the game bored Sonny. He was in it for something else. For him all the rules of football only made possible and permissible something between him and the ball carrier. He didn't really care whether we won or lost.

We didn't know that then. We equated the desire to win with the evidence of the beating you took, and no one on the field, game after game, took the beating Sonny did. As the game progressed and he made more and more of the tackles, the exhaustion would set in. The arch in his back would level out a little when he tackled; the shoulders and chest would drop a bit. Many times it was his face that made first contact with the ball carrier. By half time he was stretched out on a table in the locker room like a beaten prizefighter, his face pulpy, his eyes glassy. So when he swung his legs off the table and dragged himself out for another whole half of the same thing, we had to believe he was doing it for us, that he wanted us to win. But any torturer could have told us that a man so beat up couldn't care less about who literally won. It was for something else he went out there to make his tackles and take his beating.

I saw him once at the movies on a Saturday night after a game. He had his girl with him. We were all just going in. He had his arm around the girl's shoulder, and to anyone looking at them it might have made the picture of a kind of marvelous sweetness—this burly guy with a bruised face and the tiny, beautiful, almost doll-like female to whom he seemed to offer his malehood. Actually, he surrendered it. When he left her to pay the cashier, he nearly fell on his face. She'd been holding *him* up. I sat a row behind them. He slept through almost all the picture. When we came out together, he had a handkerchief to his nose. The rag was vivid with new blood and brown with old. The girl told me it had been bleeding on and off through the movie.

"Why do you let him play like that?" she cried, turning on me in the theater lobby.

Her eyes were flashing. She looked like a child about to stamp her foot. From the anger in her face you'd think she believed everyone but Sonny was responsible for the ferocity with which he played.

I knew she saw the home games, because she was always waiting for him outside the locker room. But she never made the trips when we played away. She never saw the Connecticut game. If she had, she never would have believed after it that anyone but Sonny himself had anything to do with the way he played.

It was a beautiful October Saturday, and the trees beyond the fences at both end zones were full of leaves of scarlet, rust, gold. It was football weather, which I've always thought of as that teasing snap of bright air which promises the player he can do extraordinary things, and promises anyone watching that he deserves to witness them. It must have got to Sonny, for he went on to give all of us something to witness.

By the end of the first period the few thousands in the stands had caught on to the real drama of the game. Whenever Connecticut ran the ball, the loudspeaker comment at the end of the play was always the same: ". . . tackled by Number Thirty-five, Schaefer." Everyone began to watch him.

Connecticut ran out of the old single wing that even then was beginning to disappear. They played for four, five yards at a shot, a sustained march the hard way, holding onto the ball, eating up the time. Neither team had a scouting system, so they knew nothing of Sonny other than what they were learning right out there on the field. For a long time they kept on running most of their plays to his side. I suppose they were making enough first downs so that they didn't pay too much attention to who was making the tackles. When they did catch on and started going to the other side, it didn't really matter. They picked up a few extra yards in the time it took Sonny to get over there, but three out of four times, right side or left, it was Sonny who made our tackles.

He was groggy well before half time, coming up higher on his tackles, getting more of his face in the way, but never failing. I remember a play in which their fullback came ripping through a hole on Sonny's side wide enough for a parade. He ran straight up with a couple of men in front of him to cut Sonny down. It was the kind of moment that made you stand up at once, thinking: touchdown. No one could explain afterward how Sonny had slipped the interference. What we saw was a big man going full steam with the ball, and then being suddenly stopped—not as if he had run into a wall, but as though he had actually been caught, as though he himself were the ball, picked out of the air to be run back the other way. Because Sonny, perhaps too tired to leave his feet, had his shoulder in the ball carrier's abdomen, his face in his chest, and then drove him back through that same hole he had ripped through, back and back, yard after yard, and long after the whistle had blown the play dead. When they finally got Sonny to let go, it was obvious to us he was beginning not to know where he was. He kept turning around, searching for our bench, for the coach, for the scrimmage line. He had the look on his face of a boy who had won a fight and was trying to remember where and why it had started.

At half time he was stretched out on the concrete floor of the locker room. They had given out oranges, and Sonny was lying there with a wedge of one stuck in his mouth like a teething ring. His eyes were closed. He didn't even open them when the trainer raised Sonny's arm and taped the cleat gash he had on his wrist.

We tried to get him out of the game soon after the second half had begun. The captain himself pleaded with Seabury.

"Sonny's punchy. Get him out of there. It's only a game."

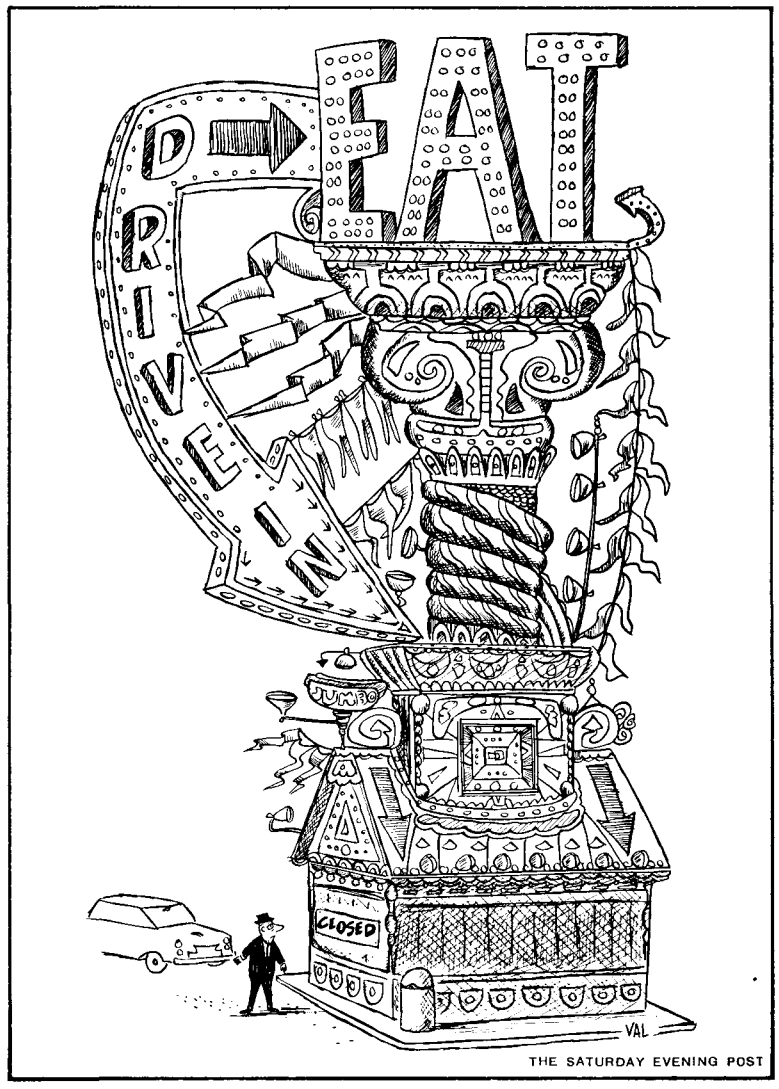
The coach sneered. "Bet a buck he makes the next tackle." And Sonny did.

He almost had to be taken by the hand now to be shown his spot behind the right side of the line. He tottered there as though he would keel over. He staggered around in little loops, pulling at his helmet and throwing his head back. We had those old leather helmets, and Sonny, waiting for the play to begin, would tear open the strap, put his fingers into the earholes, and pull the helmet out from the sides of his head. You couldn't tell whether he imagined he was being choked, or was trying to hold himself up by taking a good grip with his fingers on something he was wearing on his own head. And then Connecticut would break the huddle, and Sonny would clamp the helmet strap and turn toward the sound of signals.

Then the play: the rush of bodies, the collisions, the blur of the colors of the uniforms on that bright day, and then the end of the inevitable announcement: ". . . tackle by Number Thirty-five, Schaefer."

A better team than Connecticut could have made use of Sonny's great day. They could have thrown passes around him; they could have tried to fake him on traps, he was floating and charging so much. But they were small-time, too, and inexpert; and they were,

America, America



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What's a nice truck like you doing in a place like this?

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anyway, two field goals ahead. So they chose to hold the ball as long as they could, grind out the little yardage, hoping to get their remarkable kicker close enough for another try. What difference did it make to them who made the tackles? Someone had to.

I got into the game myself toward the close. The right end got something in his eye they couldn't remove during the time out. I was in on defense for three plays. Sonny made the tackles on two of them. I could hear him behind me, waiting for the play to begin. He was whimpering. I turned my head for a second to look at him. He was pulling at his helmet, his body weaving around the spot he was trying to stand on. His face was scarlet. You couldn't see the freckles in it. You could hardly see the bruises. The sweat streamed off him as though he had just turned his face into the nozzle of a hose. The whimpering went on—a little puppy noise of hurt. And then the play came, and there was the pile-up at the right side, the indecisive thudding of bodies and pads, and then that one sharp banging blow you could actually hear, as though it were a fist smacked into a palm in an empty room, and right after it a voiced sound that was not a grunt of effort but a kind of snarl. I knew it came from Sonny. I can hear it still—so full of desperate satisfaction, so full of pain.

By the time the game ended, I'd learned some things I hadn't known before: that a coach could love the game and not care much for the men who played it; that the men themselves made it more than a game, or we simply would have quit until the coach had gotten Sonny off the field; and that Sonny himself, the way he played, needed the game. It was his needs and not his skills that made him great. In the newspapers, they call it desire, but I wonder. Desire for what?

Sonny was drafted shortly after the season ended. In the spring, word came back to us that he'd been killed in combat in Bavaria. We heard of the medal awarded him posthumously for conspicuous bravery, and shortly after that we heard some of the story of how he died. The medal was sent to his family, and perhaps they tried to give it to the girl he loved. She said nothing of it when she spoke to me of Sonny a few weeks after I heard the news, but I don't think she would have taken any medal for his bravery. It was not only that I heard her speak against the bravery; it was that I had seen Sonny himself demonstrate against it at the party for him before he left for the Army. It was a sweet, crippling moment, as vivid in my memory of him as any image of his violence on the football field.

The party was given by his girl friend at her house, and I went because the poet-quarterback and I were double-dating. The quarterback had been invited, and he insisted I go along. The party was in the finished basement, where there were no rugs and we could dance. We drank beer and ate sandwiches of various meats at a time when the stuff was rationed. We danced, we told football stories, we sang, we gave Sonny presents, and we offered male observations and jokes about soldiers and the war. It must have been December, but with the gang of us there and the heat turned up it grew very warm. Some of us took off our jackets, though Sonny didn't. He danced with his girl as often as she was willing, and he was very good at it. She was, too. I don't remember what was in fashion then, but in the swinging numbers the skirt of her dress flared like a cheerleader's. Sweat began to trickle down Sonny's face, and he occasionally wiped at it with a handkerchief as he danced. Whenever I looked at him, his eyes were always on the girl. They glowed with that regard he must have had for her tiny, fragile perfection.

I stayed late, long after most of the others had left. Our poet-quarterback was having too good a time to leave, and I was stuck waiting for him because I'd promised him a ride back. He'd had a lot of beer, and, as always when he got a little high, he recited pieces of poems he had memorized. His other little talent was to imitate Al Jolson; he sang song after song. There were only the six of us left. When he began to sing *The Anniversary Waltz*, Sonny and his girl danced. That was more than twenty years ago, but I can close my eyes now and see them again, dancing a waltz on that large linoleum floor, see it as if they were dancing now, no older than they were then.

The quarterback stood in a corner of the room, singing the mournful tune. And Sonny and the girl danced to it, around and around the room, her head thrown back so she could see into his face. And he moved her as if she weighed no more than a doll, and flawlessly she followed him, the one long step and the two short ones; and his face was broken in a boyish smile so entire in its fulfillment that you could not have imagined that he had ever played the game of football as savagely as he had.

Finally the singing voice broke down, and then quit. Sonny and the girl danced a moment or two longer in the surprising silence, and then, in the middle of the room, they stopped. Then it happened. The small girl, exhausted, her face flushed, her chest rising and falling, started to move away, perhaps to a chair. Sonny caught her hand and gently pulled her back. He bent at the knees to bring his face close to hers. He put the heels of his hands together and cupped them under the chin of this girl he loved; his palms and his fingers, like leaves, shielded the sides of her face. He said nothing for a moment, only looked at her. He was crying. You could see the tears. His face was covered with sweat, but you could see the tears. He spoke in a low voice, but we all heard him.

"I love you," he said. "I love you. Oh, God, I love you. I don't want to go to the war. They'll kill me. I know they will. I love you so much."

When she spoke to me after Sonny's death—it wasn't more than five months later—she said almost the same thing she had that night at the movie after a game. I was again in a class of hers, and she'd stayed out of school for a few weeks after the news had come. She wanted to make up work, and she called on me for it after the class ended. We kept busy with it for a few minutes in the empty room, while every thought I had of something I might say was blocked by my sense of its inappropriateness. When others started arriving for the next class, I suggested a stroll on the campus. I took her in a direction away from the gym and the football field. We sat on a bench behind the library, where I copied out assignments for her and wondered whether I should tell her I had passed my physical and would soon be going into the Army. Suddenly she stood up and looked away. Then she faced me and asked it.

"Why did they let him fight like that?" she said. "Why did they?"

Again she looked like a little girl who would toss her head and stamp her foot. There was nothing I could say; I walked with her to the streetcar. She began to talk about Sonny. I thought at first she was only recollecting anecdotes, and then I realized she was trying to tell me something by them. I began to put it together only afterward, when I walked back across the campus and went up into the stands to watch the spring practice I wasn't involved in because I would be leaving soon. It was May, and I was young, and I was about to go to war, and I suppose it was because I had a mixed sense of mission and fear that I resisted for a while understanding the stories about Sonny.

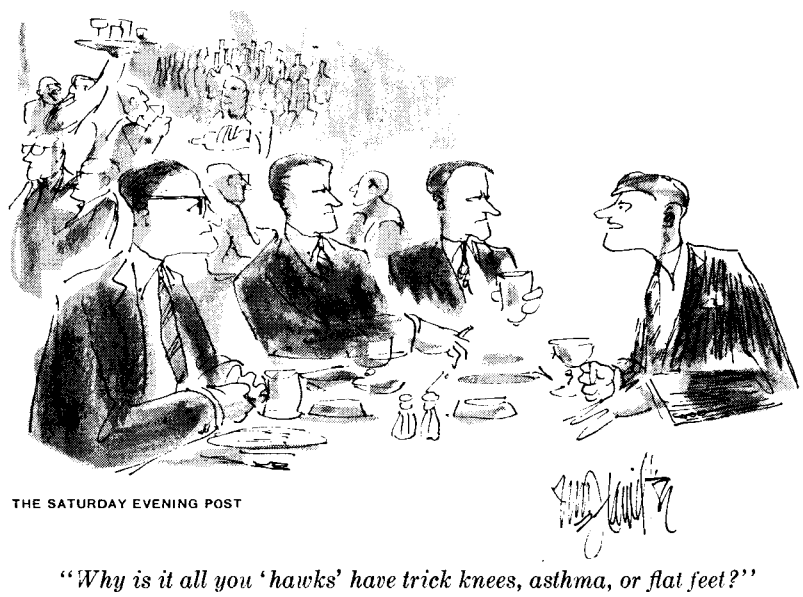
She told me of the look on his face when they were in the subway together, and the crowded train had stopped for a long time in a tunnel, and he whispered to her that he thought he smelled smoke. And how he had gone white during the elevator ride to the observation floor in the Empire State Building. And once on a class picnic to Bear Mountain they decided to stay overnight in the woods, and she knew in the morning from looking at him that he had not slept at all, had stayed awake all night hearing and imagining noises. I sat up there above the football field and watched the players making familiar patterns, and I understood she'd been trying to tell me, so that someone besides herself would know, that Sonny had so strong a fear of so many inconsequential things. Maybe she was trying to tell me it was the anxiety itself he feared most, since it must have shamed him so much.

I turned my head to where a quick, snapping thud told me a clean tackle had been made, and when the man got off the ball carrier, I watched him trotting away and wondered at the show of satisfaction he gave off in every stride he took. I tried to summon a sense of landscape for a place called Bavaria, and I thought of what we had heard of how Sonny had been killed. Our coach had told us. He learned it in a letter from one of Sonny's Army buddies to whom Sonny must have talked a lot about football.

He was part of a small scouting party that got lost too far behind enemy lines to try to make it back again. They hid in the woods near a large farmhouse; they wanted to get into it and wait until their own troops caught up. But there was a German military truck parked near the house. They never saw anyone going into or out of the house, but lights went on in the evening, and they had to believe there were soldiers inside. They didn't know how many. They waited and waited. They stayed in the woods all night, and all the next day and the next night. On the following morning they could hear artillery, and then the sound of vehicles on the highway. They guessed the Germans were moving out of the nearby town, and they guessed whoever was in the house would soon come out and get in the truck and join them. As soon as the first one came out the door, and before Sonny's buddies could stop him, Sonny broke out from behind his tree and began racing across the open field toward the startled German soldier.

It was not the soldier Sonny ran at who killed him. Apparently that one kept on standing there and staring at Sonny because Sonny gave no sign that he even intended to use the rifle he carried in one hand as he ran. A second German, who'd come through the door, shot at once and killed Sonny before he too was shot by one of the Americans still in the woods. The soldier Sonny had gone after threw down his rifle and raised his arms over his head, but someone from the woods shot and killed him, too. There were no other Germans in the house.

Up there in the stands above the football field on which Sonny had played, I understood what that waiting out there in the woods must have been like for him. I understood that whimpering noise I had heard from him in the Connecticut game, and the snarling sound he'd made when he'd tackled his man on the next play. And I wondered if he'd had even a moment's consciousness after he'd been shot to wonder if anyone among all of those who ever watched him, anyone besides the tiny girl he loved, understood how much of a beating he had really taken on every tackle he ever made, driven as he was by his nature to find a visible enemy, to expiate the humiliating shame he suffered for all the things he feared in every ordinary day. □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why is it all you 'hawks' have trick knees, asthma, or flat feet?"

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DENTURE WEARERS:

New Efferdent® denture cleanser tablet removes even stubborn food stains between the teeth in 15 minutes.

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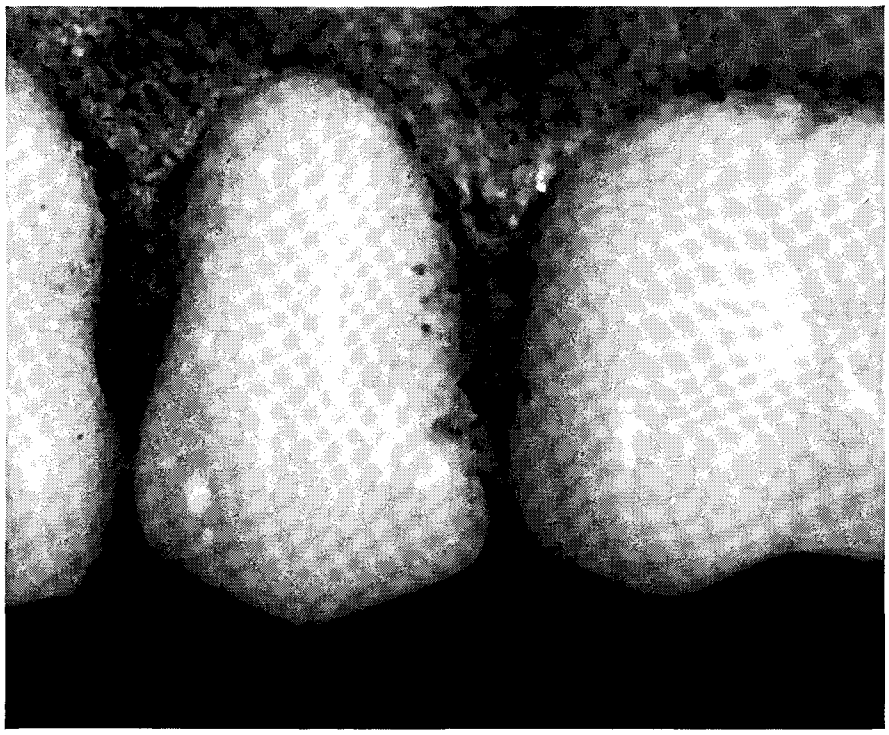

For years, denture wearers have been searching for a quick, easy way to get rid of stubborn food stains—the kind that build up between teeth. Even the *leading powder* cleanser hasn't solved the problem, because it can require overnight soaking.

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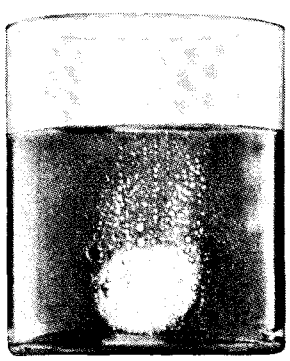

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Far above Cayuga's waters – G-chung, G-chung or

How a true-blue college freshman lost his heart and found his future somewhere between the throb of a hydrogenation machine and the perfume of amino compounds wafting from a strawberry blonde.

By DON ASHER

Joel Barron, a resilient eighteen-year-old with a deceptively melancholy aspect and a growing sense of the haphazardness of life, applied to Yale, Columbia, and Cornell, in that order, and was accepted by Cornell. Despite a healthy variety of interests—music (piano lessons until he was fifteen); tennis (a respectable Number Four on the high school varsity); astronomy (not so much a technological interest as a sense of wonderment)—he had no idea what he wanted to major in.

"Music would be a bit impractical, don't you think?" his mother said.

"I guess."

"Your father was a fine engineer. Of course, you wouldn't remember. Mechanical. Or was it chemical? I could never get it straight."

"Engineering turns me off, Ma."

"Well, you have to decide on something, darling. I don't think the Army should necessarily influence your decision, but . . ." His mother trailed off, a distant, lost look in her eyes, drawing the fingers of one hand lingeringly down her cheek in that pensive, dolorous gesture he knew so well.

He had done reasonably well in his high-school science courses, but—engineering? There was something so downbeat about the very sound of it. Metallic, grinding, mechanical. If he was going to go into something really deep, he preferred a *pure* subject: physics, or chemistry. As he'd never had more than a vague understanding of such phenomena as polarized light, short circuits, and radioactivity—the intangible tended to elude him—he chose chemistry.

Joel's first-year courses were chemistry, physics, English, history, and calculus. Physics gave him a bit of trouble, but he settled comfortably into the other courses. He particularly enjoyed his afternoon chem labs: the cool, slippery feel of the soapstone counters; the delicate glassware—thin-lipped beakers, condensers, the two- and three-necked flasks, the graduated burettes—the magical color changes during titration; the sweet, heady smells of ethyl acetate and ether. He mastered the tricky molarity-normality-molality concepts which had troubled him in high school and experienced a surge of well-being and optimism, certain he had made the right choice. Only one unsettling note intruded: the intermittent throbbing of the hydrogenation machine on the floor above his lab. He had looked into the room once—only upperclassmen and graduate students were allowed access—and seen the massive, tubular, gray, bomblike structure rocking with a violent life of its own while, on a kind of scaffolding, a battery of gauges fluctuated ominously. He understood that inside the bomb, hydrogen atoms were being forcefully fused to compounds at fierce temperatures and pressures. Whenever he heard the bomb rocking overhead he felt a twinge of dread for the day when he would be given a key to the room and be expected to manipulate the awesome gray monster.

The ratio of co-eds to boys at Cornell was roughly one to three. He saw the girls crossing the quadrangle in soft sweaters and tight skirts, or in open coats with jeans rolled to the knees, luxuriating in the abundance of boys on the stately, elm-dotted campus, their voices clear and lilting in the bright autumn air. Even the plain ones had an escort of one or more boys, and Joel wondered how he was going to find a girl when he had to compete with the legions of sun-browned, sweatered fraternity types who seemed to abound in every classroom, and who thronged the Hide-A-Way and the other beer parlors in town.

On the first Saturday night of the term, at a Willard Straight Hall open house for freshmen, Joel picked out a compact little brunette with a sprightly manner and gamin hairdo and asked her to dance. As they walked out onto the floor, she announced pertly, "Felice here."

"Joel."

"What's your major?"

"Chem, organic," he answered casually—but with a swell of pride.

"I knew it—you look so *seer*ious. Cooh, cho, chaw," she recited in his ear as they began to dance.

At first he thought it was some kind of sexual pig Latin, and excitedly he pressed her closer. Immediately she stiffened and drew back, giving him a piquant, prim-mouthed look. "Cooh, cho, chaw," she said reproachfully, and it dawned on him that she was phonetically transcribing organic chemical suffixes: -COOH, -CHO, -CH_2OH. A moment later another boy cut in on him, and as Joel was departing for the sidelines he heard her say, "Felice here," and, "What's your major?"

The next girl he picked out said to him straight off, as if in collusion with Felice, "You must have a very high IQ, you look so serious." This appraisal, variously phrased, had been made of him for as long as he could remember. His old piano teacher, a zany, zinc-haired woman, used to hiss at him, "*Molto doloroso*," shaking her hand like an Italian street vendor.

"I'm not all *that* serious," he said, stepping inadvertently on one of her feet. "It's just that my face in repose has a naturally melancholy cast."

The girl studied him, pursing her lips. "I see you have one of those deadpan senses of humor."

"A girl in high school once told me, 'Never try to be funny. You don't have the light touch.'"

"She was quite right."

They completed the dance in silence, the girl holding him stiffly at arm's length, head turned slightly to one side. Joel had the sensation of steering a supermarket cart around the floor.

When the music stopped, the girl said immediately, "Thank you ever so much," and departed for the far end of the hall.

He danced with two more girls, asked the last one for a date the following weekend, and was told, "I'm booked solidly right straight through Columbus Day." He left the dance and headed back to the dorm.

That night he dreamed he was a chemist working for a midtown Manhattan firm at a salary of $1,000 a month. His time was very flexible, and around three in the afternoon, having completed a crucial stage of his current project, he removed his white lab coat and took a taxi to a Park Avenue address. He had no idea where the address had come from, but in the vestibule was his nameplate

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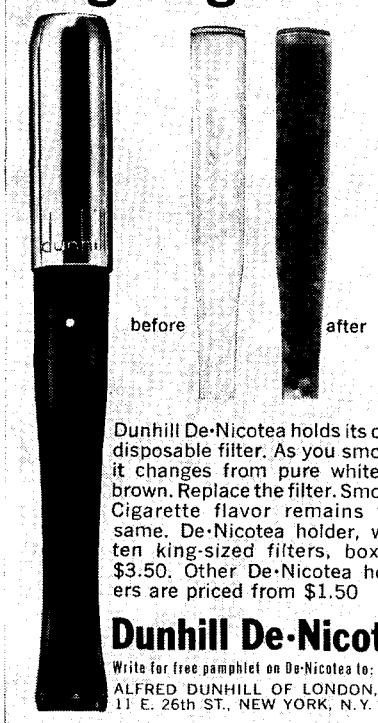

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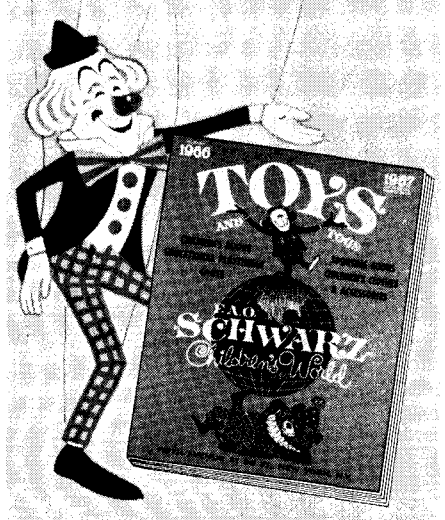

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and apartment number—silver lettering on an ebony background. He took the elevator to the third floor, let himself into the apartment with a suddenly existent key, and found a girl he recognized as Felice sitting leisurely before the fireplace. She was older and more worldly-looking, quite beautiful, actually, in a simple black shift and pearl choker, one sleek leg crossed elegantly over the other, top foot swaying lightly. On the table beside her was a tall highball glass in a silvered coaster. "Cooh, cho, chaw," she said by way of greeting. "You're early. We have unexpected company," she added with an indolent and oddly sardonic smile, motioning her head toward a blue-paneled door. Joel crossed the room, his heart unaccountably pounding. Cautiously opening the door a crack, he heard the metronomic grinding noise—*G-chung, G-chung, G-chung*—even before he saw the massive gray bomb rocking slowly but ominously before its scaffolding of clocklike gauges. As he watched, transfixed, a thick cloud of steam, like dry-ice smoke, issued from invisible fissures and enveloped the monster like a shroud. Behind him he heard Felice say, "Don't look so serious," and when he turned, stricken, to face her, the small, once-prim mouth was stretched in a wild, demonic grin. "*That's your major!*" she cried, in a voice strident with derision. His stomach gave a violent lurch, and he came joltingly awake.

There was another girl. He had seen her several times coming out of the Hydrogenation Room, a strawberry blonde with a harried, popeyed appearance, wearing tennis shoes and a stained white lab coat too long for her.

"Do you manage that thing by yourself?" Joel asked her one day.

"*Wot?*"

He looked at her, startled, wondering if she was hard of hearing. He said loudly, "I said do you manage ——"

She banged her right ear with the heel of her palm. "A little louder, please. Was your question do I manage that baby by myself?"

"Yes," Joel said, beginning to suspect that a bizarre humor was at work.

"Yes."

"Is it very difficult?"

"To the extent that IQ's of 140 on up are required, yes."

Joel involuntarily found himself sniffing.

"I'm odoriferous. Comes from working with amino compounds. They work into the pores and take their own sweet time diffusing. It is not—I repeat, not—a matter of personal hygiene."

"I wasn't sug ——"

"You're kind of cute, in a lugubrious way. That word is lugubrious."

"You know, your hair is a marvelous color," Joel said, getting excited.

"*Wot?*" The word came out with a harsh Hollywood-Deutschland inflection.

"I've always been sensitive to that particular shade of ——"

"Gotta go. Something perking down the hall. My card," she said, taking one from the pocket of her lab coat and brushing past him with an odd, stiff-gaited walk, trailing the pungent ammonia-like odor.

He read:

Miss Ginger Silk
(Imminent B.S.)
Before you ask
the answer is
NO!

He learned from Mr. Townsend, the graduate assistant in charge of his lab section, that she was nineteen or twenty, a junior, but a precocious junior, advancing at her own speed in organic synthesis, the only undergrad in his memory to be assigned a lab of her own. Her father owned a small company downtown (Silk Chemicals—Industrial Solvents & Reactants), and in the basement of their house on Triphammer Road was a formidably equipped laboratory where Ginger made her own cold cream, aspirin, and mosquito repellent. She had a reputation for eccentricity (or insanity, depending on the observer) and had dated several grads and undergrads in the department, very few of whom had gone back for seconds because of her intrinsic fragrance and the personal-card statement. In practice as well as in print, the answer, from what Mr. Townsend had been able to learn, was invariably NO!

A few days later Joel asked her if she'd show him how to work the hydrogenation machine.

"*Wot?*"

"I'll probably have to use it someday and I'd like to be pre——"

"What class are you?"

"Freshman."

"Wot? I thought you were older. It must be your lugubrious look. That word is lugubrious."

"I heard you," Joel said.

"Access to the Hydrogenation Room is denied lowerclassmen. But if you want to see some really high-class equipment, come over to the house tomorrow—strike that—Friday. Do you have my personal card?"

"Yes."

"The address is on the back. Six to six-thirtyish. Plan on dinner."

"Well, thanks. It's my first invitation."

"I trust you won't go leaping into Cascadilla Gorge out of pure joy. I'll greet you at the door showered, shaved, and reasonably deodorized. Good-bye Broadway, Hello France." And she hurried past him with her mincing, stiff-gaited walk, the fragrant lab coat flapping about her ankles.

"How are you getting along, in general?" Professor Rodman said.

It was Joel's second conference with his adviser. Overhead he could hear the faint, steady throb of the hydrogenation machine, and he wondered if Ginger was at the helm.

"Pretty well, sir. All told."

"Good reports about you from Mr. Townsend. I've also heard you can be found at Willard Straight late afternoons, playing the piano."

"I took lessons when I was younger. Try to keep up with it."

"I played some saxophone at college," Professor Rodman said.

"Really?"

"Partially worked my way through Illinois. I was terrible, gave it up when I entered graduate school. I don't suppose you're old enough to remember a song called *The Blue Room*?"

"Rodgers and Hart—yes! It was one of the first pieces of sheet music I ever played!" Joel's vague initial dislike of Professor Rodman—the narrow prim face and bright watery eyes, the old-fashioned pepper-and-salt suit he always wore—now turned to something like affection.

"I've always felt a strong interrelation between music and chemistry," Professor Rodman said, tilting back in his chair and folding his hands over his vest. "The music of the spheres, so to speak. 'For there is a music wherever there is a harmony, order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.' Do you know that?"

"Not really," Joel said, trying to envision Professor Rodman blowing a chorus of *The Blue Room*.

"Sir Thomas Browne. For 'spheres' one could read 'atoms.'"

Joel's glance shot ceilingward briefly, toward the source of the pulsations. "Do you suppose I'll be doing any hydrogenating in the near future?"

"Not for a while yet. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious."

"Well. No point in detaining you any longer." Professor Rodman fished a silver watch out of his vest pocket. "You'd

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better be getting on to your lab section. Mr. Townsend feels you show distinct promise. I'm sure you'll continue to justify that critique."

That word is critique, Joel thought, smiling to himself. "I'll do my best, sir."

"And, Barron——"

Joel turned at the door. Professor Rodman's intense liquid gaze transfixed him. "Remember, 'thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres'!"

"*Wot?* What are you doing here?" Ginger said, opening the door.

He stared at her in tentative dismay, on guard. "This is Friday. You invi——"

"Come on in. Daddy's not home yet." He followed her through the kitchen and down a steep flight of wooden stairs. Powerful twin spotlights illuminated a massive soapstone counter along the far cellar wall. Dozens of test tubes, beakers, and flasks jutted from wooden pegs. On a shelf over the counter were the familiar reagents: hydrochloric acid, acetone, ethanol, nitric and sulphuric acid, ether. Over a Bunsen burner Ginger had a reaction going in a three-necked flask equipped with condenser, electric stirrer, and dropping funnel. The mixture was boiling vigorously, fueled by a murderous-looking dark-brown liquid dripping slowly from the funnel.

"What's that?"

"A derivative of citronellal. The mosquitoes hereabouts are brutal this time of year. You want a drink?"

"Of what?" Joel said warily, eying the flask.

"Silk juice." Ginger opened a small, squat refrigerator set on a packing crate and took out a box of granulated sugar, a can of pineapple-grapefruit juice, and a glass-stoppered bottle labeled ETHANOL. She proceeded to mix the ingredients in two beakers.

Alarmed, Joel said, "If that's lab ethanol, there'll be impurities. You can go blind!"

"I've distilled it, stupid. Here." She handed him one of the beakers and clicked hers to it. "Bombs away."

Joel sniffed and took a tentative sip.

"Well?"

"A bit raw."

"You have to get acclimated." She took a long swig of hers, regarding him steadily with her bright, slightly protuberant eyes. "Give us a kiss."

Joel set his beaker down, got both arms around her waist, bear-hug fashion, and went for her mouth. In the glare of the spotlights with the fragrant citronellal derivative bubbling beside them, he felt quite giddy. Abruptly she turned her face away, breathing heavily. "Naughty."

Passive, she let Joel draw her closer. His heart was pounding violently. Mr. Townsend must have been wrong. He searched for her mouth again. "What in the world are you *doing?*" Ginger rested her beaker on top of his head. "If it's all the same, I really prefer to sit this one out, thank you."

A door slammed upstairs, and footsteps clomped over their heads. She pushed him away. "Daddy's home. Drink down and we'll go up."

With a shaky hand, Joel got down most of his drink; it hit his stomach like chilled acid, and he came up wheezing. "Will that take care of itself?" he gasped, indicating the bubbling three-necked flask.

"Natch. Got two more hours to go."

Mr. Silk was a small, round man with delicate, elfin ears and Ginger's eyes.

"Daddy, this is Joel Barron."

"One of the Syracuse Barrons?"

"No, sir, Barrington. Eastern part of the state."

"Your people founded the town?"

"Uh—no. There's no connection that I know of."

They shook hands. Joel's stomach kicked up some of the ethanol-fruit-juice mixture, burning his gullet and generating an audible gurgling sound.

"Ginger, I told you I don't want you mixing any more of that stuff. Get the boy a glass of milk."

"*Wot?*"

Joel was beginning to feel dizzy. "I'm perfectly all right, sir."

"You can scarcely be the judge of

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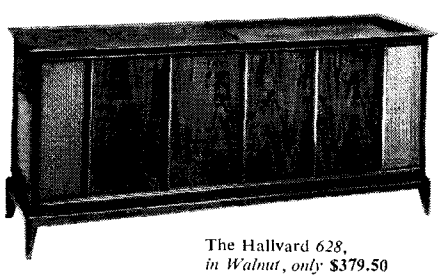

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that. The concoction's potentially lethal, depending on the number and efficiency of the distillations she performed."

"I've drunk dozens and never felt a twinge," Ginger stated sulkily.

"Dir-nuh." A middle-aged woman in a flowered dress poked her head around the archway.

"Do you want to wash up, Harold?" Mr. Silk said.

"Joel, Daddy."

"Perhaps I'd better," Joel said, feeling decidedly queasy now.

"Muriel," Mr. Silk said to the woman, "direct our young guest to the lavatory."

Joel washed up, and seconds later threw up. Feeling cleansed and oddly invigorated, he joined Ginger and her father at the dining-room table. There were roast beef and small brown potatoes and a large steaming bowl of succotash, the last affording him a renewed twinge of unease.

"So you want . . . be 'emist, Joseph," Mr. Silk said, his mouth full. He had begun to eat at an alarming rate. "Your father . . . izness?"

"He's not living," Joel said. "He was a chemical engineer, I think."

"Agh . . ." Mr. Silk came up for air, helping himself to more succotash. "Hawready—hereditary influence. I began twenty-four years ago fresh out of Colgate—one-story shack in East Syracuse. . . ." He went on to trace the growth of Silk Chemicals from its humble origin to the present downtown two-story brick edifice. ". . . ice of reef?"

"Excuse me?"

"Another slice of roast beef," Ginger interpreted.

"No, thank you," Joel said, thinking that if he suddenly blurted, "Cooh, cho, chaw," Mr. Silk would understand perfectly.

"Hindustan—how d'you stand in the draft?"

"I have a physical coming up. But I understand they're deferring most chem and physics majors and engineers with decent marks."

Mr. Silk forked in an oven-browned potato and chewed furiously. "Witches ash chubby."

"Excuse me?"

Mr. Silk masticated for several moments more, swallowed, grimaced, ducked his head, swallowed again. "Which is as it should be. If all goes well, who knows—perhaps four years hence, armed with your degree, you'll come to me for a job. And if there's an opening for which you're qualified, Harold, I'd be delighted to start you on your way."

"Thanks. I'll keep it in mind. I'd feel a lot more confident about the future if Ginger would show me how to work the hydrogenation machine."

"It's his nemesis," Ginger said, preoccupied.

"That word is nemesis," Joel added.

Throughout the conversation Ginger had been strangely quiet, her head inclined from time to time in a listening attitude. Now she abruptly pushed back her chair, said, "Good-bye Broadway," to no one in particular, and bolted from the room. The clatter of her heels on the basement stairs mingled with peculiar hissing and gurgling noises which grew ominously in volume and all at once culminated in a reverberating thunderclap.

Joel started from his chair.

"Aliphatic aldehydes," said Mr. Silk placidly, swabbing gravy with a chunk of pumpernickel. "Perfectly harmless."

Muriel, presumably stone deaf, began clearing some of the dishes.

A few moments later Ginger reappeared in the dining-room archway, disconsolate and smelling powerfully of mosquito repellent. "The whole batch shot to hell." She sat down and picked glumly at the remains of her food. The reverberation still echoed in Joel's ears.

"I'll assume you—"Mr. Silk belched resonantly—"distilled your methyl bromide before alkylating."

Ginger sullenly shook her head.

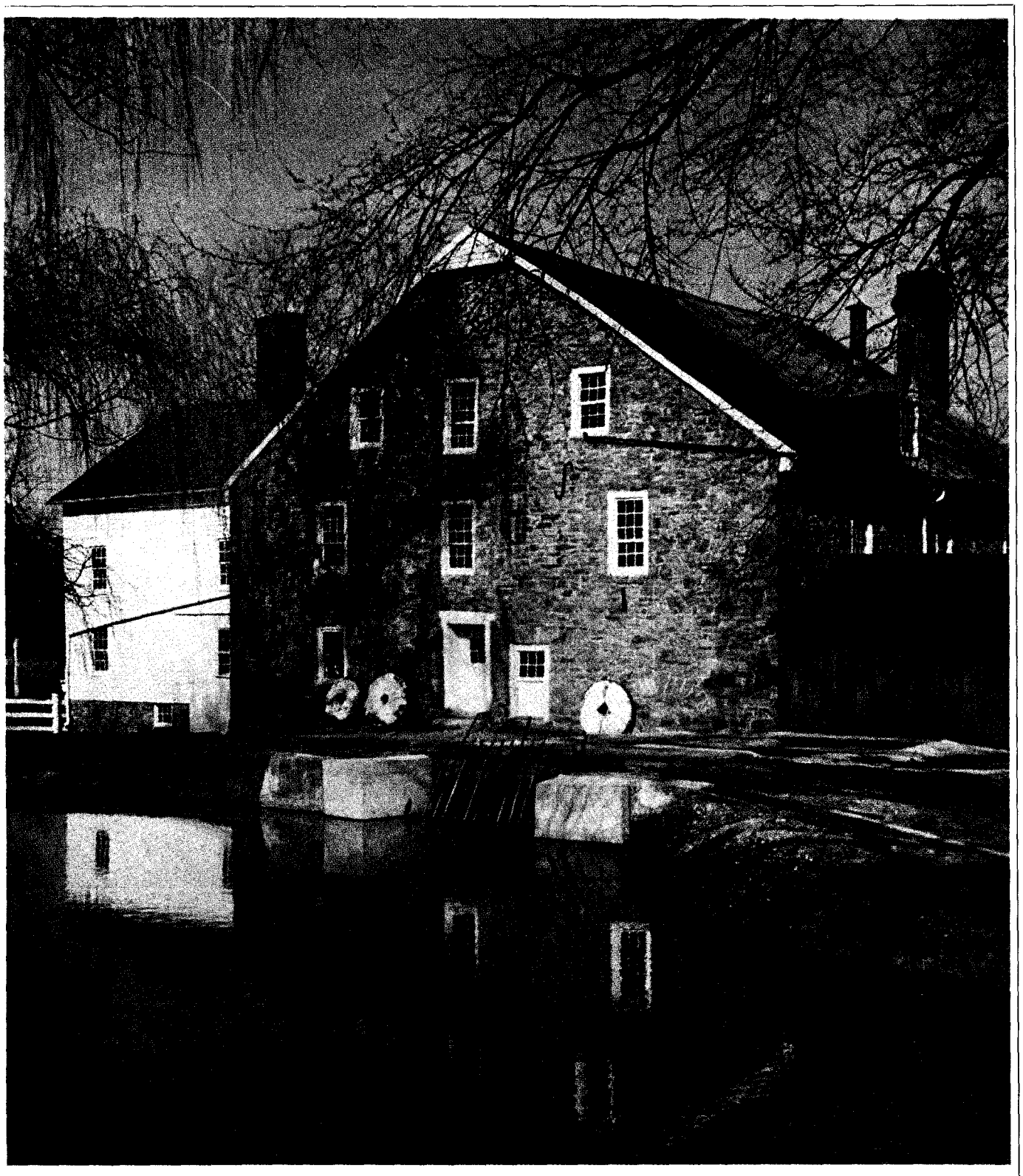
"Ah."

An uneasy aromatic silence fell over the table. Mr. Silk extricated a fat cigar from his vest pocket. "Do you play chess, Harold?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, but the name——"

"I suggest we play a game or two. Ginger has some cleaning up to do downstairs"—and some showering and deodorizing, Joel hoped—"after which, as is her custom when things don't go her way, she'll undoubtedly remain incommunicado for the remainder of the evening."

Joel played three games with Mr. Silk and was easily checkmated twice; the middle game Mr. Silk graciously called a draw when Muriel jolted the board while serving coffee. "Have a Muriel," Mr. Silk said at this juncture, offering Joel a cigar. Muriel went, "Huh, huh, huh," grimacing mirthlessly.



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FAR ABOVE CAYUGA'S WATERS—

At quarter past ten Joel thanked Mr. Silk and, pleading a morning physics quiz, excused himself. Ginger was nowhere in sight, and he had begun to feel a trifle queasy again.

He met Ginger frequently in the corridors of Baker Lab. Seeing him approach, her eyes would bug, she'd say something insane like, "Don't breathe, I've just come from the hydrogen-sulfide room," or, "Gotta dash, the FBI's closing in," and then scoot past him with her stiff, mincing little steps, fists tightly clenched against her chest. Often, perversely, she called him "Harold." In her matronly afternoon-tea voice: "Why, good day, Harold," and once, "Good-bye Broadway, hel-lo Harold." He looked forward to these daily encounters; in an odd way they sustained him—he had made few friends—and he suspected that beneath the goofy demeanor and insane remarks lay something very kindred to him. He asked her out several times, but she pleaded previous engagements or the press of work, such as a drastic new approach to the synthesis of the troublesome citronellal derivative. But she did invite him again to dinner with Daddy and her the following Saturday.

On Friday—later he was to think of that Friday as a truly momentous day of his life in terms of future anxieties, hazards, and fears—he finished his afternoon lab session and went upstairs to ask Ginger if she'd like to have a beer with him at the Hide-A-Way. The door of her lab was open; a reaction mixture, unattended, bubbled furiously in a 5,000-cc flask. Thirty feet down the corridor he could hear the steady throbbing vibrations, and, as if drawn by some polar source of energy, a magnetic tether reeling him in, he moved toward the frosted-glass door emblazoned HYDROGENATION—KEEP OUT, and warily knocked. No answer; probably she couldn't hear over the clangor of the rocking apparatus. Cautiously, his blood pounding with the vibrations, he eased open the door.

G-chung, G-chung . . .

"Ginger . . ."

"Aaakkk!" She whirled in the long white lab coat and glared at him with startled eyes. "What do you mean by creeping up on me like that?"

"I knocked, but you——"

"Lowerclassmen are rigidly denied admittance. I thought I explained that *in toto*." She was speaking quite loudly to be heard over the reverberations.

"I merely wanted to ask if——"

"Come on in."

He walked gingerly around the massive rocking cylinder. The needles on all the gauges were way off zero, hanging on the high numbers with slight quivering motions, one or two fluctuating freely, ominously.

"You couldn't have arrived more opportunely. I want you to watch this baby for two minutes while I check things out down the hall."

"Ginger, I'd actually just as soon not ——"

"It's a piece of pie. All you gotta do is keep your eye on this one gauge. If she goes above the halfway mark, ease this valve to the left till she drops back down. Like so." Ginger eased the valve, and the gauge indicator moved in synchronization; she brought the system back to normal. "If worse goes to bad, turn this shutoff valve to the left. I'll leave the door open. A piece of pie."

"Listen, if it's all the same, I really——"

"It's your big chance," Ginger said, and scooted out the door, lab coat flapping.

He stood, rooted, lightly inhaling the thick, sweetish odor in the room.

G-chung, G-chung. . .

Eyes fixed like lodestones on the one gauge.

Minutes passed.

Sweating freely but maintaining calm—*a piece of pie; everything is going to be all right*—his lifeblood pumping steadily to the rocking monster's tempo.

Needle slipping infinitesimally over the halfway mark—his eyes refusing to believe this, belatedly registering the movement.

Better slow this baby down to a walk, he told himself numbly.

With a rigid and icy hand he turned—*easy, ease was her word*—eased the valve to the left. The needle sank almost to zero, then darted in a 180-degree sweep to the far end of the gauge and hung there, quivering.

Ginger!

Something amiss. The needles on the other gauges came alive, oscillating like blades of grass in a high wind.

He stuck his head into the corridor and screamed, "Ginger!"

G-chung, G-chung, ungungung . . .

Something dead wrong—Big Bertha picking up tempo.

If worse goes to bad. . . From the battery of valves he chose the one he was sure she had said was the shutoff and turned it sharply to the left, his breath simultaneously issuing from his mouth in a whoosh, as if he had been struck high in the stomach.

G-chungungungungungung . .

The rocking apparatus doubled its efforts, the grinding noise rising in volume and pitch, gauge needles revolving like doll's eyes out of whack.

He stood stock-still, mesmerized, out of commission.

"What in the name of God are you doing?" Ashen-faced, Professor Rodman gave him a shove that sent him reeling almost into the concrete wall, and began turning valves with both hands. The bomb abruptly slowed and rocked to a gentle stop; the gauge needles all placidly dropped to zero.

Professor Rodman slumped against the wall, mopping his face. "Another minute or two and you would have blown this room and possibly yourself to kingdom come."

Joel turned wordlessly and walked like a somnambulant out the door, down three flights of stairs into harsh sunlight, an unseeing zombie crossing campus between faceless co-eds and nebulous-shaped elms, past Willard Straight Hall and down the gentle slope of Central Avenue.

At the Hide-A-Way he phoned the Baker Lab office shared by graduate assistants and asked if Ginger Silk could be summoned. Emergency. He suggested she might be found in or about the Hydrogenation Room.

It took about five minutes.

"Yes, Harold."

"It's me."

"I know you'll be happy to hear that Professor Rodman is currently sporting a head of distinguished silver-white hair."

"You told me it would be a piece of pie."

"Other faculty members' heads purportedly turned a comparable shade of white when the news became known. That word is purportedly."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Look alive, Marvin! Customer coming!"

"That was no piece of pie, Ginger. Didn't you hear me yell for you?"

"No. Fortunately, Professor Rodman did. I did hear something about that time but I thought it was the five-o'clock whistle."

"Would you mind joining me here? I'm still feeling a bit rocky."

"Where, pray tell, is here?"

"The Hide-A-Way."

"Don't move," she said and hung up.

He was on his third beer when she breezed in, bringing with her the sweet perfume of unsaturated esters.

"Silk juice over," she said to the bartender, slipping onto the stool next to him.

The bartender waited, stoical, forbearing, long inured to campus clowns.

"C_2H_5OH, grapefruit-pineapple mix, and a dollop of $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$. Granulated," Ginger said.

"Vodka, fruit juice, and sugar," Joel interpreted. "And another beer."

Now the bartender roused himself.

"Did you turn that valve I mentioned to the left?" Ginger said.

"Yes! When the gauge went over the halfway mark just as you ——"

"You must have turned it with a Stillson wrench."

Joel thought back to the moment and deemed it possible. "A girl once told me I don't have the light touch."

"I warned you a minimum IQ of 140 was required." Ginger seized the drink set in front of her and swigged it down like a truck driver.

"It was a premature confrontation. You had no business sticking me in there without showing me the ropes."

"Premature confrontation," Ginger repeated, smiling, pleased. She pushed her empty glass over the bar. "Another Silk juice please, barkeep."

"And a draft." The light of late fall afternoon was fading from the room, and with it the vestige of his panic. It was serene and easeful now. But in another half hour the bar would be filled with the chugalug drinkers and two-part harmonizers. "Do you picture a future for me," Joel said musingly, "in some other field?"

"There is nothing to fear but fear, Harold," Ginger said, raising her fresh drink.

Joel looked at his friend with ardor and deepening affection. They were going to get loaded together, and already Miss Silk, imminent B.S., was growing manifestly beautiful. He wondered if her lunacy were in some way calculated—part of a private ritual compensating for fears of her own (anxiety stemming from competition in a man's world? some form of sexual apprehension?). Perhaps one day—even today—he'd find out. In the interim he had his own anxieties to confront—with, he hoped, the aid of kindred spirits now and then along the way. At the moment he had no idea whether he'd stay in chemistry, but in some vague, as yet undetermined way, he felt that the threads of his life would always radiate from the concrete-walled Hydrogenation Room on the third floor of Baker Lab. Thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres.

"Am I still invited to dinner tomorrow?"

"Of course, Harold," Ginger said. She began banging the flat of her hand on the bar. "Another Silk juice please, barkeep. Barkeep! . . . And a touch harder, if you will, on the C_2H_5OH." □

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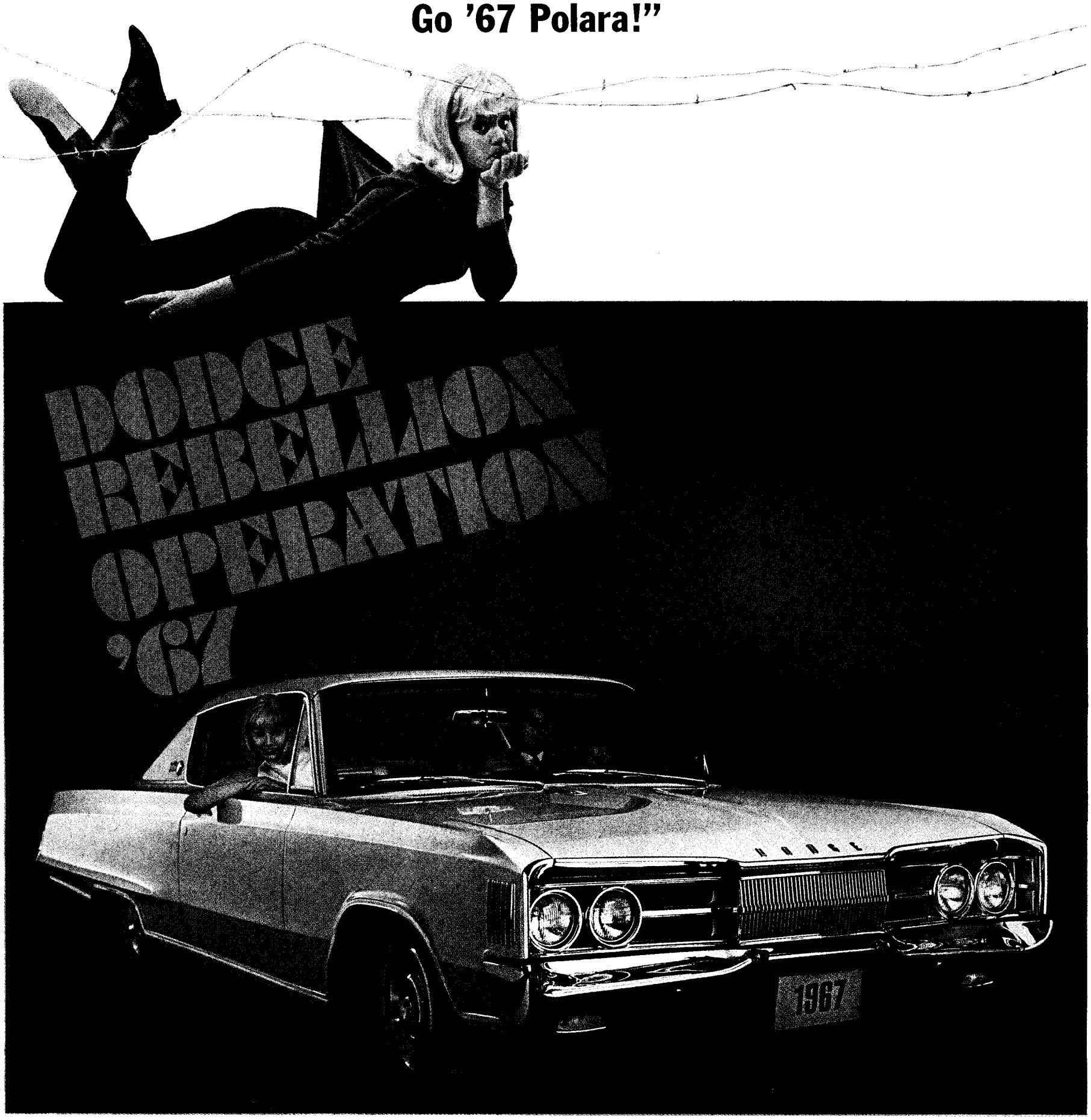

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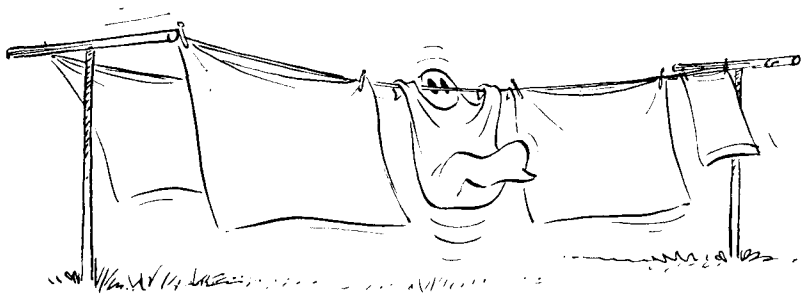

Post scripts

"But, Edward! We live here!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Benson, but it's not even good *counterfeit."*

"It can't be a very old one."

"Drop the rock!"

"... and of course you all remember Lionel Tunstall, the chap voted most likely to succeed. Well, Lionel didn't make it, but let's give him a big hand anyway—he's the waiter with the moustache."

"Your tests indicate that you're already in the right line of work!"

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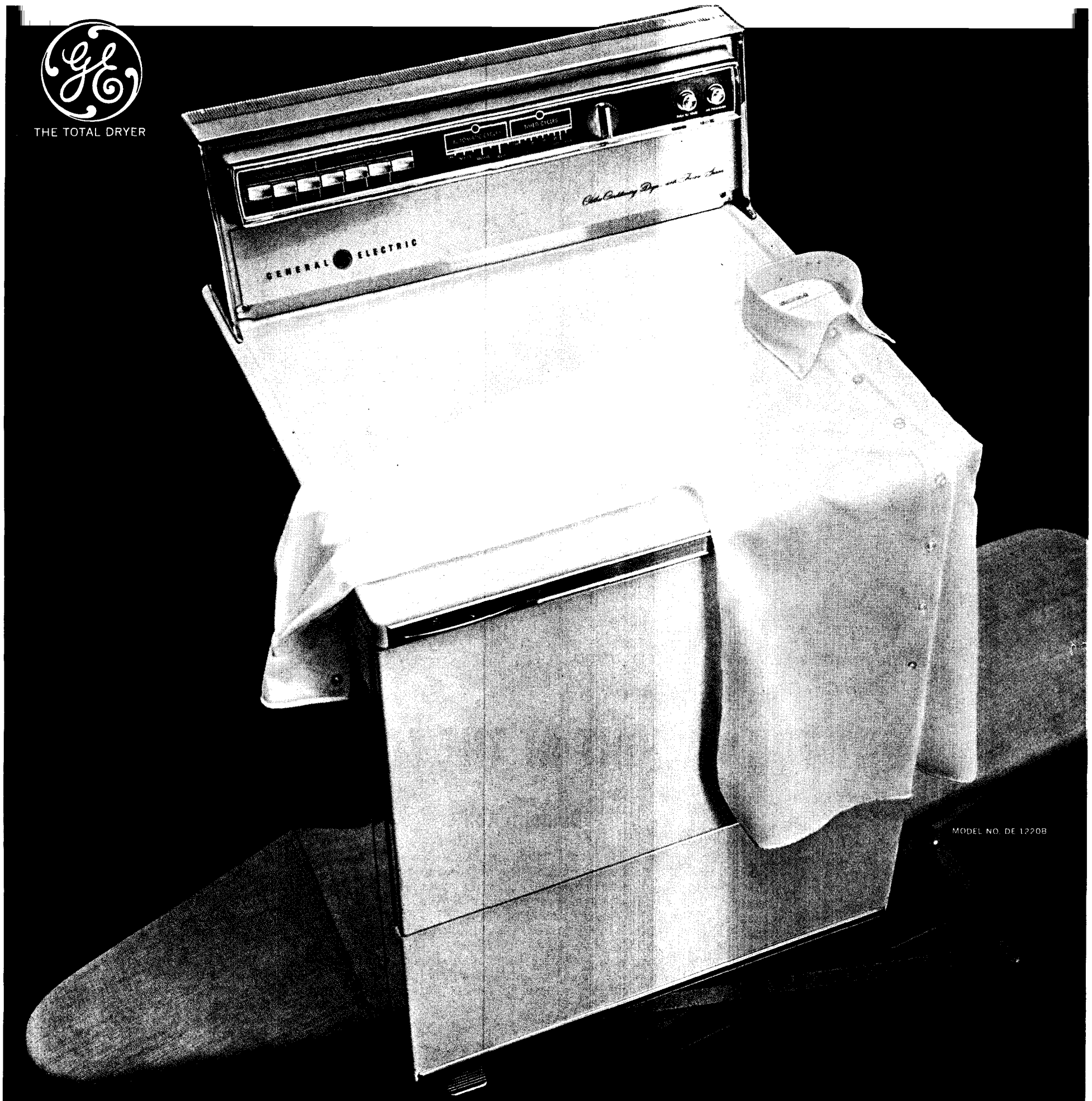
THE TOTAL DRYER



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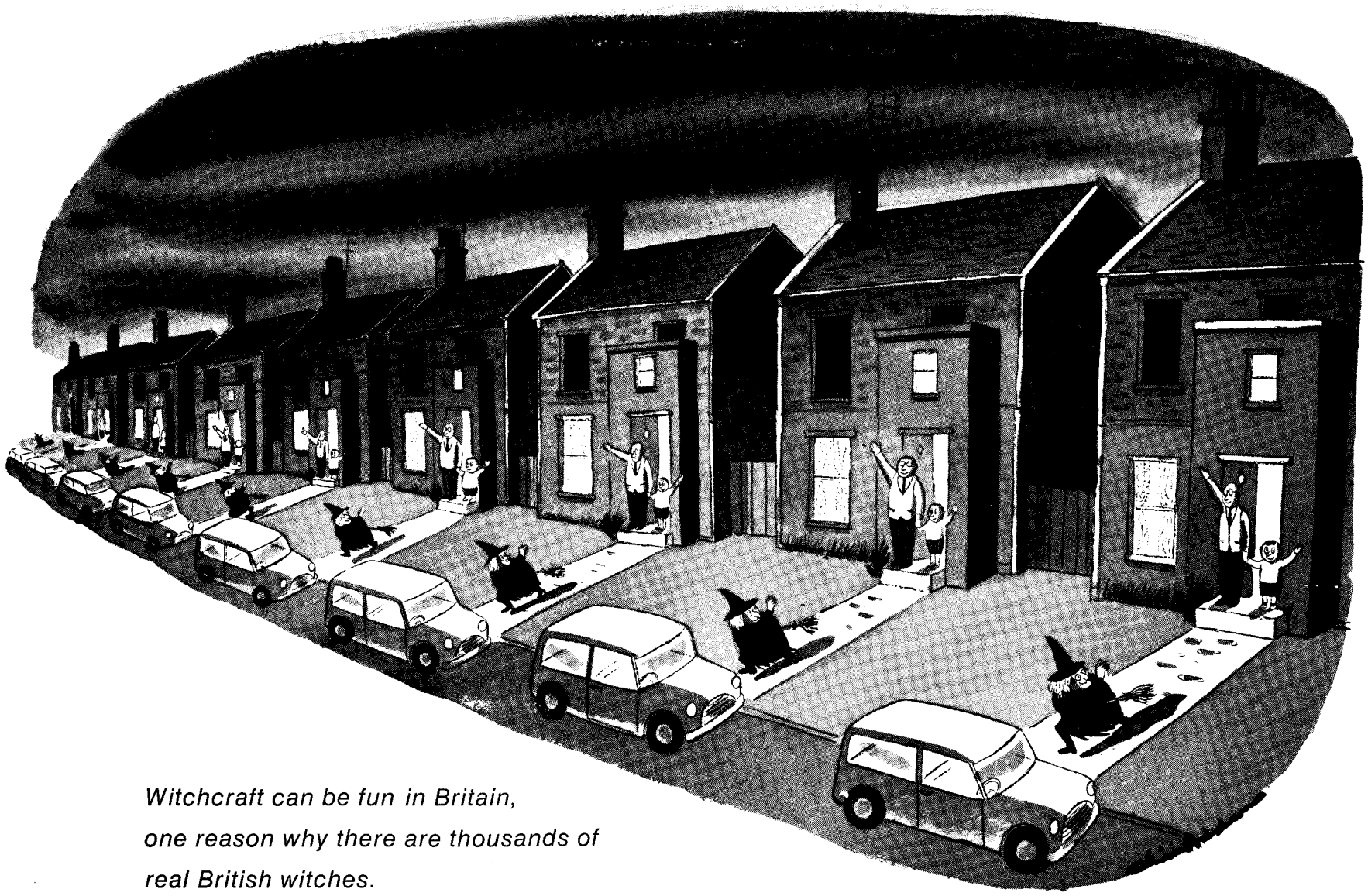

Witchcraft can be fun in Britain,
one reason why there are thousands of
real British witches.

OUT FOR A NIGHT AT THE LOCAL CALDRON

By John Kobler

To her neighbors Mrs. Eunice Jenkins (as we will call her, to avoid alarming them) is a plump, cheerful London housewife who exemplifies middle-class, middle-aged British decorum. But at the approach of Halloween, she prepares to perform some of the most bizarre pagan rites to have survived into the 20th century. Mrs. Jenkins professes to practice witchcraft, and Allhallows Eve is one of the eight annual Sabbats, or festivals, celebrated by witches.

Wafting a good-night kiss to her husband, a bank clerk who views her pursuit with tolerant amusement, Mrs. Jenkins squeezes behind the wheel of their station wagon and heads out of London. Twenty miles north, in a forest clearing, she pulls up to a small, vine-smothered cottage. Inside, other witches and warlocks (male witches) stand expectantly around a blazing caldron. Mrs. Jenkins brings their number to 13, constituting the traditional witch coven. By seniority, force of personality or general acclaim, one of them presides as High Priestess. Predominantly white-collar workers and housewives, Smiths and Joneses in humdrum daily life, they emerge on Sabbat nights under romantic pseudonyms like "Thelema," "Tudor Keryx," "Ariel" and "Taliesin," to dance stark naked around a caldron, shrieking "EE-O-EVO-EE BLESSED BE!" and invoking "The Mighty One."

The ceremony begins toward midnight. Mrs. Jenkins and her brethren strip to the buff because, they contend, clothes inhibit the occult powers which purportedly reside in every true witch. They prefer to convene out of doors, and to keep warm on a chilly night they anoint their bodies with oils.

Wielding an athamé (magic knife), the High Priestess inscribes a circle nine feet in diameter, intended to confine and concentrate the celebrants' power. Everyone enters the circle, chanting an invocation: "Listen to the words of the Great Mother, who was of old called among men Artemis, Astarte, Dione, Melusine, Aphrodite, Cerridwen, Arianrod, Bride, and by many other names." A good deal of the litany that follows is unintelligible even to initiates, as for example,

Bagabi lacha bachabe
Lamac cahi achababe
Karrellyos.

The climax of every Sabbat, which aims, in the words of a prominent warlock, "to inflame the self to the highest might of frenzy," is a running, whirling, leaping, dizzying dance. To excite their senses, the worshipers may add aromatic herbs to the oils on their bodies, burn pungent incense, eat hallucinatory mushrooms or flagellate each other.

It is dawn by the time Mrs. Jenkins tumbles into bed beside her indulgent husband, as physically and emotionally spent as a Mayfair matron after a night of frugging in a discothèque.

From the moors of Scotland to the Sussex downs, in flame-lit groves and city parlors, a revival of witchcraft is in full swing throughout Britain. It is claimed that as many as 8,000 souls accept it as a religion, embracing a gallimaufry of primitive fertility worship, pantheism, spiritualism and belief in reincarnation. Their chief divinities are the phallic "Horned God" and the fecund "Moon Goddess," and many of their rites symbolize the union of male and female principals. A variety of chants, charms and frenzied dances is prescribed to release supernatural forces. What the cult calls "raising the cone of power"—that is, calling up the collective occult power of the coven—may be directed toward some specific practical aim, such as healing the sick, confounding an enemy or helping a friend get rich.

Despite the cultists' insistence that they condone only White Magic—magic for good—the popular mind associates them with Black Magic and Satanism. Nearly all but the soberest newspapers, numerous clergymen and quite a few police officers have helped to propagate this notion. They find evidence to support their views in the epidemic of vandalism and desecration of churches, more than 200 instances in 1964, which has accompanied the witchcraft renaissance.

Not long ago, on a tombstone outside St. Clement's Church, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, a person or persons unknown deposited a sheep's heart stuck with 13 thorns. "The traditional Black Magic death curse," noted the *TV Times*. Playing amid the ruins of a 10th-century church in the Bedfordshire village of Clophill, small boys found human bones arranged to form a closed cross. It developed that the bones had been disinterred from the church graveyard, and the Rev. Leslie Barker declared that "it certainly looks as if a Black Mass was held there." The Black Mass is a travesty of the Holy Eucharist perpetrated to win Satan's favor. As Lammas Day (August 1), another witch Sabbat, drew near, the vicars of Chichester locked their churches after dark. "This is

Illustrations by CHARLES ADDAMS

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a time of great danger," explained the Rev. Gerald Groves. "We don't want them practicing evil rites at the altar." In St. Giles Church, London, following the theft of some holy water and consecrated bread, the Rev. John Nicholls performed one of the rarest rites in the Anglican canon—he rehallowed the altar.

In no case were the culprits identified. Nothing proves they were Satanists. They could have been hoodlums, crackpots or just people with a peculiar sense of fun. The Secretary to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of England and Wales, a monsignor named, as chance would have it, Derek Worlock, says: "I don't deny the reality of diabolical power. I believe in the Devil and the possibility of invoking his aid. But I don't believe any of this is the real thing."

Monsignor Worlock recalls from his own parish experience three addle-brained girls who were lured by pretended witches into joining orgiastic clubs. "Although those who indulge in these matters knowingly and freely may fall victim to the snares of Satan," he declares, "a remedy is more likely to come from police action than from exorcism. Nowadays the so-called occult is for the most part a cloak for immorality and crime."

Exposés of Black Magic nevertheless remain a staple of the British press. Among the authorities the writers cite as confirmation that the evil abounds is ex-Superintendent Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard, who wrote in his memoirs 12 years ago, "There is more Satan-worship today than ever since the Dark Ages," and went on to give hair-raising, though thinly documented examples. A girl disappeared from home for months, "hypnotized" and "enslaved" by a Black Magic circle. When she returned, he wrote, "her own pet dog ran howling in fear from her. It took two years to restore her mind. There was no prosecution, because there was no evidence. The girl had been 'willed' to forget how it had happened." Fabian recalled the "Temple of Satanism" in London with its African fertility idol "rubbed to a high polish by the ecstatic bare flesh of worshipers." And the votaries of Pan who dedicate young boys and girls to the nature god in a ritual "that is indescribable...."

In 1963 a Tory M.P., John Kerans, rose in Commons to demand laws against witchcraft. "A good deal of it is a cover for sexual orgies and other malpractices," he charged. But the then Home Secretary, Henry Brooke, saw no need for new legislation. The situation, he felt, could be effectively handled under the existing Sexual Offenses Act.

To judge from their public activities, however, Britain's witches are not especially sinister. In London last year a group of them, wishing to raise the standards of their calling, founded the Witchcraft Research Association. It now boasts almost a thousand members, sponsors witch conventions and publishes a quarterly newsletter called *Pentagram* under the editorship of a young public-relations consultant and warlock, Gerard Noel. *Pentagram* wages implacable war against what it considers spurious covens "which have no association with the Craft." In a recent issue the editor warned, "It is known that one such group is organized by thoroughly undesirable people practicing the most horrible sexual and other deviations. Please be extremely careful."

Along with the newsletter, British witchcraft nurtures a diversity of enterprises. Three private museums devoted to the subject, charging a shilling entrance fee, pack in droves of awed tourists. The best-known, the Witches' Mill at Castletown on the Isle of Man, is operated by a French-born Scottish High Priestess, Monique Marie Mauricette Wilson ("Lady Olwen") and her warlock husband, an ex-RAF pilot named Campbell Wilson ("Loic"). Their exhibits include a memorial to a Castletown witch who was burned at the stake in 1619, specimens of witches' broomsticks, love potions, snake-skin garters, wax dolls stuck full of pins, and babies' cauls (on today's witchcraft market a caul in prime condition fetches as much as $14). The Wilsons also run a witches'-advisory bureau, answering dozens of how-to queries a week from inexperienced witches all over the United Kingdom and offering a training course in witchcraft that lasts, depending on the aptitude of the trainee, three months to a year.

British bookstores specializing in occult literature find no dearth of customers for such classic witchcraft manuals as *Magic in Theory and Practice* by the late Satanist, Aleister Crowley, and *The Heavenly Manna of Azoth and Ignas*. In Sussex County, a major source of supply for every kind of eldritch activity, witches can get their athamés, caldrons, anointing unguents and ritual incense from junk shops or from other witches. British psychic periodicals bristle with mail-order ads for "Dragons' Blood" and correspondence courses in White Magic. The classified section of *Fate*, "a new kind of magazine devoted to the unexplained Mysteries of modern times," frequently carries recruiting appeals like this ad: *WITCHCRAFT. Newly formed London coven. Applications invited from interested persons of either sex. All enquiries treated in strict confidence.*

Witchcraft à Go Go: more frenzied than most discothèques.

Witchcraft is older than civilization. It was probably, as its proponents maintain, the first religion. Prehistoric cave paintings and carvings indicate that its basic concept—a nature god incarnate in human or animal form—was familiar to Stone Age man. The Egyptian cult of the dead, the orgiastic Greek Mysteries, Druidism with its sun worship and magic-stone circles, all suggest elements of the same rites.

Throughout Europe, during the first millennium after Christ, witchcraft persisted openly side by side with Christianity. Its votaries considered themselves the true traditionalists, the orthodox religionists. Then, as the Christian Church grew powerful, they were driven underground. Medieval prelates denounced the god incarnate as Satan, and condemned witches as devil worshipers guilty of every conceivable offense against humanity. From the 15th to the 18th century, courts condemned thousands of suspected witches to the gallows, the headsman's block and the stake, though many of the victims had not the slightest connection with witchcraft. In the hands of the Inquisition the label became a weapon to use against anybody considered an enemy of the Church—heretic, atheist, Jew.

The witches' status did not greatly improve during the 18th century's Age of Reason; only the rationale behind the suppression changed. The British Witchcraft Act of 1735 held, in effect, that since no such thing as witchcraft existed, the pretense of magical powers became *ipso facto* a fraud meriting severe punishment. Spiritualist mediums could be prosecuted under that act until Parliament finally repealed it in 1951.

This new legislation has been one of the three main stimuli to the current witchcraft revival in England. Another source of encouragement was Dr. Margaret Alice Murray, an anthropologist who died three years ago at the age of 100. In a series of books she disseminated the theory that witchcraft evolved from a harmless pre-Christian fertility cult. Though many scholars disputed Dr. Murray's arguments, she did help change the public image of witches as hideous, cackling old crones, riding broomsticks, brewing noisome draughts and consorting with Satan. She pictured them instead as earnest, if somewhat *outré*, seekers after eternal verities. Thus, witchcraft became not only legally permissible but also, to sympathetic eyes like Dr. Murray's, spiritually elevating.

Witchcraft's biggest booster, however, was a retired civil servant of Scottish ancestry and a devotee of both magic and nudism. After 36 years in the Far East, Gerald Brousseau Gardner, then in his 50's, returned to England with a wife 30 years his junior. Shortly before World War II he settled in the New Forest, a region near London which is rife with spectral legend. He came to know numerous arcane groups, to whom he would proudly recount how his Scottish ancestress, Grizzel Gairdener, was burned as a witch, and how another witch so charmed his grandfather Joseph that he left his wife to live with her.

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Gardner was especially drawn to a coven presided over by a High Priestess known as "Old Dorothy" Clutterbuck. One member informed him, "I have seen you in a former life," and another added, "You belonged to us in the past. Why don't you come back to us?" He needed no persuasion, and soon after, in the Clutterbuck cottage, he was initiated into the coven. "How wonderful," he declared later, "to think that these things still survive. I found that Old Dorothy and some like her had kept the light shining. It was, I think, the most wonderful night of my life. In true witch fashion we had a dance afterwards, and kept it up until dawn."

Gardner dedicated himself totally to "the Craft." A small, asthmatic man with a pointed beard, he had his body tattooed with snakes, dragons, daggers and other cabalistic insignia. He carried an athamé at his side, wore talismanic rings on every finger, and adopted the Latin coven name of "Scire" ("to know"). He also recruited a bevy of female disciples; many of today's most influential High Priestesses are products of Gardnerian training.

On Lammas Day of 1940, when it seemed nothing could stop Hitler from invading England, Gardner contributed to what Old Dorothy termed "Operation Cone of Power." First she formed a coalition of covens; then, as Gardner later described it, "We were taken at night to a place in the Forest, where the great Circle was erected; and that was done which may not be done except in great emergency. The Great Cone of Power was raised and slowly directed in the general direction of Hitler. The command was given: 'You cannot cross the Sea. YOU CANNOT COME, YOU CANNOT COME.' Just as, we were told, was done to Napoleon when he had his army ready to invade England. And, as was done to the Spanish Armada, mighty forces were used, of which I may not speak. Now to do this means using one's life force; and many of us died a few days after we did this. My asthma, which I had never had since I went out East, came back badly. We repeated the ritual four times; and the Elders said: 'We feel we have stopped him. We must not kill too many of our people. Keep them until we need them.'"

As Gardner's account acknowledges, witches are expected to preserve secrecy, for to expose their rites to profane eyes supposedly weakens the magic. But like many latter-day witches, Gardner loved personal publicity, and in books, articles, lectures and interviews, he left few of its secrets unrevealed. How much of the rites, as he described them, embody authentic old traditions and how much are embellishments spun out of Gardner's feverish fancy is a bafflement. Full-fledged witchhood, according to Gardner, demands three degrees of initiation The postulant, led naked into a 'Magic Circle," is bound and blindfolded by a naked High Priestess, who kneels before him, strikes a bell and kisses him five times. (If the postulant is female, a High Priest officiates.) She then scourges him with a whip or rod, as, at a later stage, she will be scourged by him. She anoints him with oil and wine, administers five more kisses. . . .

In February, 1964, on a holiday cruise ship off the African coast, the old warlock's heart failed as he sat at breakfast reading a book of magic. He was 80. With his departure dissension cleaved the ranks of his followers. The main *casus belli* was the lucrative Witchcraft Museum on the Isle of Man, which he founded and opened to the public in 1950. Under his will the museum, plus almost £22,000 (about $61,000), went to his Scottish disciples, "Lady Olwen" Wilson and her husband "Loic." Other witches once closely associated with him uttered cries of anguish, including his High Priestess, Eleanor Bone ("Artemis"), who hurried to Castletown to lay claim to some of the exhibits. After she withdrew, thwarted, Mrs. Wilson suffered a mild heart attack. Upon recovery she accused the coven of bringing it about through Black Magic. Retorted Mrs. Bone: "We don't wish her any harm, but a curse always comes home. She tried to create mischief in the southern covens last year. Her spells could have rebounded on her."

It was in hopes of halting such internecine skirmishes that Gerard Noel ("Eleusis") launched the Witchcraft Research Association. But hostilities still rage between the older and younger generation witches. The former, insisting upon absolute secrecy, never even admit to witchhood, whereas the latter freely discuss their beliefs and practices in print and over the air waves.

None has striven harder to capture public attention than Mrs. Sybil Leek, self-styled "Chief Witch of the New Forest," a massive figure in purple cape and purple patterned hose, clanking with pounds of talismanic jewelry. By tradition a witch's equipment includes a familiar, or spirit servant, usually in the guise of an animal. Chief Witch Leek has several, among them a jackdaw she calls "Hotfoot Jackson" (because he likes jazz), who perches on her shoulder, nibbling her earrings. Another is Sasha, a boa constrictor. "Snakes," she says, "are the most psychically advanced animals."

Born 44 years ago, Mrs. Leek gives her age as 555 because, she explains, she believes herself to be a reincarnation of a witch who died in 1411. Her powers manifested themselves early. She was seven, attending a country school, when she discovered she could achieve "astral projection," enabling her to be in both arithmetic and English class at the same time. "It confused my teachers no end." An aunt took her to her first Sabbat when she was eight. At 16 she became a witch, first-degree.

Mrs. Leek admits that under extreme provocation she has stuck pins in wax dolls, but she hastens to add, "I far prefer to use my power positively." She claims to have witnessed three Black Masses. Referring to a recent outbreak of church defilements in Sussex, she states, with a straight face, that a brilliant but twisted mathematics professor, "a combination of Goldfinger and Doctor No," was the mastermind responsible. "I dare not disclose his identity."

The headlines she occasionally creates help promote her multifarious enterprises. She writes books, the latest being a biography of Hotfoot Jackson, lectures on the occult in England and America, and conducts TV discussion and game programs in both countries. Occasionally she accompanies a Viennese parapsychologist on worldwide tours, giving demonstrations of extrasensory perception. Last fall she settled in America, and with two American colleagues opened an occult center called "Project Moondial" in an abandoned Boston synagogue. Coffee is dispensed on the first floor and yoga is taught on the second, but the third and top floor is Chief Witch Leek's domain. "For many years in Britain I dreamed of such a center," she recalls. "We shall follow up with another 'Project Moondial' in California. . . ."

Doreen Valiente of Brighton, a strapping woman of middle age whose long hair cascades girlishly down her back, brings to witchcraft a hearty heigh-ho-it's-off-to-work-we-go spirit. "Our meetings are really very jolly," she says. Mrs. Valiente, known to her coven as Filia Panos (daughter of Pan), often peers into a magic black mirror for a glimpse of the future, drawing the curtains by day because "sunlight impairs the mirror's sensitivity, unlike moonlight, which increases it." Her familiar, "Hob," dwells inside a monkey's head carved out of a coconut. "Hob's quite a lad, I can tell you. Chances are if you tried to photograph some phenomenon in here, he'd mess it up and nothing would show. He's an elemental spirit. Like Gerald Gardner's familiar, George. That George! He was always stealing things. A spoon would vanish from the dining room and Gerald would say, 'George has got that spoon. Come on, George, where is it?' And it would turn up in the oddest places."

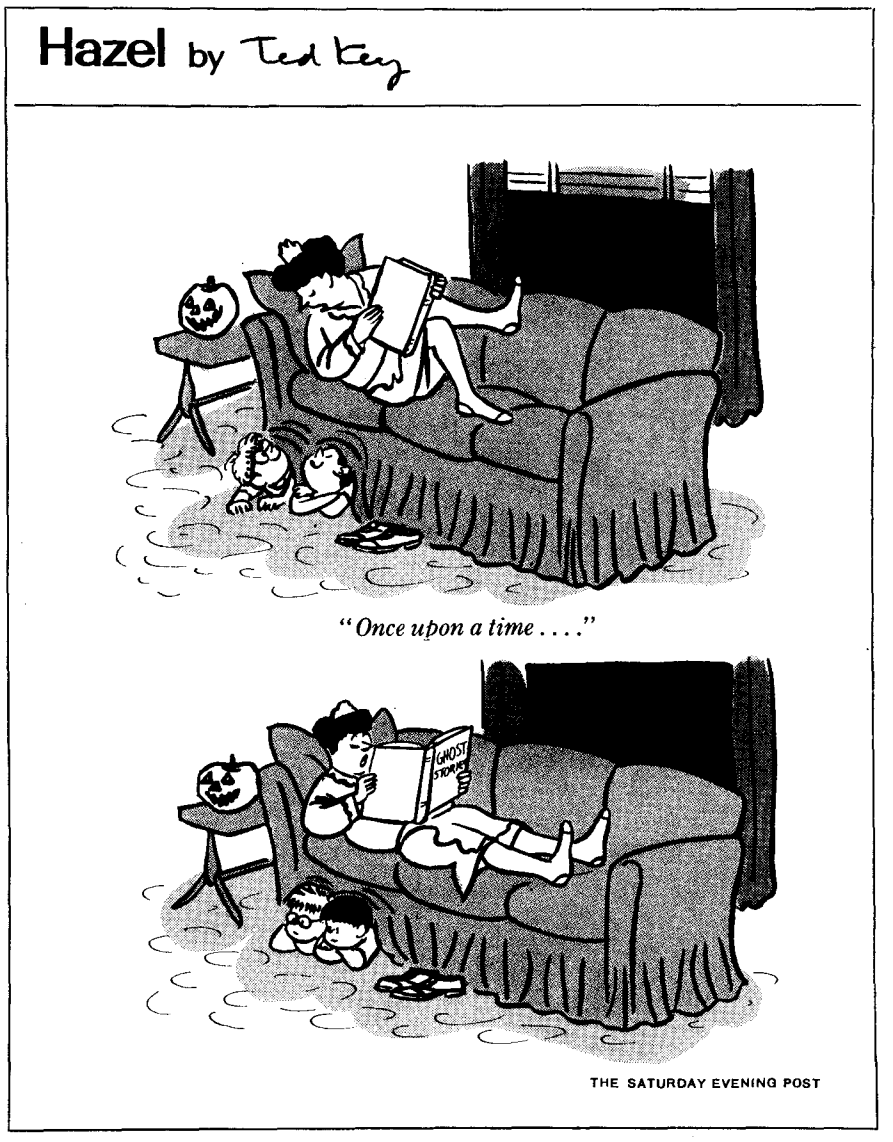
Mrs. Valiente's husband Casimir, a tiny Spanish chef whose head barely comes level with her Junonian bosom, takes no interest whatever in witchcraft, preferring to spend his leisure hours fishing. The door-knocker of their basement flat is a bronze imp holding a skull between its legs, a gift from Gerald Gardner. "Witch balls" of silvered glass hang in every window, charms against the evil eye. Inside, walls and tabletops are covered with imps, pentacles, horned drinking cups, magic fossils, athamés. "Been collecting for years," Mrs. Valiente explains, and observes happily, "There was a time when possession of this lot would have been a hanging matter."

Of the London witches the most widely publicized is Mrs. Bone ("Artemis"), the wife of a sheet-metal worker and manager of a rest home for the aged. She celebrates relatively decorous Sabbats in her living room. But for initiations she repairs to some woody dell far from the city for the full, unclothed ritual.

Artemis says nudity is indispensable to effective witchcraft. "This has given rise to disapproval," she wrote in a recent magazine article, "although it seems obvious to me that people can be just as immoral with their clothes on as with them off."

The wonders that a full-fledged, third-degree witch purports to be able to work are almost limitless. Recently, mists shrouding the Isle of Man threatened to mar a visit by Princess Margaret. "Lady Olwen" responded by rallying her coven for two elaborate, exhausting rites known as "Drawing Down the Moon" and "Cakes and Wine." The mists shortly dispersed.

"Witchcraft isn't all fun," says Lady Olwen. "It's hard work too." □



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With 34 wives, even a king has to cut a few corners.

Big, fast, expensive cars have always been a passion with royalty. But a family man like King Njiiri of Kenya probably doesn't have very much passion to spare.

Or very much money. (Things have been kind of slow lately in the king business.) Which makes him the kind of king that a Volkswagen is really fit for.

The price of a brand new one—$1639*—isn't much higher than the price of a brand new wife. And a VW is a lot cheaper to support.

It goes about 27 miles on a gallon of gas. About 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

A Volkswagen also comes apart very easily. (It only takes about twenty minutes to take off a fender, or 45 minutes to take out the whole engine.) That makes repairing it easy. And quite inexpensive.

But when it's not being taken apart, a VW holds together very nicely. So even though old ones cost a good deal, they're still a good deal.

Especially if you happen to get one that was owned by an elderly king who only used it to go to court.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY,
KING NJIIRI.

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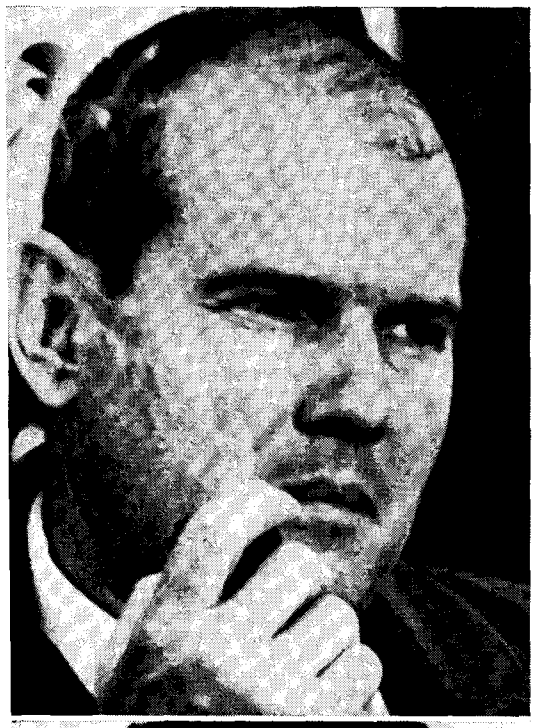

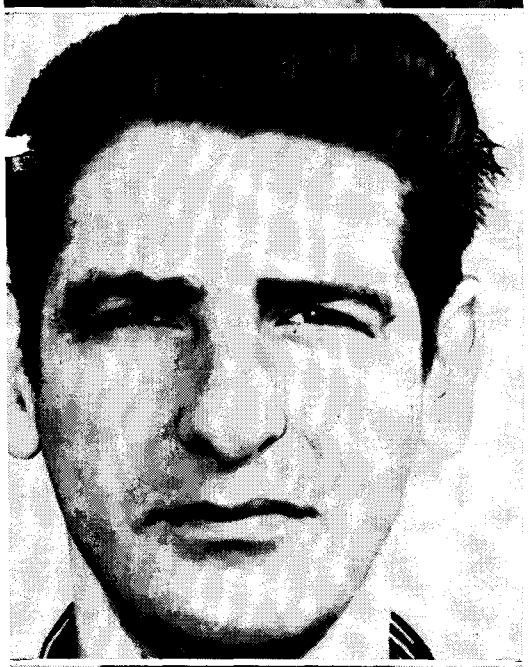

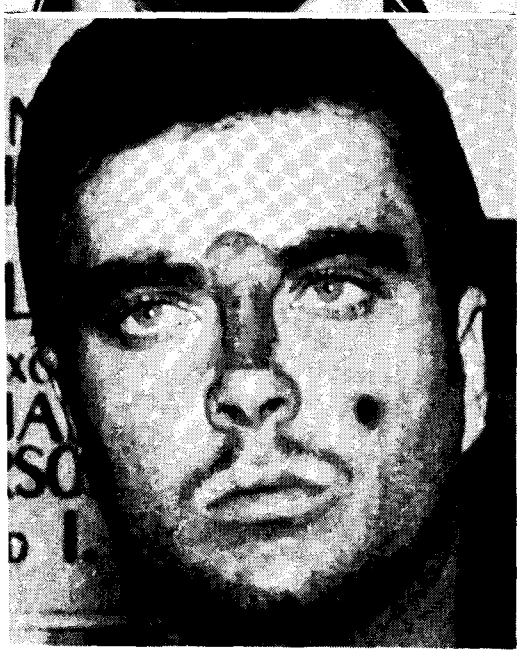

F. LEE BAILEY

RENEGADE IN THE COURTROOM

Luck, talent and a go-go drive have turned a cocky young ex-Marine into a top criminal lawyer whom clients swear by and opponents swear at.

By Edward Linn

When F. Lee Bailey came into the Sam Sheppard case, in November, 1961, he was 28 years old and "by the bar," as they say in legal circles, five days less than one year. The case was supposed to be so dead by then that Bailey's brother attorneys (who can always be counted upon to think the worst of each other) would sidle up to him and say, "Boy, you must be getting *some* whopping fee because you know as well as I do that this thing is hopeless."

"I'll tell you something," Bailey would say. "I haven't got a quarter yet, but I intend to walk this guy out. Come around to see me in about ten years and if you can't afford a cup of coffee I'll buy you one."

"Once it was a winner," says Bailey, whose admiration for his colleagues is restrained, "we were besieged by letters and calls from those who wanted to be associate counsels in the retrial."

By then, Lee Bailey could have sent each applicant a whole urn of coffee. Having tipped over the Sheppard conviction and having won a landmark ruling on Trial by Press, Bailey had staked out his position as the hottest young criminal lawyer since 1953, when Edward Bennett Williams emerged, full-grown, upon the scene. Within a month after the Supreme Court made the final ruling on the Sheppard trial, Bailey had turned over two other murder convictions in the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court, bringing his total Massachusetts murder reversals to five.

He now has cases in 17 states, including just about every possible Trial-by-Press appeal. He has the appeal of T. Eugene Thompson, the Minneapolis criminal lawyer who was convicted of hiring a killer to dispose of his wife after insuring her for a million dollars. There is Charles Schmid Jr., better known as the Pied Piper of Tucson, who is appealing the conviction of murdering two teen-age girls and still has one more murder indictment hanging over him. There is Dr. Carl Coppolino, who has been indicted in New Jersey for strangling a male neighbor and indicted in Florida for murdering his own wife with a disappearing poison.

From top, Sam Sheppard, Albert DeSalvo (who says he is the Boston Strangler) and Charles Schmid Jr. are among the illustrious murder suspects on Lee Bailey's client list.

Bailey, a stocky five-foot-nine, with square shoulders, a barrel chest and no more neck than is absolutely essential, comes from Boston, where criminal lawyers lead a full and active life. That city can boast the Boston Strangler, one of the greatest mass murderers (13 victims over 19 months) of all time. It can point with pride to the Great Plymouth Mail Robbery, the league-leading cash robbery ($1,551,277), which surpassed the record of Boston's own Brink's haul.

Lee Bailey numbers among his clients both the Strangler—if he *is* the Strangler—and the suspects in the Great Mail Robbery. If it takes a trial to establish who did what, we may never find out because Bailey, who has a special talent for tiptoeing through the technical labyrinth of the law, has wrapped both cases into such a tight cocoon that it is most doubtful whether either of them will ever come to trial.

The most remarkable thing of all is that Bailey has not been a licensed lawyer long enough to be appointed by a Massachusetts court to defend a capital case. Ordinarily, he should be still serving his apprenticeship.

Bailey's rise to prominence has not been hurt by his instinct for publicity. One of his colleagues says, "I was talking to him out in the street a couple of years ago, during the noon recess. His jacket was unbuttoned and when I looked down I could see that he was carrying a forty-five in a shoulder holster. "What's going on, Lee?" I asked him. "Why the hell do you think you have to carry a gun?" He took out his wallet and showed me $10,000. 'I just got a fee this morning,' he said. 'I keep it for this kind of emergency.'

"Naturally, I went running around to tell everybody that Lee always carried a huge wad of dough. Every time I told the story the wad got bigger. And all the time I was doing it, I *knew* I was doing just what he wanted me to do, that the whole thing had been set up to keep us talking about him."

Bailey will concede that there was a time when he may not have been completely indifferent to being noticed. In earlier days, his car had a license plate which spelled out TRIAL. "I don't need vanity plates anymore," he says. "That's the kind of thing that gets a lawyer called flamboyant."

His clothes are mildly colorful without being showy. The most impressive thing about him in a courtroom—as ridiculous as this may sound—is that neither he nor his shirt collar ever seems to wilt. He starts out with the shirt collar looking whiter and fresher and stiffer than any other in the courtroom. By the end of the day, the collar seems so white and stiff that visions of Herbert Hoover go dancing through your head. More to the point, you realize that Lee Bailey has taken over the courtroom. Nothing seems to be happening except when he is on his feet.

"The key to this whole business is imagination," Bailey says. "Every case presents new and complex problems which are not, in fact, solved by any precedent." Bailey seems to go out of his way not only to do it differently but to do it dangerously. Given a choice between doing something or nothing, he

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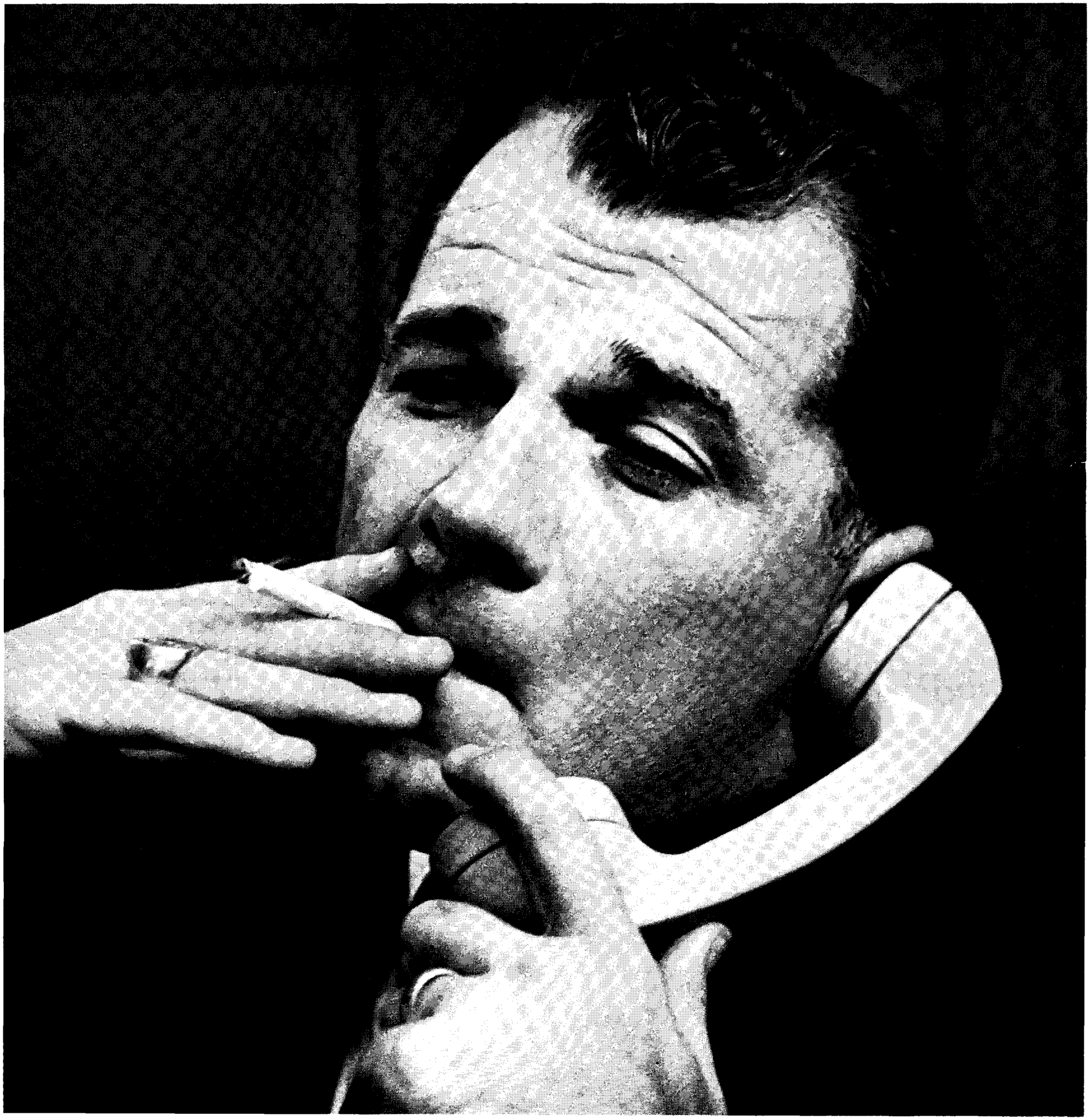

"A trial lawyer in a contentious case is a paid professional fighter," says Bailey. "That's why most good criminal lawyers are loners."

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will find some way to swing into action.

The Post Office Department, for instance, announced on December 10, 1962 (four months after the Plymouth Mail Robbery), that they knew who the robbers were and would arrest them within 20 days. Lee Bailey became the suspects' lawyer a day later, took three of them to a radio station and had them announce that they were the suspects. They haven't been arrested yet. Bailey has tied that one up through a four-year electronic battle of bug and counterbug, spy and counterspy, shattering any illusion that criminal cases are fought out in stuffy courtrooms.

In the Strangler case, Bailey is willing to give the commonwealth the confession, but the commonwealth isn't quite sure if it wants to accept it. And so the man who claims to be the Strangler, one Albert DeSalvo, aged 34, is sitting in the Bridgewater State Hospital, complaining about the service. The reason the commonwealth isn't so sure it wants DeSalvo handed to it on a silver platter is that the commonwealth can bring him to trial only on Bailey's terms, which amounts to a guaranteed verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity.

No one ever took a greater chance than Lee Bailey took with Sam Sheppard. Sheppard could have got out on parole and gone his way, a free man. Back in February, 1964, with U.S District Judge Carl Weinman due to hand down his ruling on Sheppard's plea that he had been deprived of due process of law, messages came to Sheppard through the prison chaplain that if he wanted a parole he had only to file a plea of clemency with the parole board. Immediately thereafter, the county coroner and the Cleveland *Press*, the two main forces against him in the original trial, stated publicly that justice would best be served if he were paroled. Bailey, who was trying a case in New York, was out of touch. "Thank God," Bailey says, "the chaplain overdid his job. He persuaded Sam to the point where Sam thought they were begging him to accept clemency."

Instead of filing a routine petition, Sheppard sent the parole board a short note telling them that he was willing to accept the parole if they wanted to give it to him that badly—an attitude which apparently made it impolitic for them to give it to him at all.

By the time Sheppard had been persuaded to send in a new, more conventional appeal, Bailey had flown in and pointed out to Sheppard that his new friends were not so much interested in getting him out of jail as in killing the habeas-corpus appeal and ending any further examination of his trial.

For Sheppard, there was the difficult choice between walking out of jail after nine years—as a paroled murderer—or fighting for complete exoneration.

It was an awkward interview for Bailey because he was not only representing Sheppard without a fee but he was out of pocket for his expenses. They had talked about suing the Cleveland *Press* for libel, and if Sam took the parole and let the appeal go, the suit would be dead. Lee was in the

Sheppard turned to Bailey and asked, 'Are you sure I'm getting out?'

delicate position of convincing Sheppard that he should sit in jail and fight the case through without leading him to wonder whether his lawyer might not be more interested in the potential libel suit than in his client's freedom.

Dr. Sheppard asked the question he had to: "Are you sure I'm getting out?"

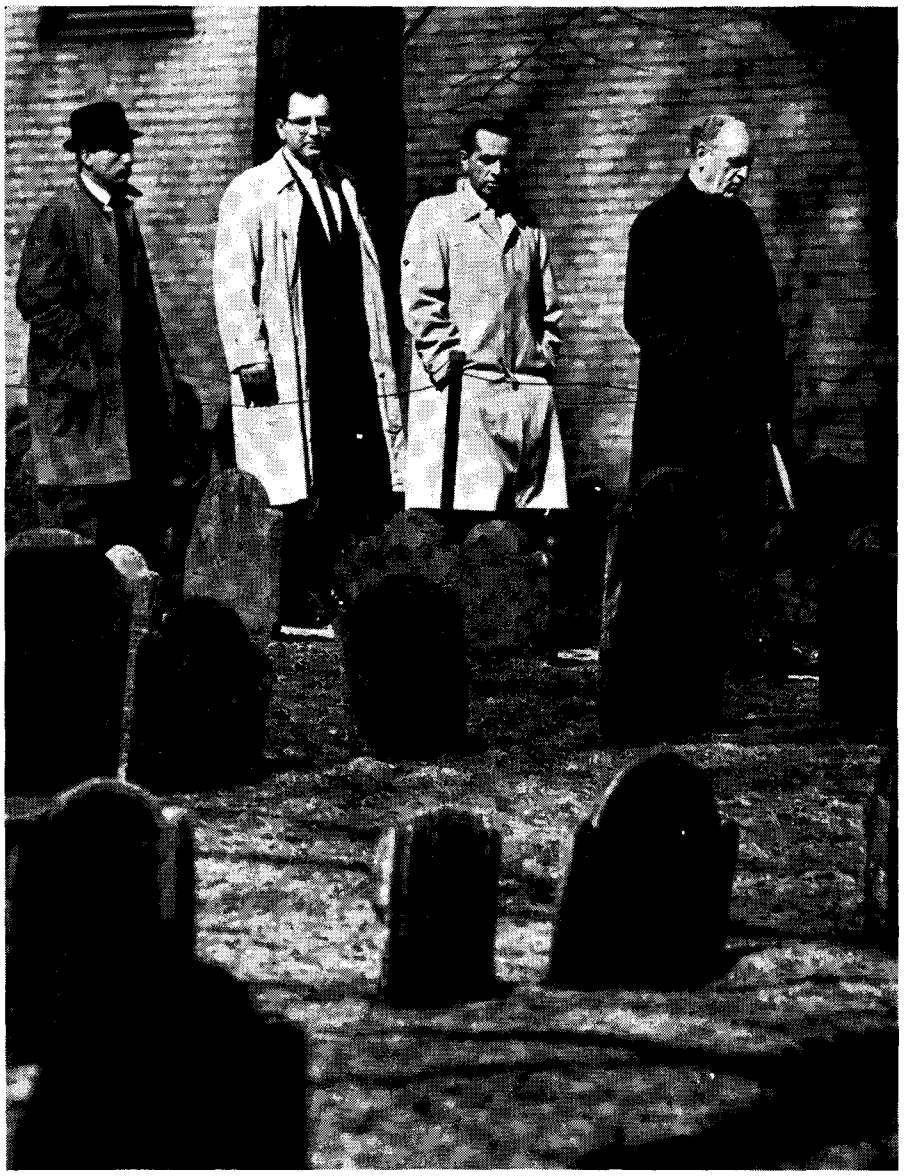
It is the question lawyers are most reluctant to answer. "Yes," Bailey said. "I don't guarantee anything in this business, but I'll guarantee this. I know what that federal judge is thinking. I know he's a lawyer and I'm satisfied he's honest. No honest man could possibly refuse you this writ."

Sheppard agreed not to refile.

It's easy enough to say that Bailey was taking chances only for Sheppard, but if the writ had been turned down Bailey would have won a reputation as the lawyer who had kept the country's most famous prisoner in jail.

Boston lawyers, who view Bailey with very mixed emotions, tend to feel that with all his admitted talent he has been unreasonably and indecently lucky. Understandably enough, Bailey doesn't think luck has that much to do with it. "The criminal law," he says, "is so barren that anybody with some ability and a willingness to work hard can't help but succeed."

The undermining of the criminal bar begins in law school, Bailey says, where professors do their bit for the Constitution by discouraging their students from entering criminal law. Not only must you deal with crummy people, they tell you, but you are looked down upon by the more honorable members of your profession and—worst of all—you probably won't make much money. The result, Lee says, is that "the criminal bar ends up with a few of the best lawyers and a lot of the worst ones running around the courthouse taking pleas of guilty for twenty-five or fifty dollars."



Strolling through friendly neighborhood graveyard after a luncheon meeting are, left to right, suspects in mail robbery: Joseph Tripoli, Tommy Richards, George Agisotelis, John Kelley.

Lee's 23-year-old secretary, Roberta Van, brings out the general picture of the criminal lawyer best of all When she first got the job with Lee three years ago, she kept telling her roommate, with great excitement, about the young, vital lawyer she was working for. When her roommate finally came up to meet him, Lee was standing near one of his clients, a short, squat gangster dressed in faultless tough-guy fashion—in a black shirt and white tie. "I want you to meet my boss," Miss Van said. And her roommate went right over to the gangster.

But, then, it takes a certain type of personality to be a good defense lawyer, just as it takes a certain type of personality to be a good prosecutor. The good prosecutor is righteous. If he is to hold up his side of the battle he should believe that the enemies of society must be punished. The great defense attorney enjoys bucking the Establishment. A good criminal lawyer, Bailey feels, must have an enormous ego and a quotient of sheer rebel in him. "A trial lawyer in a contentious case," he says, "is a paid professional fighter. The one word that comes closest to what he ought to be is 'renegade.' That's why most good criminal lawyers are loners. A hundred years ago you saw them walking down some dusty street with a couple of guns, shooting people. That's all gone. Now it's more refined."

It's an interesting concept—that the man who is licensed to attack the Government in our system of justice should view himself as essentially lawless. Carrying the idea to its logical conclusion, the defense attorney is a renegade who carries a license to attack the sheriff. He doesn't ride into town to gun the sheriff down; he rides in to rescue the sheriff's prisoner.

And because the Supreme Court can rewrite the rules only by applying them to specific cases, it needs the young, imaginative lawyers like Lee Bailey, who do not believe that the law is embalmed in casebooks. "Citing a criminal case in the 1930's," says Bailey impatiently, "has become a waste of time. We're living in a different world. I'm inclined to take the attitude that if something should be done I don't give a damn what the cases say. The Supreme Court doesn't give a damn either. They'll overrule themselves any time they want. They're not judging cases up there; they're making law."

Bailey, who leans strongly on good, solid investigation, has his own investigating agency. One of the pair of investigators now running it for him is a tall, willowy brunet law student, Mrs. Teri Plaut, who has been with him for three years. His wife and former secretary, blond and beautiful Froma (better known as "Wicki"), still comes to his office three days a week, and when Teri and Wicki are side by side they

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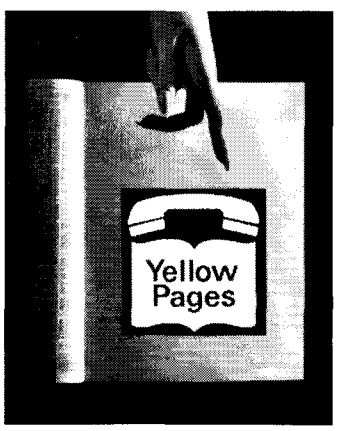

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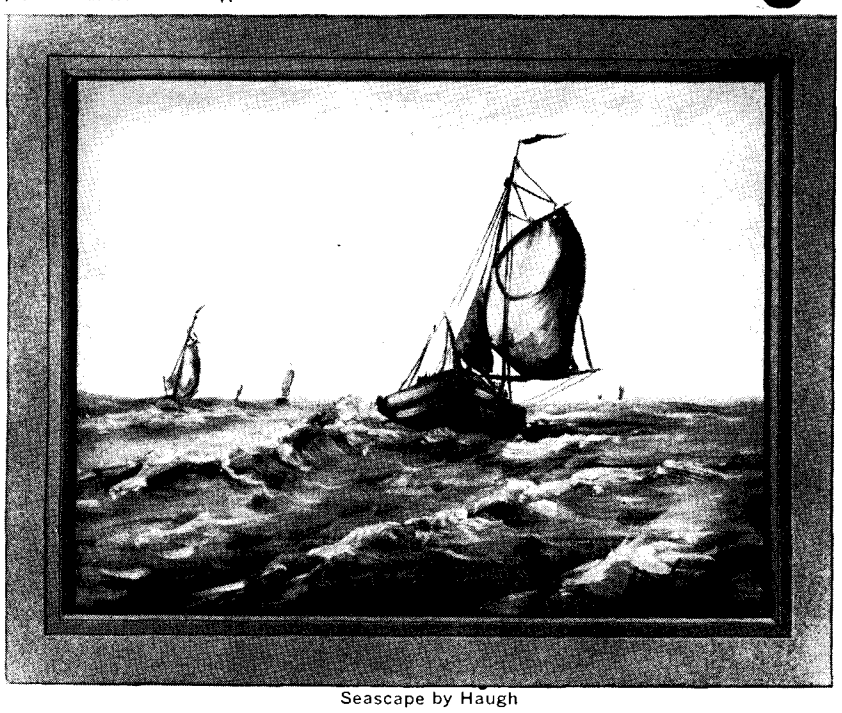

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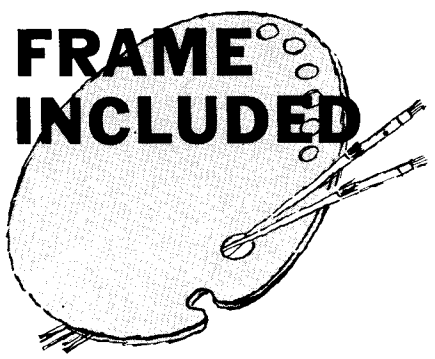

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There were no witnesses because the Strangler had killed them all.

look like a well-matched song-and-dance team. "I'll pay more for a good investigator than for a good lawyer," Lee says, summing up a side of trial work that few non-lawyers appreciate. "If your investigator is good enough, almost any lawyer will do."

As a lawyer, he believes in traveling fast, and traveling alone. Bailey, who was a jet-fighter pilot in the Marines, swoops into town these days at the controls of his twin-engine Cessna 310. He also has a single-engine Cessna 172 and a Beechcraft Bonanza. He has been using the Cessna 172 as a training plane so that everybody in his office, wife included, can learn to fly.

He travels fast by car, too, and his best friends are quite willing to tell him that he is a menace on the road. When Lee steps on the gas of his Pontiac GTO there is a sudden whir all around—as of the flapping of a thousand bat-wings—as the two extra carburetors in the beefed-up, souped-up engine draw gas. It may be the only car in the nation where the extras cost more than the car. There are buttons, buttons everywhere, as well as a private telephone and a two-way radio, which is part of his own citizens' band hookup. There are also two-way radios in his planes, his boat, his home and in the cars of the three lawyers who work for him, his two top investigators, and even his secretary. And, of course, in the central control station in his office.

His 35-foot ocean-racing Sou-wester sloop is a mass of electronic equipment too. Bailey entered the Marblehead-Halifax race last year, but finished well back—58th out of 65—when his navigator canceled out at the last minute. Lee says he was at the wheel for 50 hours and, when he finally conked out, the ship went 90 degrees off course.

The only concession he has made to his rising eminence—or advancing age—is that he has given up playing hockey. In his first two years as a lawyer, Lee used to leave the courtroom, jump into his car and drive 70 miles to the Cape to play for the Hyannis Elks, the champions of the tough Cape Cod Amateur Hockey League. Lee played hockey, his wife attests, with the same abandon with which he drives automobiles and browbeats judges, which was good enough to make him the second-highest scorer in the league.

Bailey is also a man of his time in that he is reputed to know more about electronic snooping than anybody this side of the FBI, a facet of his competence that he demonstrated during the mail robbery investigation.

In one of Bailey's early meetings with the four suspects, one of them, George (Billie A.) Agisotelis, let it be known that he had something to get off his chest. I think I should tell you folks, he said, in effect, that I have been doing something that might make you very angry. What he had been doing was to inform on them to the postal investigators—making up stories, the official version goes, to keep the "postals" off his neck. The post-office inspectors had, in fact, rented the house next to Agisotelis and run a telephone line between them to make communication as simple as possible. To which Bailey said something that went roughly like: Gee, a fellow could become unpopular that way. Bailey gave Agisotelis a chance to redeem himself by sending him back to the postal inspectors with a tape recorder hanging under his arm where there would normally be a gun holster. The subsequent tapes showed that the inspectors were pumping him as to what was being said in Bailey's office, a clear violation of the right to privileged communication between lawyer and client. This became somewhat public because Bailey held a news conference in which he told it all to the press. The purpose of the press conference, Bailey says, was to so outrage the public at this lack of fair play that the post office would not dare to arrest them.

In the electronic game, Bailey always operates on the assumption that his phone is tapped. "Hello, Bug," he will say when there is no immediate answer after he has picked it up. During the heat of the postal battle, he went so far as to set up a phone conversation which sounded as if he and the boys were planning to run the mail robbery loot up to Montreal. He then chartered a plane and had a cardboard box hauled aboard. When the plane set down in Montreal, there was, as he expected, a welcoming committee.

The federal statute of limitations will run out on the case next August, although the state statute will still have another five years to run. There is a combined postal-FBI-state-city governmental team, possibly the largest investigative force in history, working out of the Post Office Department to break the case or, at the very least, to get some of the money back. Bailey's clients still seem to be their principal targets. John J. Kelley, the reputed mastermind, told me in Bailey's office that the postals had only recently hired a narcotics informer to kidnap Tommy Richards, one of the four suspects, and torture him until he told where the money was. If the postals thought Richards had that esoteric information, it could only be because, according to a post-office inspector's sworn affidavit, Richards had told him (before Bailey came into the case) that he could produce 65 to 70 percent of the money.

Bailey learned about this devilish plot, Kelley says, when the narcotics informer came to the conclusion that he might do just as well, with considerably less effort, if he shifted over to the side that was presumed to have the million-and-a-half instead of the side that was trying to get it back. According to Kelley, Bailey once again sent the informer back to the postals to get their tactics on the record.

This time the postals frisked him to make sure he wasn't carrying a recorder. Satisfied that he wasn't, they talked freely. "The transmitter," says

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'Kick his briefcase,' you hear, 'and you'll do $2,000 worth of damage.'

Kelley, who knows how to deliver a line, "was in a cigar in his shirt pocket."

Bailey is a source of constant fascination to the legal community of Boston. If two Boston lawyers get together they may talk about a case, but if three get together they'll end up talking about Lee Bailey. They say he is "wired for sound." "Kick his briefcase," you hear, "and you'll do two thousand dollars' worth of damage."

Another of the criticisms you hear is that Bailey will break a confidence between lawyers. That sounds pretty bad, but when you look for an example it turns into nothing more than an unwillingness to observe the courtesies of the profession. Lawyers, as fellow tradesmen, will make the damnedest confidences to each other in the corridor. "This is a bad witness coming up," a prosecutor will tell his opponent. "I hate to put him on, but he's all I got."

When they did that with Lee, he would get up in court at an appropriate moment and shout, "Here's a man who'll tell me in the corridor that he has a bad case and then come in here and try to put my client in jail!"

Lawyers just don't do that, but then, Lee Bailey is a renegade even among his own kind. Francis Lee Bailey Jr. was born in Waltham, a Boston suburb, on June 10, 1933, the son of an unemployed advertising man who was working on the WPA. Almost immediately after Lee was born, his mother started the Green Acres Country Day School, which may now be the biggest nursery school in the state.

When Bailey was 10 his parents were divorced, and although he went to good prep schools and, finally, to Harvard, it was necessary for him to earn scholarships. When he entered Harvard, in 1950, it was as an English major. His ambition to become a writer changed in his sophomore year when he picked up *The Art of Advocacy* by Lloyd Paul Stryker, one of the great criminal lawyers of his time. The subtitle was *A Plea for the Renaissance of the Trial Lawyer,* and the plea didn't fall on deaf ears.

At the end of that sophomore year he went into the Naval Flight Training program, and after 18 months transferred to the Marines as a jet-fighter pilot at the Cherry Point Marine Corps Air Station in North Carolina.

In the Marines, he discovered that career officers run away from a legal billet, so he volunteered his services as the low man on a three-man staff. Within a couple of days, the chief legal officer was killed in a plane crash. The first assistant, shaken by the crash, turned in his wings. Suddenly Lee Bailey was the legal officer for his group (2,000–2,500 men), writing legal opinions, reversing cases and trying to sound as much like a reviewing authority as possible. "You can learn enough to practice criminal law without ever going to law school," he says. "I wasn't the only one. We had an enlisted man who had got to defend, and he was a dangerous foe, because he was shrewd and had a lot of imagination."

Out of the Marines, Bailey set himself to become a lawyer. He was supposed to have three years of college before he could enter law school, but after completing a summer session at Harvard, he was admitted to Boston University Law School on a special waiver because of his legal experience in the military and his high grades.

Aware as he was of the law schools' limitations, he hustled around among Boston's leading lawyers offering to work for them for next to nothing in return for the opportunity of watching them in court. There were no takers.

But imagination Bailey has. There were plenty of detective agencies in Boston, but no agency geared exclusively for lawyers—interviewing witnesses, taking pictures, gathering evidence. Bailey started such an agency. When a case looked interesting, he offered his services free to the defense attorney if he would let Lee sit at the counsel's table during the trial.

And so Bailey investigated, watched trials, and played hockey. With it all, he still finished at the top of his class.

During all this time in law school, Lee intended to become a tort lawyer, knocking down his 33⅓ percent on those fat personal-injury awards. It was sheer accident that turned him to the criminal law. Lee took his bar examination at the end of June, 1960, but continued to work as an investigator while waiting to be licensed. On July 4 he was hired by a Worcester lawyer to investigate a rape case. A man and woman sitting in a restaurant had sighted the accused man in another car and identified him as the one who had knocked out the woman's companion and then raped her three and one-half years earlier.

Since the defendant, Willard Page, could not hope to have an alibi, it was obvious that the trial would come down to his word against theirs. Lee had seen the lie detector being used in military investigations, and it seemed to him that this was a perfect case for it. The original lawyer apparently didn't agree. In any event, when Bailey got his license in November, Page hired him.

Lee gave Page a lie-detector test and obtained a court order to force a test by state police. He passed Bailey's test; the police test was inconclusive.

Lie-detector evidence is inadmissible in court except by agreement of both sides. And the other side wasn't agreeing. So all Lee set out to do, in his first case, was to establish new law.

Bailey called the Keeler Polygraph Institute in Chicago, and they gave him the names of experts. The judge would not permit them to testify before the jury but did agree to hear their testimony himself so that Bailey could take an appeal to the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

The experts came flying in, along with a couple of military experts, a psychologist and a psychiatrist. The case itself was being tried on its merits, though, and the jury came back with a

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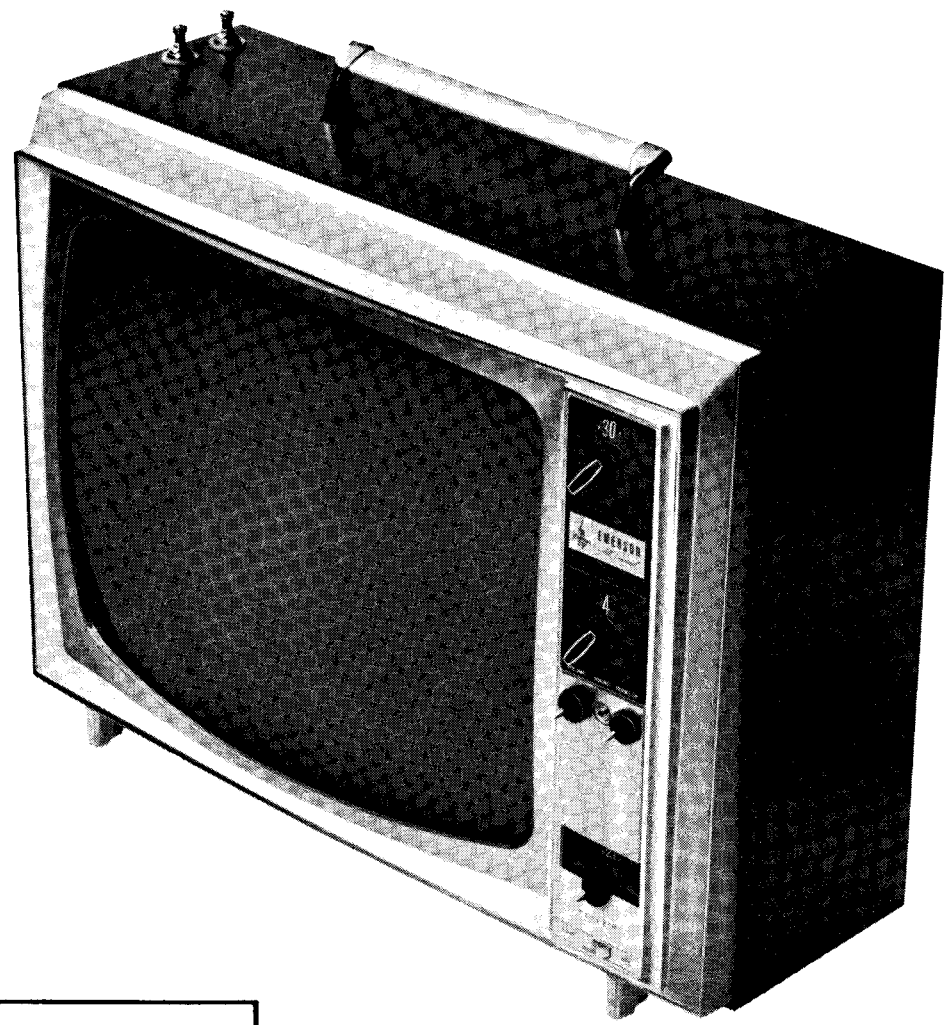

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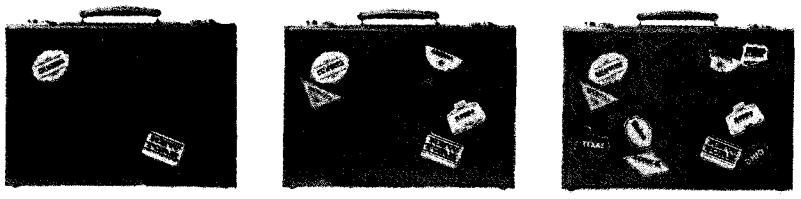

He rolled up 90,000 miles of selling.
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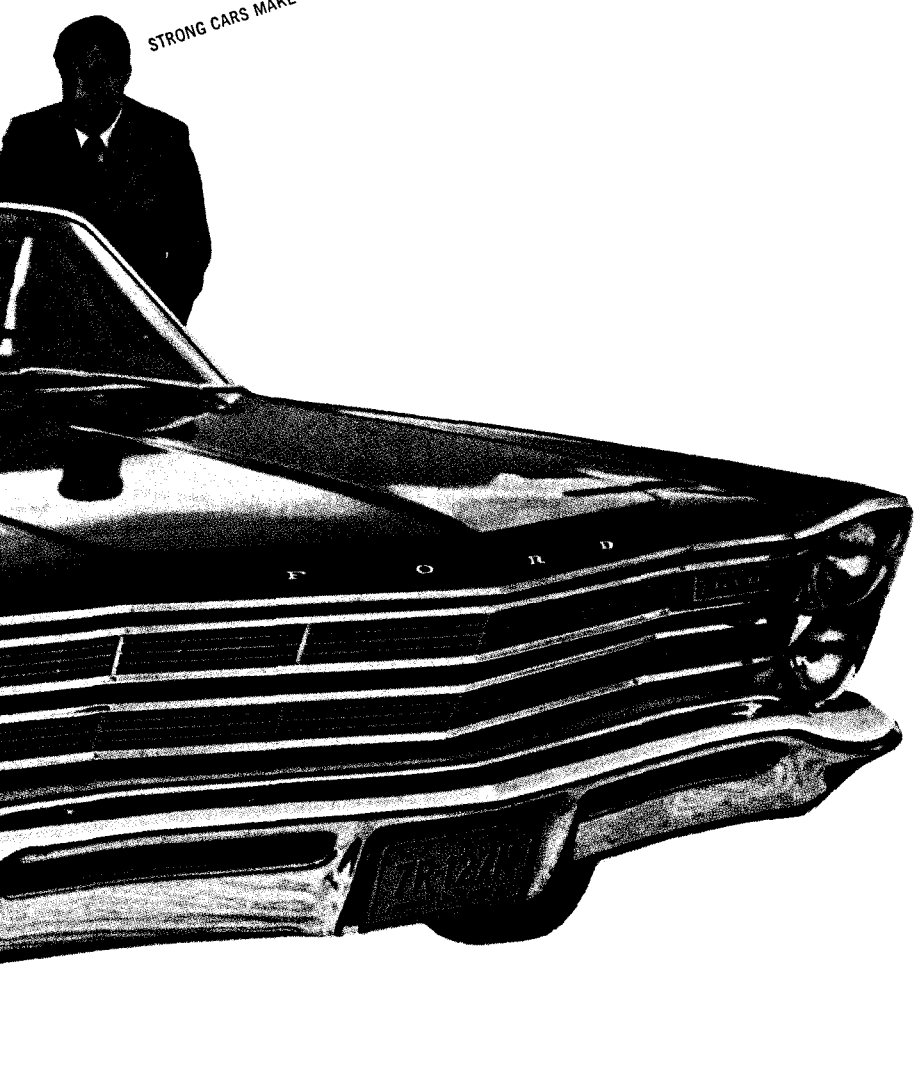

New ideas from Ford for '67: ☐ All Ford automatic transmissions are now SelectShift, can be used automatically or manually, according to the driving situation. ☐ Front power disc brakes available on all models. Run cooler. Resist fading. ☐ Convenience control panel option has lights to warn when fuel's low, door's ajar. One switch locks all doors. ☐ Stereo Tape/Radio system comes as an integrated unit, smartly styled into instrument panel. ☐ Magic Doorgate for wagons (standard) swings out like a door for people, down like a tailgate for cargo. ☐ Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design safety features are standard on all 1967 Fords.

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verdict of not guilty. Lee had won the case and lost his chance to plow new legal ground. He had fired on Fort Sumter, and Fort Sumter wasn't there.

The delay in the law being what it is, the Page case had been six months coming to trial. In the interim, Lee had already tried another case. All he had done in *that* one, in his first court appearance, was to step into the middle of Massachusetts' most sensational and publicized trial of the decade, the Torso Murder Case.

The dismembered body of a woman had been dredged out of the Merrimack River, limb by limb. The head and one leg were never found. The victim's husband, George Edgerly, was accused of the murder. Lee got involved through an unlikely series of events.

As the commonwealth's case was coming to an end, Edgerly's lawyer inadvertently let the fact get before the jury that his client had flunked a lie-detector test which, under the rules of evidence, opened up the whole area and permitted the prosecution to call the expert who had given the test. This was break No. 1 for Bailey.

The defense lawyer had to come up hastily with someone who knew enough about the test to give him a cram course in the proper way to cross-examine the expert and discredit him. Bailey had been getting a certain amount of publicity by invoking the names of the experts he was going to bring in to testify on his own lie-detector case, and willy-nilly, the defense came to him.

The defense lawyer, who was in his 70's, didn't feel he had been able to absorb it all overnight, and so he asked Lee to conduct the cross-examination. But Lee didn't know that much about it yet either. "We're all crammers," Lee says. "Within a very short time you can put yourself halfway up the ladder between the layman and the expert. If you're really in the soup, you may be able to elevate the plane of conversation to the point where the expert can't make himself understood even though he's dead right. But that's a last-resort technique. It was hardly necessary in the Edgerly case."

The commonwealth rested its case with the lie-detector expert, and the defense was scheduled to put on its first witness the same afternoon. In that brief period of time the defense lawyer became ill and asked Lee if he would go ahead and examine the first witness. That was break No. 2.

The lawyer remained ill, and Lee kept putting witnesses on until he was the *de facto* chief counsel. That was break No. 3, because if it had been known that the original counsel was not going to recover, it is doubtful that any judge would have permitted a lawyer fresh out of school to take over a first-degree-murder case.

As it was, he had to find out about the case while he was trying it. With 1,700 pages of testimony already on the record, reading the transcript would take more time than he had to spare. He phoned Wicki—who was then his secretary—and told her to throw some things into a bag. They sat with Edgerly in his cell all night and let him brief them, with Wicki taking everything down in shorthand.

In court the next morning, Lee got permission for her to sit alongside him so that she could read the notes when he needed them.

For a solid week they spent every night with Edgerly, preparing for the next day's witnesses. "It was fascinating," Wicki remembers. "You were exhausted, but so engrossed you begrudged your hour or two of sleep."

Throughout it all, young Lee Bailey led a charmed life. Edgerly's story was that his wife had left him four months before her body was found. The commonwealth contended that he had taken her to New Hampshire and murdered her, and that her body had very conveniently floated back down into the original jurisdiction. Which meant that the date of death listed on the indictment was sheer guesswork.

One witness Lee had examined had been an old friend of Mrs. Edgerly who had walked in off the street, during the recess, to tell Edgerly's lawyers he had seen her alive six weeks after the commonwealth's date of death.

He had not come forth sooner, he said, because when he told his story to a police officer, he had been warned to forget all about it on pain of having his past criminal record revealed to his wife and his employer. The case ended with the judge reading a priest's statement that the police officer, who had taken the stand to deny that he had ever met the witness, had lied, since the priest himself had brought them together. Which is about as good a finale as you could hope to have.

Since the district attorney had stood for election between the time of the indictment and the time of the trial, F. Lee Bailey, fresh out of law school, walked over to the D.A. during his summation, put his finger right on his nose and shouted, "Here's a man so callous as to try to put a man in the electric chair for something he didn't do just in order to get reelected."

The jury's verdict was not guilty.

Since then, Bailey has plucked off just about every big case, an achievement that has not endeared him to his colleagues. Bailey, however, returns their scorn. "Most lawyers are very long on shrewdness, on making deals, on getting the best possible disposition on a guilty plea," he says. "But in the guts department they fall very short. Too many lawyers have never been drawn up tight against real adversity. If they've got a case, they get together and settle it. Throw them into a murder case and either they go to pieces or they get up and fight. Because that's what a murder trial is, a fight.

"The client has come in and said, 'They want to take my life away from me. Save me.' He doesn't say, 'But don't offend anybody.' He says, 'I am putting my life in your hands.' Defending a murder case has got to be the highest calling of the profession."

There are those who think he is aggressive to the point of recklessness. In a first-degree-murder case he defended last year, the jurors came back to ask the judge whether the defendant, George Nassar, would ever be able to get out of jail if they came back with a recommendation of mercy. (If they recommended mercy, he'd get life; if there was no recommendation, he would get the chair.)

Lee walked up to the judge's bench and, speaking loud enough for the jury to hear, he said, "Oh, hell, if they

In Boston, Bailey talks to press about pretrial publicity. His publicizing of Strangler client has made the Boston Bar Association unhappy.

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Bailey, who started an investigative agency when he entered law school, has late-evening conference with one of his investigators, Teri Plaut.

haven't got the guts to find him not guilty because of their doubt, tell them to give him the chair."

That sounds pretty risky. It seemed even riskier when the jury delivered a verdict of murder in the first degree without a recommendation of mercy.

But there had been a method to it. The case was another odd one, in that the man standing trial for first-degree murder already had a prior conviction for second-degree murder. Lee knew very well that with a murder conviction on top of a murder conviction his client had no chance whatsoever of being paroled again. And since all death penalties in Massachusetts have been commuted in the past 17 years, his man would be just as badly off with a recommendation of mercy as without. Lee wanted first-degree murder or an acquittal, nothing else.

There was something else involved, too. A policeman who had arrested Nassar 17 years earlier had picked him up again. The judge had permitted the officer to testify—over Bailey's objections—that at the moment of the arrest, he had said, "Well, George, here we are again for the same thing."

Appeals courts give the trial judge a very wide latitude in determining the evidence that is allowed to go in. Lee felt that the State Supreme Court would affirm a life sentence, but that if it were a death penalty he had a good chance of getting a reversal. A reversal of the Nassar case by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court came down the day after the Sheppard reversal.

The Strangler case followed naturally. "I always had the intuition that when they announced the Strangler was caught," Bailey says, "I was going to get the call to represent him. I got it before they caught him."

Lee got the call because his client, George Nassar, had been sent to Bridgewater for observation upon his arrest and put in a cell with a rapist named Albert DeSalvo. When Bailey came to the hospital, Nassar told him that DeSalvo claimed that he was the Strangler and wanted to talk to Bailey.

The next time Bailey came to talk to Nassar, he also signed in to talk to DeSalvo. DeSalvo gave him details of the stranglings that he could check out, details that had never been revealed by the police and, in some instances, that the police hadn't even known. "I know I can't ever go on the street again," DeSalvo told him. "I'd like to go somewhere to a good institution instead of this rat trap so that some doctors will look at me and tell me why I did it."

To make it even more improbable, DeSalvo, who had been at Bridgewater for three months, had been ready to confess to anyone who would listen. He had tried to confess earlier to a Cambridge cop and to one of the psychiatrists at Bridgewater, but they had both been too busy to talk to him. The day after DeSalvo confessed to Bailey, a Boston detective, Phil DiNatale, came to Bridgewater to question him. DiNatale, seeing Lee Bailey's name down as his attorney, went away, since Bailey yells very loud when anybody talks to a client while he isn't there.

"This was a case that was saved by twenty-four hours," Bailey says.

By the accident of those 24 hours, the case got tied in knots. The irony is that DeSalvo hired Bailey specifically to turn him in. Bailey has been trying to turn him in since with little success—to turn him in, that is, on his own terms. DeSalvo had killed 13 people without leaving a clue. There were no witnesses because he had killed them all. (Having stopped killing them, he got caught finally when five subsequent victims identified him from a police photo.) There was only his confession and he had given it to a lawyer, satisfying the Supreme Court instructions, albeit prematurely and indirectly.

Once Bailey had satisfied himself that DeSalvo was the Strangler, he called Assistant Attorney General John Bottomly, who was in charge of the highly publicized "Strangler Bureau."

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He permitted Bottomly to talk to—and tape—DeSalvo for 50 hours, on the condition that anything DeSalvo said could not be used against him at a trial. He permitted State Police Lt. Andrew Tuney, who had been tracking the Strangler from the beginning, to talk to him under the same conditions.

His proposition to Bottomly was that he would let the commonwealth's psychiatrists talk to DeSalvo, on condition that he would get to see their reports. "If the psychiatric testimony is going to be that he was insane," Lee told him, "I'll permit him to confess openly. Otherwise forget it."

If all the psychiatrists testified that DeSalvo was insane, he would be found not guilty by reason of insanity and, under state law, confined for life.

Bailey was under the impression that he had an agreement with Bottomly to that effect. The agreement collapsed, he says, when Bottomly and Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke Jr. had a political falling out, which ended in Bottomly's resignation.

As far as Lee is concerned, the agreement collapsed when Brooke decided to run for the U.S. Senate. "The minute one of your constitutional officers decides to run for higher office he is no longer that officer. We don't have an attorney general anymore. We have a candidate for the Senate."

Bailey can see Brooke's problem in going into court with the script already written. "It looks to the ordinary honest person like a bag job, and, very frankly, unless the case is 'bagged' as the ordinary person thinks about it, why should I give them Albert on a platter? They say, 'Let him confess and take his chances on the psychiatric evidence,' and my answer is that 'I don't think you're really stupid enough to think that I'm that stupid.' "

The commonwealth can play it cool because they already have DeSalvo committed indefinitely to the state hospital. It is another oddity of our legal system, an oddity which grinds Bailey's teeth, that nobody can take a man's freedom away from him without due process, except a psychiatrist.

The commonwealth was so eager to keep DeSalvo where he is that Bailey had to exert DeSalvo's constitutional right to a swift and public trial on the sexual offenses that he is officially being held for and then go through a preliminary hearing to prove that DeSalvo was competent to assist his attorneys in such a trial. Since a competency hearing conducted under those circumstances is no different from a sanity hearing (even though there is a paper-thin technical difference), the spectators were treated to the scene of a lawyer trying to prove his man was sane enough so that he could stand trial and be declared insane.

It may seem inconceivable that any lawyer, knowing he has a mass murderer on his hands, would throw any roadblocks at all in front of a trial. To lawyers, it is exactly the opposite. There are Boston lawyers, always ready to be critical of Bailey, who cannot understand why he would let his client confess under any circumstances.

The implication is that Bailey thirsts for the glory of trying the case of the century. That's probably true. But the obvious truth is that a trial on Bailey's terms would be relatively colorless, while a trial on the commonwealth's terms would be a spectacular Battle of the Psychiatrists.

Bailey wants DeSalvo to stand trial as the Strangler, he says, so that he can be incarcerated as the Strangler and studied as the Strangler.

Bailey seems to look upon DeSalvo as a psychiatric mother lode for both the legal and psychiatric professions. Albert talks about himself freely and openly. (In addition to the 13 murders, he admits to some 500 rapes, sometimes as many as seven a day.) "Our idea was to have somebody like the Ford Foundation put up $50,000 to study him," says Bailey. "Albert is a guy who has a great deal to contribute. There isn't a lawyer in this country, despite his fastidious or even sloppy exhortations to the contrary, who has any control in an 'irresistible impulse' case; in other words, who really knows what he is talking about. Here's a guy who could give us the answers. Here's a guy who had 13 irresistible impulses and might have had more. Suddenly he stopped. We don't know why he started and, equally important, we don't know why he stopped."

He also wants the trial to take place, Bailey says, so that Albert, who is in a mental hospital forever anyway, cannot be taken out and tried for the murders at some later date, when Bailey is no longer around to protect him.

As things stand now, the Strangler case is in deep freeze. The position of the attorney general, in fact, is that there is no Strangler case.

In their most recent meeting, Bailey suggested that Brooke announce that the Strangler was in custody so that those citizens who suspected their neighbors would be able to sleep in peace. But Brooke was hardly going to fall into that trap. Once there was an admission that the Strangler was in custody, he would have no choice but to bring him to trial.

And the position of the commonwealth is really quite justifiable legally. There being no legal evidence that can be presented in a court of law, there *is*—legally—no Strangler.

Bailey's tactic has been to publicize as much as possible that DeSalvo is the Strangler, which has made the Boston Bar Association unhappy. The bar has worked hard to set up guideposts on pretrial publicity. Bailey used the press for his own purposes in the mail robbery case, and he is using it for the Strangler. In the Sheppard case he has suggested—while the bar association winced—that the prosecution could arrest the real murderer, "a woman," anytime it wanted.

Bailey got into the Sheppard case back in 1961 not as an appeals lawyer, but as a lie-detector expert. Paul Holmes, who had just written the *Sheppard Murder Case*, had called the Keeler Institute to ask if they knew any lawyer who could run a polygraph test. Sheppard's original lawyer, William J. Corrigan, had died a month earlier, and the appeals through the state courts had been exhausted. The family felt that if they could show by means of a lie-detector test that Sheppard was innocent they could press the governor for executive clemency.

What young attorney happened to be at the Keeler Institute at that moment lecturing a class of police officers in the legal aspects of the lie-detector? Lee Bailey.

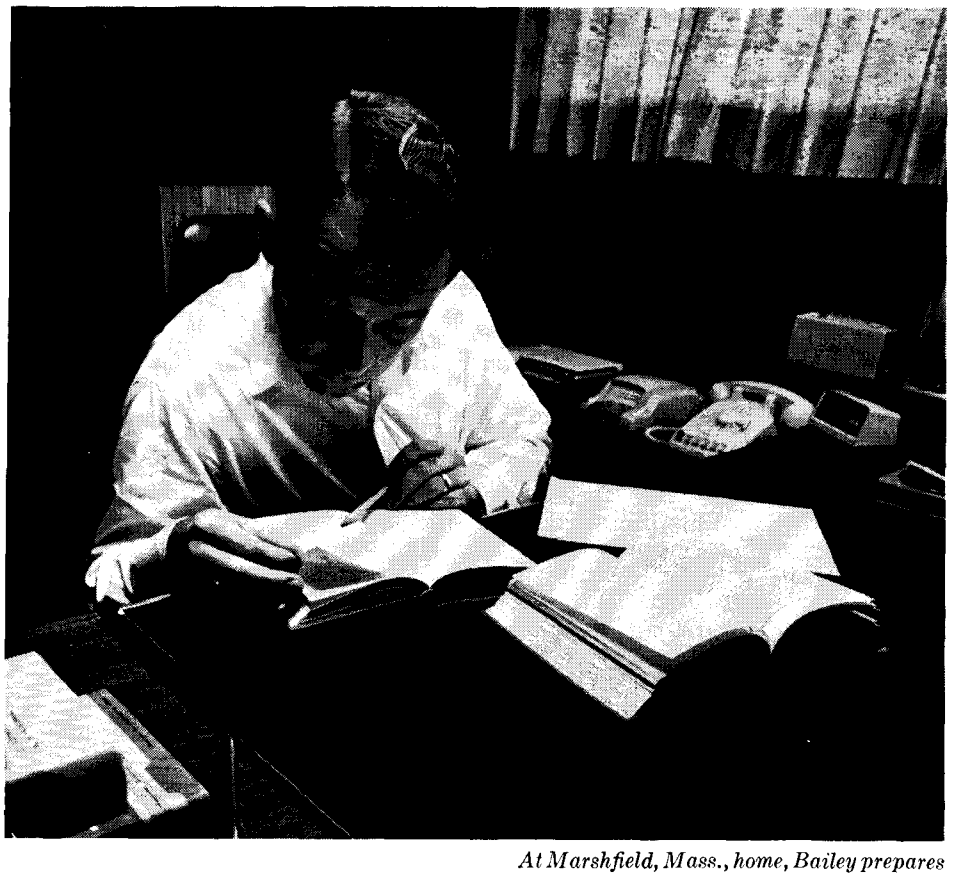
The lie-detector gambit fell apart when neither Gov. Michael DiSalle nor the Ohio Supreme Court would order the test. "To hell with it," Bailey said. "Let's go back in the courts and fight it out on the merits." For there was still one last legal throw of the dice, the writ of habeas corpus. A state prisoner who has exhausted all other legal remedies can go to the federal courts for relief on the ground he has been deprived of his Constitutional rights.

Here was the timing again. Until 1953, the Supreme Court had pretty much backed away from meddling in the state courts except under the most outrageous circumstances. Even then, it was up to the attorney to convince the federal district judge—where the habeas-corpus writ is first filed—that he had a complaint that should be heard. More often than not, the judge just threw the petition out.

Bailey went home, hired three Harvard students and spent the next three months researching the subject so that he could convince the district judge that he should accept it.

There was another limiting factor in any kind of an appeal. Bailey was not overly impressed with Corrigan's handling of the defense. There were questions and tactics he hadn't objected to and issues that he hadn't raised. Judge Edward Blythin, for instance, had permitted a police officer to testify that Sheppard had consistently refused to take a lie-detector test when he was being questioned, something that clearly should not have been permitted. But if the lawyer does not utter the magic words "Objection" and then "Exception," the issue can almost never be raised on appeal.

Just as Bailey was preparing to draw up his petition, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down back-to-back habeas-corpus opinions which opened the door



At Marshfield, Mass., home, Bailey prepares for Coppolino case by reading medical texts.

Bailey checks out a polygraph. He rose to prominence in case involving lie detector.

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Bailey relaxes with wife Froma aboard his sloop. He entered a race last year and, uncharacteristically, lost—finishing 58th in a field of 65.

wide. The first decision was on a murder conviction, which had been beating through the courts, being reversed and rereversed. The issue was that the plaintiff had waited 14 years to seek review of his conviction, which was 14 years later than the time stipulated by law. But this time the Supreme Court ruled that a constitutional right could not be taken away from a citizen because of either a mistake or oversight on the part of himself or his lawyer.

From Bailey's point of view, it did not affect his habeas-corpus appeal directly, but it did give him a basis for bringing up all the things he felt Corrigan had missed.

It was the second decision that did it, though. This came on another appeal that had been bouncing around for eight years, losing each time. By the time it got to the Supreme Court one of the issues that had developed was whether the federal judge had to consider the facts of the case or only the legality of the judge's ruling before he turned down a habeas-corpus appeal.

The Supreme Court seized upon this case to lay down a whole new set of guidelines. The federal judges were instructed to check so deeply into the conduct of all criminal trials that they could, if they wanted to, ignore the trial judge's finding of fact on the legal issues involved and practically retry the case. In other words, if the plaintiff complained that his confession had been beaten out of him, the federal judge was permitted to hear the evidence even if the charge had not been brought up in the original trial.

The Supreme Court had served notice that every conviction in a state court would be reviewed, sooner or later, by a federal court. They were telling the trial judges that they were not protecting the rights of the accused, and they were telling the state supreme courts that they were not functioning as effective overseers.

Just as Bailey was preparing to file Sheppard's writ, the legal seas had parted for him. Three weeks later when Bailey went into the district court with his writ, he took the Supreme Court decisions out of his pocket and handed them to the federal judge.

Bailey had something else going for him by then too. From Bailey's point of view, the main thing wrong with the trial was the trial judge. Even if there was not one "vital flaw," there was an accumulation of flaws. A trial judge has wide discretionary powers, and the main thrust of Bailey's appeal was that, whenever the judge exercised those powers, he always seemed to do it in a way that was damaging to Sheppard. The publicity during the trial would not have been a factor—you cannot help having publicity while a trial like that is in progress—if the judge had not, in the exercise of his discretionary power, allowed the jury to go home every night.

While Lee had been trying his case in New York, writer Jack Harrison Pollack had invited him to the Overseas Press Club in March, 1964, to listen to a panel discussion of *The Minister and the Choir Singer*, William Kunstler's book about the Hall-Mills case. Dorothy Kilgallen was a panel member. When Kunstler said that the Hearst papers had been successfully sued as the result of their coverage of the trial, Miss Kilgallen said, "In that case Sam Sheppard should collect fifty million dollars because he had the worst trial I ever saw." Before the trial had even started, she said, the judge, Edward Blythin, had invited her into his chambers for a chat. When she had remarked on the great murder mystery that was about to unfold, he had answered, "There's no mystery about it. This is an open-and-shut case—he's as guilty as hell."

Like manna from heaven it fell. That put all those discretionary decisions under a new light.

As soon as the discussion came to an end, Bailey asked Miss Kilgallen to testify in federal court.

On July 15, 1964, Judge Weinman came down with a biting reversal, throwing out the conviction on five separate counts—including the question about the lie-detector tests. "When these errors are cumulated," he said, "the trial can only be viewed as a mockery of justice."

Judge Weinman went so far as to release Sheppard on bail on the court's motion, which may be unique.

Ten months later the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals reversed Weinman's reversal, 2 to 1. The effect of their decision was that it would be Sheppard who would be taking the appeal to the Supreme Court instead of the state. Bailey's only concern was whether the Supreme Court would accept it, since the Supreme Court can take or refuse any case, as it wishes. Once they did take it, Bailey had no doubt at all what the decision would be. "The Supreme Court didn't take this case to say that everything had been just dandy."

He was right. The Supreme Court ruled 8 to 1 in his favor, paving the way for the new trial.

The real weakness in the Sheppard case is not so much that the press hounded him to trial (a circumstance applying to an individual case) but that his own attorneys did not have an opportunity to gather evidence with which to defend him (which is the general case, applicable universally). Sheppard's attorneys were denied access to the blood-splattered murder room of his own house. They were denied the right to put their own experts to work to look for favorable evidence.

This goes right to the heart of the growing controversy on pretrial discovery. California is the only state which has anything like total pretrial discovery. Anything the state has, it has to turn over to the defense. In the federal courts, the Government does not have to turn over its evidence until it puts the witness on the stand.

Nothing enrages Bailey more. "If I sue you civilly, you can come around and take my deposition and find out what I'm going to say at trial. But if I complain to the police that you stole my money and they're going to put you on trial, you can't talk to me."

The key to Sheppard's home was turned back to Sheppard's attorney two days after he was convicted. As soon as the Sheppard family got it, they hired a criminologist who came up with some fascinating evidence and theories. Sheppard thereupon petitioned for a new trial based on this new evidence and was, inevitably, turned down. The one thing our system does not allow for, Bailey says, is a mistake

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by the jury. You can get out of jail on a hundred technicalities; it is almost impossible to get out of jail by proving that you didn't do it.

"No matter how much you tell jurors," says Bailey, "they never fully appreciate the extent to which they are omnipotent. They are omnipotent as to any determination of the facts of a criminal case. No matter how much it is dwelt on by both counsels and the judge, they will always believe that if they make a mistake it is subject to correction on appeal. The fact is that no mistake by any jury can be corrected by any process known to the law."

Defending the same average citizen when he gets into trouble—the incidental criminal, Lee calls him—is an emotional drain for that very same reason. "The incidental criminal is the toughest to handle because he's always disillusioned," says Bailey. "He was brought up to believe that our system is perfect, and if he is not judged to be guilty of exactly what he knows he is guilty of, he begins to rail against the system. He wants to go out and make speeches like This is America? And The Communists Have it Better Than We Do. It's a cruel spectacle to watch."

Bank robbers, on the other hand, are the best of clients. The bank robber is a skilled artisan with a sense of dedication to his chosen profession. He goes to bed knowing he's a bank robber, and he wakes up knowing he's a bank robber. He looks upon his lawyer not as a kind friend or a father confessor but as a fellow professional. Bailey points out, "A bank robber says, 'I want a good legal defense. If they can't prove my guilt, I want the benefit of it.' They don't expect miracles. They expect you to do a good job, and they expect to pay for it. And if they're caught clean, they know there's nothing you can do and they expect to take their lumps."

There is an irony about the suspicion with which the public views criminal lawyers that rather amuses Bailey. The public may think the criminal lawyers are a shifty lot, but when a colorful trial comes along they usually find themselves rooting for the underdog. Besides, Lee says, the defense lawyer has a far more colorful role than the prosecutor. "The defense lawyer's work is cross-examining, ripping things apart, getting inside people's souls and letting the jury get a look at them. If you were asked to name the leading lawyers of the recent past, you would name Clarence Darrow, Earl Rogers, Bill Fallon and Sam Leibowitz. If a prosecutor is remembered at all it is only because of a later political career. Tom Dewey is the perfect example."

Bailey then points out that Darrow, Fallon, Rogers and Leibowitz, the fondly remembered Four Horsemen of the Criminal Bar, were all indicted while they were practicing—with two of them, Darrow and Fallon, actually coming to trial.

"That might stem from the fact that they were bad guys," Bailey says. "But more likely it stems from the fact that they were continually irritating prosecutors and winning acquittals. I'm perfectly satisfied that there is a retributive element. Any prosecutor can go to the grand jury and get an indictment. Indictment is one of the occupational risks of the criminal lawyer."

The possibility of indictment seems to enter Lee's mind frequently. He is forever reminding himself that he can always become a writer or a commercial pilot. "An old man once told me a damn good story," he will say. "He said if you become one of the privileged few by means of a license or a position, don't ever forget that if you get hungry you can always dig a ditch. You have an able body, you have two arms, you never have to starve."

Or go thirsty either. The one thing almost all good criminal lawyers seem to have in common is that they drink. They drink because they are performers, with the performer's daily buildup and letdown. They drink because when they come out of a jail or a mental hospital after an hour with a sex maniac or a long-time, stir-sodden con they need a good stiff one to snap them back. They drink because when you're working a regimental 20-hour day, you need a drink to keep yourself going.

And so as Lee orders a Bloody Mary at high noon, he says, "What separates the successful criminal lawyer from the unsuccessful, in the end, is the ability to hold his booze. If you become a sloppy drunk, running off at the mouth, the word will get around to your clients, who may feel you know more about them and their business affairs than a talkative drunk should."

And you wonder, when Bailey talks, whether he regrets the accident that sent him into the criminal law. Probably not. He is ambitious and he has reached the top fast. He loves publicity and he is in the spotlight. The adversary system is made for him because he is competitive to the bone. The criminal law is where he belongs.

On a recent afternoon he was in his office in Boston, having just flown back from New Orleans where he had won a commutation of sentence and parole for a girl who had docilely confessed to a series of murders that had actually been committed by her boyfriend. Bailey was leaving in a day or two for the start of as busy a month as any criminal lawyer could dream of. There was the trial of DeSalvo for sexual offenses, and this time DeSalvo would be firmly identified in the public mind as the Strangler, thanks to Gerold Frank's new book about the case. Then there would be the Sheppard trial in Ohio and the Coppolino trial in New Jersey.

For the moment, Bailey was trying to unravel the unbelievably complicated jurisdictional dispute between Florida and New Jersey that was shaping up over the Coppolino case. The form was holding true. When an odd one comes up, Bailey somehow finds himself in the middle of it.

A call came in from John J. Kelley, and Bailey brightened as he always seems to brighten when he talks to the urbane Kelley. "Is this the John J. Kelley who masterminded the Great Mail Robbery?" Bailey said, a smile in his voice. "No," came the answer, "this is John J. Kelley, the master painter from the faraway hills."

There may be new problems for the mail robbery suspects, but these have been going on for so long they have become routine. The new U.S. Attorney, Paul Markham, smiles pleasantly when asked what will happen. "The matter will be presented to the grand jury," he says. "When, I don't know.

"It's under continuous investigation by the Post Office. Other than that it's not fair to any potential defendants to say anything further." And then, laughing, "Bailey seems to know more than anybody else about the case. Maybe he can help us out."

They get along well enough, Bailey and Markham. Bailey is even pleasant when he calls Markham to tell him that his clients are growing weary of having Markham's people threaten them at gunpoint. Markham is just as pleasant while he's wondering what on earth Bailey could be talking about.

Froma and Lee in bar at home. His house, like his office, is filled with electronic gear.

They get along well enough, but there is always that million and a half standing between them as a bar to peace and brotherhood. Markham is another ambitious young man, and that means he will be keeping on the pressure.

Five o'clock was coming on, and Bailey had moved to one of his smaller offices. It was rather warm because the copying machine was going, and when it is going you have to turn off the air conditioning in that office.

Bailey was in his shirtsleeves and his collar was as white and clean as ever. He looked at his watch. "Cocktail hour," he called out, and Bobbie Van went back to Lee's considerably larger office, where there is a pullout bar alongside his desk. As she passed through the reception room, between the two offices, there was a high-pitched, rather irritating *beeping* from the control station on her own desk, the signal that someone was calling in on one of the radios.

The phone in front of Bailey was ringing too, and as he reached for it—what was this?—there was a visible trembling of the hand. Not quite so unflappable; not quite so unwiltable; not quite so indestructible. The travel was catching up, the tension was catching up, the 20-hour days were catching up. The damn *beeping* out there was catching up. It's not easy being the fastest gun in town.

Bobbie Van came in with a Scotch and water, and Lee reached for it, just a little too eagerly, a little too fast. He took a drink and let it sink in. There. That was fine. He was relaxing. Into the phone he said, neither smiling nor unsmiling, "Hello, Bug." □

Bailey, a former Marine jet fighter pilot who believes in traveling fast, barrels home on motorcycle with Froma after a Sunday sail.

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Editorials

Election 1966: resentment and unreality

When an individual fails to act in a crisis, the circumstances themselves will blindly resolve the problem—and often not to the liking of that individual. This is a thought to keep in mind for the election. For it must be obvious to any thinking citizen that today's times are not ordinary times, and this will not be an ordinary election.

Disunity, frustration, suspicion and fear permeate the nation. It seems as if an air of unreality is settling over us all. For, very clearly, things are not what they had seemed two years ago. Then, a widespread concern over the possibility of an escalated Vietnam war had helped to defeat the Republican candidate and to elect President Johnson. Two years ago, the civil-rights movement had seemed to be making a historic breakthrough—with broad popular support. Suddenly, insanely, outbreaks of racial violence began increasing in city after city, North and South. A possibility that had been regarded before as only a baleful threat—the "white backlash"—has churned dangerously into the very center of almost every campaign.

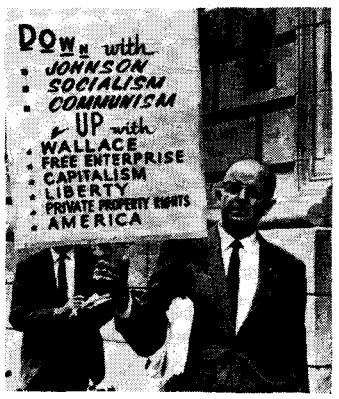
Compounding all these deeper emotional reactions are the bitter disagreements over the Administration's spending programs. Basically, the conflict is over the priorities being given to guns over domestic needs—the spending for the escalating war in Vietnam in the face of the ever-more-insistent demands of the Great Society. The cost of living is up, the stock market is down, and everybody is unhappy over either one or both of these trends.

All of these problems will, to some degree, affect the outcome of Tuesday's election. If Ronald Reagan wrests the California governorship from Pat Brown, it would be because the conservative movement put him across. The conservative strength would almost certainly be reflecting some part of the backlash, and such a victory would put the former actor in an excellent position to lead the conservatives as a presidential candidate in 1968.

If the segregationists and the conservatives all do well in the election, there is a very good possibility that Gov. George C. Wallace of Alabama will present himself as a third-party presidential candidate in 1968. Wallace entered three presidential-primary contests in 1964, and won 43 percent of the votes in Maryland, 34 percent in Wisconsin, and 30 percent in Indiana. If backlash sentiment should run away with itself in the North, a mere plurality of the popular vote in a sufficient number of states might win him a majority in the Electoral College. It is conceivable that George Wallace could become President.

Somewhere on the hustings today, dozens of presidential aspirants are in full cry. The issues—local, national, international—pose decisive turning points on every side, and the public will decide which way the country will turn. But we know, of course, that there is no such thing as "the public." There are only individuals. In a democracy the individual citizens are supreme in their collective acts in the voting booths. The problems of our time are serious enough to demand action by all voters.

Reaction in Georgia



Every action has an equal and opposite reaction, and this is as true of politics as it is of physics. The reaction hit Georgia a few weeks ago, when the deafening snap of a white backlash produced Lester G. Maddox as the Democratic nominee for governor of Georgia. Mr. Maddox ran against Ellis G. Arnall, a distinguished moderate, and won a stunning victory in a runoff primary. Sometime before this, Mr. Maddox ran an agreeable and inexpensive chicken restaurant in Atlanta, where he got his political start by handing out ax handles to white customers to discourage black ones. Whatever one thinks of this sort of political activity, it is not adequate training for the highest office in the state. And it probably wouldn't have been for Maddox, except for an unexpected development in Atlanta—a series of violent, senseless riots.

Stokely Carmichael, head of S.N.C.C. and a noisy proponent of black power, was a conspicuous figure in these riots. They fractured a carefully constructed peace that had been painfully built over the years by local citizens of both colors, and may have dealt a fearsome blow to the Georgia Democratic Party, white reason and black power all at once. They may even have provided Georgia with its first Republican governor since 1871. This would be the G.O.P. nominee, Howard H. (Bo) Callaway, a highly presentable young man with limited political experience, an attractive wife and the backing of a powerful and wealthy family. White reaction to the riots was to reject the moderate view, thus leaving the voters a choice between an upstart young Republican and a dead-end segregationist. This confounds the Democratic leadership (who will hold their noses and vote for Maddox); horrifies the Negroes; shatters the liberals; and pleases a broad scattering of Republicans and the extreme segregationists—who only a few months ago seemed safely bypassed.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. said of the Maddox victory, "It is indicative of a deep and corroding cancer in Georgia's body politic." If so, the cancer had been under control. And while Dr. King did not say so, it seems likely that the irritant which triggered the cancer was the man who professes to want to cure it—Stokely Carmichael.

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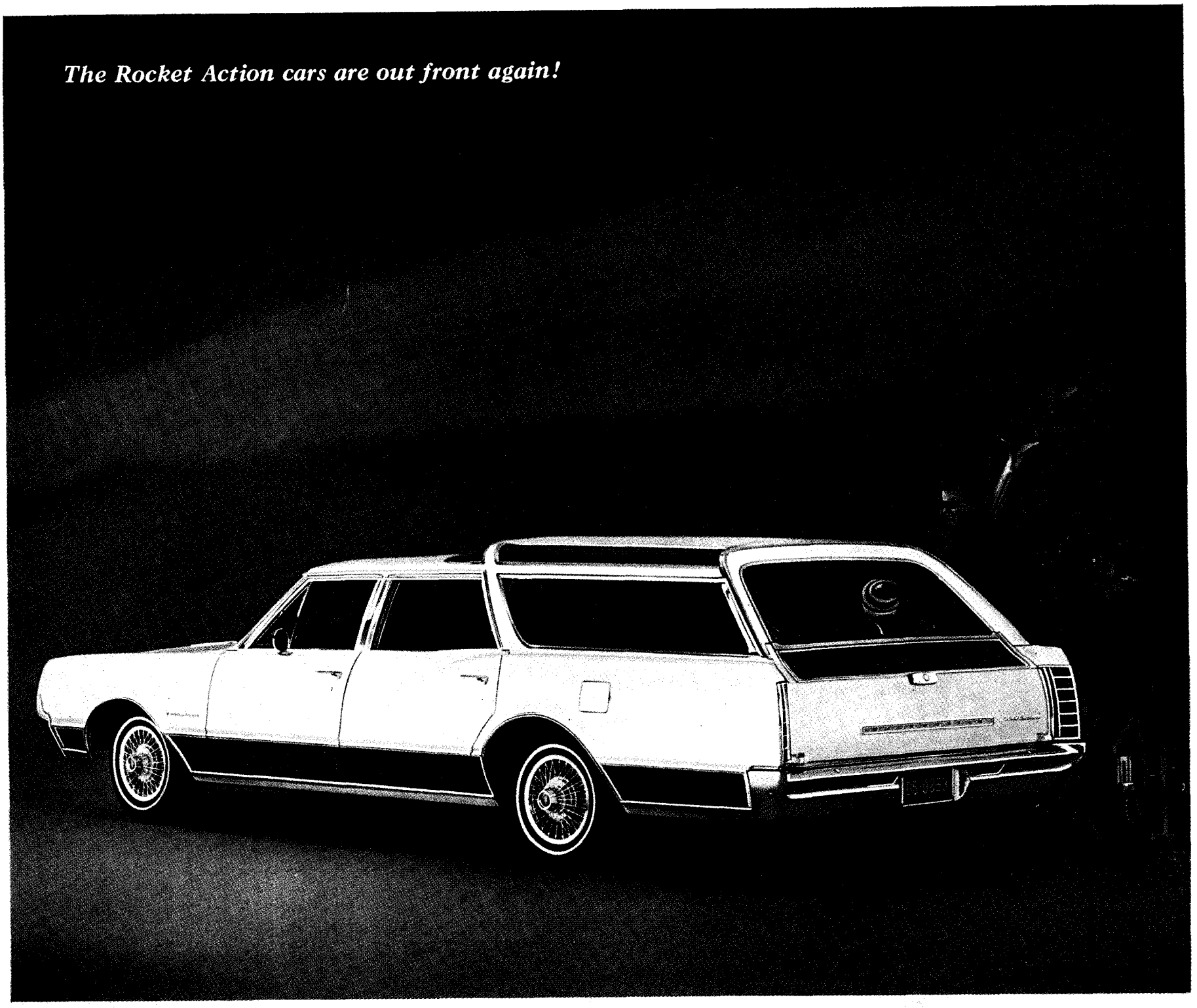
The Rocket Action cars are out front again!



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